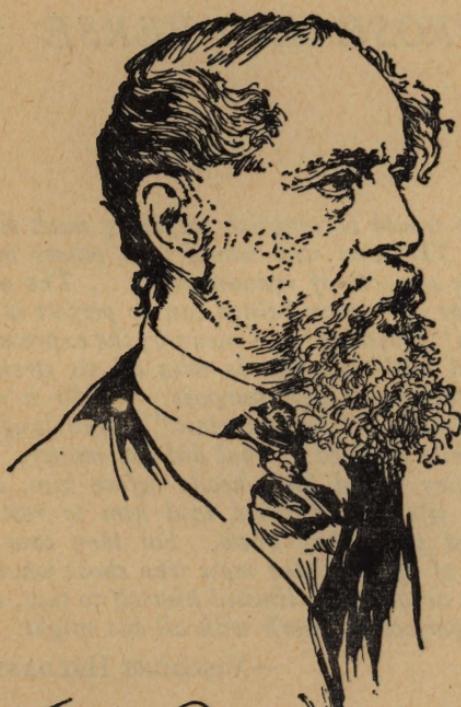


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THE CANADA BOOK OF PROSE AND VERSE

He who would accomplish anything must limit himself. The man who would lead others must himself be capable of renouncing . . . The only life that for us human beings can be perfect is the life that is "dedicated." I mean by the expression "dedicated life" one that is with all its strength concentrated on a high purpose . . . So it was with Browning's "Grammarian." Men laughed at him while he lived. That did not matter. In the end they bowed their heads before him, and when his life was finished laid him to rest in the highest place they knew. For they saw the greatness of spirit of the man who chose what he could best accomplish, limited himself to that, and strove to perfect his work with all his might.

—VISCOUNT HALDANE



W. W. DICKENS

DICKENS

The Canada Book of Prose and Verse

BOOK ONE

BY
LORNE PIERCE



*Authorized in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan,
Manitoba, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island
and Newfoundland*

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THE RYERSON PRESS

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The Canada Book of Prose and Verse

I

ON BOOKS AND READING

THE BOOK

*There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any courser like a page
Of prancing poetry.*

*This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!*

—EMILY DICKINSON

A. THE COMPANIONSHIP OF BOOKS

1. "WELL SUNG, MASTER SKYLARK!"

Nicholas Attwood, a young lad of Stratford-on-Avon, runs away from home to see the Lord Admiral's company of players from London at Coventry. There he becomes acquainted with Gaston Carew, the leading player, and meets the Admiral's company at the Blue Boar Inn. Master Carew discovers that Nicholas has remarkable talent, and so it all comes about that young Nicholas Attwood "joins" the High Admiral's company and becomes Master Skylark. You should read the book. It is a wonderfully interesting story of Shakespeare's day. (Reading time for this story about 7 minutes.)

It was past high noon, and they had long since left Warwick Castle far behind. "Nicholas," said the master-player, in the middle of a stream of amazing stories of life in London town, "there is Blacklow knoll." He pointed to a little hill off to the left.

Nick stared; he knew the tale: how grim old Guy de

PRONOUNCE: Guy dĕ Bĕ'chäm; Găv'ĕs-tünz.

Beauchamp had Piers Gaveston's head upon that hill for calling him the Black Hound of Arden.

"Ah!" said Carew, "times have changed since then, boy, when thou couldst have a man's head off for calling thee a name. But, Nicholas, hast anything to eat?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

Master Carew pulled from his pouch some barley-cakes and half a small Banbury cheese, yellow as gold and with a keen, sharp savour. "'Tis enough for both of us," said he, as they came to a shady little wood with a clear, mossy-bottomed spring running down into a green meadow with a mild noise, murmuring among the stones. "Come along, Nicholas; we'll eat it under the trees."

He had a small flask of wine, but Nick drank no wine, and went down to the spring instead. There was a wild bird singing in a bush there, and as he trotted down the slope it hushed its wandering tune. Nick took the sound up softly, and stood by the wet stones a little while, imitating the bird's trilling note, and laughing to hear it answer timidly, as if it took him for some great new bird without wings. Cocking its shy head and watching him shrewdly with its beady eye, it sat, almost persuaded that it was only size which made them different, until Nick clapped his cap upon his head and strolled back, singing as he went.

It was only the thread of an old-fashioned madrigal which he had often heard his mother sing, with quaint words long since gone out of style and hardly to be understood, and between the staves a warbling, wordless refrain which he had learned out on the hills and in the fields, picked up from a bird's glad-throated morning-song.

He had always sung the plain-tunes in church without taking any particular thought about it; and he sang easily, with a clear young voice which had a full, flute-like note in it like the high, sweet song of a thrush singing in deep woods.

Gaston Carew, the master-player, was sitting with

his back against an oak, placidly munching the last of the cheese, when Nick began to sing. He started, straightening up as if some one had called him suddenly out of a sound sleep, and, turning his head, listened eagerly.

Nick mocked the wild bird, called again with a mellow, warbling trill, and then struck up the quaint old madrigal with the bird's song running through it. Carew leaped to his feet, with a flash in his dark eyes. "My soul! my soul!" he exclaimed in an excited undertone. "It is not—nay, it cannot be—why, 'tis—it is the boy! Upon my heart, he hath a skylark prisoned in his throat! *Well sung, well sung, Master Skylark!*" he cried, clapping his hands in real delight, as Nick came singing up the bank. "Why, lad, I vow I thought thou wert up in the sky somewhere, with wings to thy back! Where didst thou learn that wonder-song?"

Nick coloured up, quite taken aback. "I do na know, sir," said he; "mother learned¹ me part, and the rest just came, I think, sir."

The master-player, his whole face alive and eager, now stared at Nicholas Attwood as fixedly as Nick had stared at him.

It was a hearty little English lad he saw, about eleven years of age, tall, slender, trimly built, and fair. A grey cloth cap clung to the side of his curly yellow head, and he wore a sleeveless jerkin of dark-blue serge, grey homespun hose, and heelless shoes of russet leather. The white sleeves of his linen shirt were open to the elbow, and his arms were lithe and brown. His eyes were frankly clear and blue, and his red mouth had a trick of smiling that went straight to a body's heart.

"Why, lad, lad," cried Carew, breathlessly, "thou hast a very fortune in thy throat!"

Nick looked up in great surprise; and at that the master-player broke off suddenly and said no more, though

¹*Learned*, meaning *taught*, was correct then, but is never used now, except, very rarely, by poets.

such a strange light came creeping into his eyes that Nick, after meeting his fixed stare for a moment, asked uneasily if they would not better be going on.

Without a word the master-player started. Something had come into his head which seemed to more than fill his mind; for as he strode along he whistled under his breath and laughed softly to himself. Then again he snapped his fingers and took a dancing step or two across the road, and at last fell to talking aloud to himself, though Nick could not make out a single word he said, for it was in some foreign language.

"Nicholas," he said suddenly, as they passed the winding lane that leads away to Kenilworth—"Nicholas, dost know any other songs like that?"

"Not just like that, sir," answered Nick, not knowing what to make of his companion's strange new mood; "but I know Master Will Shakespeare's 'Then nightly sings the staring owl, tu-who, to-whit, tu-who!' and 'The ousel-cock so black of hue, with orange-tawny bill¹,' and then, too, I know the throstle's song that goes with it."

"Why, to be sure—to be sure thou knowest old Nick Bottom's song², for isn't thy name Nick? Well met, both song and singer—well met, I say! Nay," he said hastily, seeing Nick about to speak; "I do not care to hear thee talk. Sing me all thy songs. I am hungry as a wolf for songs. Why, Nicholas, I must have songs! Come, lift up that honeyed throat of thine and sing another song. Be not so backward; surely I love thee, Nick, and thou wilt sing all of thy songs for me."

He laid his hand on Nick's shoulder in his kindly way, and kept step with him like a bosom friend, so that Nick's heart beat high with pride, and he sang all the songs he knew as they walked along.

Carew listened intently, and sometimes with a fierce eagerness that almost frightened the boy; and sometimes he frowned, and said under his breath, "Tut, tut,

¹ See page 219. ² You meet Bottom on page 212.

that will not do!" but oftener he laughed without a sound, nodding his head in time to the lilting tune, and seeming vastly pleased with Nick, the singing, and last, but not least, with himself.

And when Nick had ended, the master-player had not a word to say, but for half a mile gnawed his moustache in nervous silence, and looked Nick all over with a long and earnest look.

Then suddenly he slapped his thigh, and tossed his head back boldly. "I'll do it," he said; "I'll do it if I dance on air for it! I'll have it out of Master Stubbess and canting Stratford town, or may I never thrive! My soul! It is the very thing. His eyes are like twin holidays, and he breathes the breath of spring. Nicholas, Nicholas Skylark,—Master Skylark,—why, it is a good name, in sooth, a very good name! I'll do it—I will, upon my word, and on the remnant of mine honour!"

"Did ye speak to me, sir?" asked Nick, timidly.

"Nay, Nicholas; I was talking to the moon."

"Why, sir, the moon has not come yet," said Nick, staring into the western sky.

"To be sure," replied Master Carew, with a queer laugh. "Well, the silvery loafer has missed the first act."

"Oh," cried Nick, reminded of the purpose of his long walk, "what will ye play for the Mayor's play, sir?"

"I don't know," replied Carew, carelessly; "it will all be done before I come. They will have had the free play this afternoon, so as to catch the pence of all the May-day crowd to-morrow."

Nick stopped in the road, and his eyes filled up with tears, so quick and bitter was the disappointment. "Why," he cried, with a tremble in his tired voice, "I thought the free play would be on the morrow—and now I have not a farthing to go in!"

"Tut, tut, thou silly lad!" laughed Carew, frankly; "am I thy friend for naught? What! let thee walk all the way to Coventry, and never see the play? Nay,

on my soul! Why, Nick, I love thee, lad; and I'll do for thee in the twinkling of an eye. Canst thou speak lines by heart? Well, then, say these few after me, and bear them in thy mind."

And thereupon he hastily repeated some half a dozen disconnected lines in a high, reciting tone.

"Why, sir," cried Nick, bewildered, "it is a part!"

"To be sure," said Carew, laughing, "it is a part—and a part of a very good whole, too—a comedy by young Tom Heywood, that would make a graven image split its sides with laughing; and do thou just learn that part, good Master Skylark, and thou shalt say it in to-morrow's play."

"What, Master Carew!" gasped Nick. "I—truly? With the Lord Admiral's players?"

"Why, to be sure!" cried the master-player, in great glee, clapping him upon the back. Thou art just the very fellow for the part—my lady's page should be a pretty lad, and, soul o' me, thou art that same! And, Nick, thou shalt sing Tom Heywood's newest song. It is a pretty song; it is a lark-song like thine own."

Nick could hardly believe his ears. To act with the Lord Admiral's company! To sing with them before all Coventry! It passed the wildest dream that he had ever dreamed. What would the boys in Stratford say? Aha! They would laugh on the other side of their mouths now!

"But will they have me, sir?" he asked doubtfully.

"Have thee?" said Master Carew, haughtily. "If I say go, thou shalt go. I am master here. And I tell thee, Nick, that thou shalt see the play, and be the play, in part, and—well, we shall see what we shall see."

With that he fell to humming and chuckling to himself, as if he had swallowed a water-mill, while Nick turned ecstatic cart-wheels along the grass beside the road, until presently Coventry came in sight.

—John Bennett
From *Master Skylark*

STUDENT'S READING RECORD
BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Name.....

DATE	TITLE	AUTHOR	SPEED	COMMENTS

A good reader will read 300 words a minute. "Seldom readers are slow readers." (Lamb)

You will be interested in the authors and subjects read in this book, and will wish to know more about them.

In the column headed "speed," mark down your reading time in minutes, hours or days.

Keep a record of your reading on a card, which you can make. Preserve the cards so that the class may consult them, and learn what others are reading and enjoying.

2. THIS MY BOOK

May I remember, reading,
 How many years it took
 To fashion this my Book:
 How tall trees were growing,
 Budding, bearing, blowing,
 Through countless ages
 Standing steadfast, good,
 Until they gave their wood
 To make these pages.

And may I not forget
 How patiently men wrought,
 Toiling with pain and sweat,
 Striving with care and thought,

ON BOOKS AND READING

That haply they might find
The way to fold and print
And beautifully bind,
And tool and tint.
May I hold that in mind!

Well may I bear in heart
How, through the centuries,
The faithful and the wise
Laboured to do their part:
Scholar and scribe and sage,
Bending by candlelight
To trace, with weary sight,
Some dim-writ page
Or copy some old text
With loving, careful art
That asked no wage;

How questing feet went forth
To find new lands and seas,
Unguided, west and north,
To learn earth's mysteries;
How each and all of these
Strove through the years and won
The knowledge and the lore
That, growing evermore,
Passed on from age to age,
Is now my heritage.

So, reading, may I see
How all the brave, the best,
Wisest and willingest
Toiled that this thing might be;
How old Time gently took
The beautiful bequest
And wrought it wondrously
Into my Book!

—Nancy Byrd Turner

3. THE BOY CHARLES LAMB

A long blue coat reaching to the ankles, leather trousers fastened to a scarlet belt, yellow stockings, and low, flat shoes with broad buckles—the description does not suggest the costume of a modern schoolboy. Yet only a few years ago, as time is reckoned in England, boys in such a dress were not an uncommon sight in the busiest streets of London, and the wearers always knew that they were sure of the respect and honour of every Londoner. For the quaint dress is that worn by the boys of the Bluecoat School, the famous Christ's Hospital founded by the boy king, Edward VI, in 1553, and to be a Bluecoat Boy is to belong to a place that has a noble history and beautiful memories.

One hundred and thirty-odd years ago—in 1782, to be very precise—a little London boy was wearing the blue coat and yellow stockings for the first time, and no doubt feeling very proud of his freshly-won dignity. He was a very little fellow indeed, not much past his seventh birthday, with bright, keen eyes, "so keen," some one wrote of them, "that they looked as though they could pick up pins and needles," a dark complexion, and a stammering tongue that soon learned to say clever things. The little new Bluecoat, whose name was Charles Lamb, was to become one of the best-known and perhaps the best-loved of all English writers, the "Elia" of the famous "Essays."

Charles Lamb was born in what is called the Inner Temple, on the tenth of February, 1775. The house on the ground floor of which his family lived is still to be seen in the block of buildings known as the Crown Office Row. Opposite are iron gates opening upon the famous gardens. To little Charles, the history belonging to the gardens must have been made more real by Shakespeare's words in *Henry VI*:

This brawl to-day
Grown to this faction in the Temple Gardens,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

He knew the lines very early, one may be sure. From the time when he could read at all he was always fond of old books and old plays, so fond that when he grew up and began to be a writer, he came to write curiously like the old-time authors whom he knew so well. Once, when he was told of this, and warned that the readers of his own time might not care for a style of writing so much like that of another age, he said emphatically, "I'll write for antiquity." But his disregard of the warning has justified itself. His readers love him all the more because of the old-time echoes that linger in his work.

The old books that the little boy loved to read did not belong to his parents. They were the property of a gentleman named Samuel Salt, the employer of John Lamb, Charles's father. The rooms in which the family lived were owned by this gentleman, who occupied another set of rooms in the same building.

Few troubles and much happiness fell to the share of the family that lived their contented life in Mr. Salt's chambers. Three children in all lived to grow up: John, Mary, two years younger, and Charles, the youngest of all by twelve years. John was a bright, handsome boy, the favourite and companion of his mother, while Mary and the gentle, thoughtful little lad with the stammering speech were always together, until school separated them. When great and terrible sorrow came into the lives of both through a sad mental affliction from which Mary suffered, their deep love for each other taught them how to bear it together.

Charles Lamb's father was fond of poetry, and could sometimes write bright and amusing verses of his own.

There was another quaint personage belonging to the Temple whose friendship Charles shared with his father. This was the sub-treasurer and librarian of the Temple, Mr. Norris by name. Mr. Norris knew very little about books, in spite of the fact that so many were confided to his care. Nevertheless, he was fond of assuming an air

of being very learned. On one occasion when he had been vainly struggling to read a volume of Chaucer's poems and had found the queer words too much for him, he gravely remarked to his little friend: "In those old books, Charley, there is sometimes a deal of very indifferent spelling."

We do not know of any child companions of Charles Lamb during the earliest years of his life. But at the age of six he went to his first school, so that there must have been schoolfellows, though we hear of none by name. No doubt the little thoughtful boy preferred the company of his sister Mary to that of his fellow-pupils in the small, uncomfortable school, "looking into a discoloured, dingy garden" in a narrow street near the Temple. Mary had taught him his letters very early and there had been lessons besides, from an old lady named Mrs. Reynolds, who lived in the Temple, and who had interesting tales to tell, as well as lessons to teach. The famous Dr. Goldsmith had lived in the Temple for some years before his death, and, as she was always ready to tell any one who would listen, he had lent her his own copy of his poem, "The Deserted Village," being too poor to buy her a copy for a gift, as his generous heart would have wished. Charles Lamb never ceased to be a friend to Mrs. Reynolds, and when she had grown quite old, he gave her a liberal pension. Surely no other schoolmistress was ever quite so fortunate in her neighbours as well as in her pupils!

Admission to Christ's Hospital has from the time of its founding been regarded as a great privilege by people of small fortune who desire an excellent education. A presentation to the school, as the right of admission is called, is therefore a very valuable gift, and can be had only through the influence of some member of the board of governors that control the affairs of the school. It was Mr. Samuel Salt whose recommendation made Charles Lamb at the age of seven a Bluecoat Boy, and so gave the famous school its most famous pupil.

The division of the school in which Charles was placed

was the grammar-school, where the boys were taught Latin and Greek and very little else. Another Bluecoat Boy who afterwards became famous, Leigh Hunt, tells us that it was quite possible for a pupil of the grammar-school to arrive at the age of fifteen without knowing his multiplication table. Charles's Latin lessons were the first studies in which Mary could not be his guide, for Latin was not for girls in those days.

Though Charles became a very good Latin scholar in the seven years he spent in Christ's Hospital, he did not succeed in gaining the very highest rank in the school. He never became a Grecian, which was the name given to the head boys of the grammar-school. These boys were sent to Oxford or to Cambridge, and then, as a rule, became clergymen. There were never more than two or three Grecians at a time in the school, and the younger boys looked up to them with almost more awe and reverence than to the masters themselves.

To this dignity Charles never quite attained, but he came very near it, in being a Deputy Grecian, with only a little less Latin and Greek to his credit than if his title had not included the word Deputy. Indeed, it was only his stammering speech that kept him out of the highest class. A stammering clergyman, the heads of the school very properly thought, would never do; and as all Grecians were expected to become clergymen, the envied rank was not to be given to Charles Lamb. Charles himself, however, was quite sufficiently proud of his place in the school. Writing to a schoolmate when they had both reached middle age, he says: "I don't know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a Deputy Grecian!"

But the greatest piece of good fortune that Charles Lamb's school-days brought him was the friendship of Coleridge, who was a poet and philosopher even when a schoolboy, and whose company was always a delight to

people who liked to listen to wise talk. Indeed, Coleridge's schooldays had not been left behind him more than a few years when the landlord of an inn offered him free board and lodging if he would only stay and talk to guests as he was in the habit of talking to his friends. The friendship between Lamb and Coleridge—"the inspired charity-boy," as Lamb called him—which began in Christ's Hospital, lasted to the end of their lives, and brought both, though perhaps Lamb especially, an immense amount of happiness.

There were other friends, too, of course, whose companionship made the schooldays pass pleasantly. We find their names in the essays on which Lamb loved to tell of the old days in the cloisters. The list of friends is a long one, for, throughout Charles Lamb's school life, as in his later life, to know him was to become in some degree his friend. While all the other Bluecoat Boys were called by their last names only, no one ever mentioned Lamb's name without the *Charles*. "There was no other boy of the name of Lamb," says the schoolmate from whose memories we learn this fact, "and so the addition was unnecessary, but there was an implied kindness in it and it was proof that his gentle manners excited that kindness."

Lamb's school life ended early. Since there could be no Oxford or Cambridge days for him, it was his duty to fit himself to be a breadwinner as soon as he was able. At fifteen he left Christ's Hospital and went out into the world where he was to work faithfully, to love books and friends devotedly and well, to meet and endure great sorrow nobly, and to earn fame as the wise and kindly author of the *Essays of Elia*.

Many great and famous names are a part of the history of the Bluecoat School, as the present scholars will proudly tell you. They will speak to you of statesmen, historians, and learned men who once wore the quaint uniform of the ancient school. The memory of the poet Coleridge is one of their greatest treasures. But the name that they

love best, and that is oftenest on their lips when they tell of the past that gives their school its glory, is the name of the gentle-hearted Charles Lamb.

—*Maude Morrison Frank*

4. WHO HATH A BOOK

Who hath a book
 Has friends at hand,
 And gold and gear
 At his command;
 And rich estates,
 If he but look,
 Are held by him
 Who hath a book.

Who hath a book
 Has but to read
 And he may be
 A king, indeed;
 His kingdom is
 His inglenook.
 All this is his
 Who hath a book.

—*Wilbur Dick Nesbit*

5. COUNTRY OF BOOKS

This workaday world is so trying at times,
 Folks chatter and squabble like rooks!
 So the wise flee away to the best of all climes,
 Which you enter through History, Memoirs, or Rhymes,
 That most wonderful Country of Books.

And griefs are forgotten. You go on a tour
 More wondrous than any of "Cook's";
 It costs you but little—your welcome is sure—
 Your spirits revive in the atmosphere pure
 Of the wonderful Country of Books.

Your friends rally round you. You shake by the hand
Philosophers, soldiers, and spooks!
Adventurers, heroes, and all the bright band
Of poets and sages are yours to command
In that wonderful Country of Books.

New heights are explored; and new banners unfurled;
New joys found in all sorts of nooks—
From the work-weary brain misgivings are hurled—
You come back refreshed to this workaday world
From that wonderful Country of Books.

—*Anonymous*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which poem is most musical? In expressing your opinion, read aloud a passage from the poem you think sounds best, and give reasons why its cadence appeals to you.
 2. One of the poems is written for boys and girls younger than you are. Which one? Does its rhythm help you to decide? Why?
 3. If you had to choose between the reading of a book and seeing a moving-picture based on the book, which would you choose? Give a reason.
 4. Which poem has the best word-pictures? Prove your point by finding examples.
 5. Which is the most dignified of the three?
 6. Which poem do you like best?
 7. It was originally intended to have three illustrations (one for each poem) at the beginning of this section on "The Companionship of Books." If you had been offering suggestions to the artist for three pictures, what thought in each poem would you have selected for illustration? If only one of the three poems was to have an illustration, which poem would you choose?
- Write a letter to an artist describing the kind of illustration you would want. Or, if you can, make a drawing of your own.

READ A BOOK

Jackanapes. By Juliana H. Ewing. Bell. The young son of a soldier in Napoleon's days gives his life for his chum.

The Story of Rustum and Other Persian Hero Tales. By E. D. Renniger. Scribners. A book to delight and instruct.

Heroic Legends. By Agnes Herbertson. Dodge. Legendary stories of the middle ages, Richard and Blondel, St. George and the dragon, and other legends.

The Heroes. By Charles Kingsley. Macmillan. Stories of Theseus, Perseus, Jason, and other heroes told in the Greek spirit.

Reading enables us to see with the keenest eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time.—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

B. HOW TO READ

1. FOOD FOR THE MIND

You will remember Lewis Carroll best as the author of *Alice in Wonderland*.

At one point in what you now read, he almost tells you what is bad food for the mind. Raise your hand to let your teacher know when you have come to this point.

Breakfast, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means; but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men), though the mind is utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter.

It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy—and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well it is, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can easily be seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor, and have its pulse felt.

“Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow.”

“Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it lots of sugar-plums yesterday.”

“Sugar-plums! What kind?”

“Well, they were—”

“Ah! I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you’ll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days!”

—*Lewis Carroll*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Conan Doyle, the great English story-teller who created *Sherlock Holmes*, wrote a book called *Through the Magic Door*. In this he told of his library, of the books that were there, and why he had chosen them. Do you consider this a good title for a book of this sort? Why?
2. John Milton once said: “As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.” How could one kill a book? By burning it? By sneering at it? Not reading it? Censoring it? Or how? Would you agree with Milton?
3. What kind of reading would you call “sugar-plums”? Write a humorous letter, beginning: “I gave my mind a lot of sugar-plums yesterday.”
4. A business man was once engaging a boy for a position. He asked him to write down the names of the books he liked best. Why do you think he did that? Write down such a list of your own favourite books. What could be learned about your own character from such a list?
5. Explain the quotation from James Russell Lowell at the head of this selection.
6. Charles Lamb said some very wise and witty things about the appearance of books. They ought to be strong, neat and not too heavy. Some should be magnificently dressed; others are more beautiful when soiled and dog-eared, showing that a “thousand thumbs have turned over their pages with delight!” What books do you know that you would give gorgeous dresses, and what plain and worn?

WHEN AND WHERE YOU READ A BOOK

Much depends upon "when" and "where" you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes, before dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the "Faerie Queene" for a stop-gap?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only.

—CHARLES LAMB

2. PICKAXES AND SHOVELS

When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good and my temper?"

And keeping the figure of speech a little longer, even at the cost of tiresomeness, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your care and your learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get any good author's meaning without these tools and that fire; often you will need the sharpest, finest chiselling and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

Therefore, first of all, I tell you earnestly, and authoritatively (and I know I am correct in this), you must get the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning. The entire difference between education and non-education consists in this accuracy.

—John Ruskin

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Like other great writers, Ruskin tried to state a thought as forcefully, clearly and beautifully as he could. To do this he chose word-pictures or figures of speech. For example, you may contrast one thing with another:

"I wandered lonely as a *cloud*."

We call this a simile. Or you may substitute one thing for another:

"The sun is the *eye* of heaven."

That is a metaphor.

To test how carefully you have read, try to complete the following comparisons:

- (a) Those who wish to read books thoroughly are compared to . . .
- (b) An author's mind or meaning is like . . .
- (c) One's earnestness and learning are the . . . with which we get at the author's meaning.

- (d) The miner's smelting furnace is compared to . . .
- (e) The gold is . . .

2. Why does Ruskin choose this picture of mining and smelting to show how to read a good book?

3. Can you think of any other comparison that would be suitable?

READ A BOOK

English Literature Through the Ages. By Amy L. Cruse. Harrap. Entertaining accounts of authors and their work to the present. Valuable as a work of reference.

The Story of English Literature. By E. K. Broadus. Macmillan. The whole panorama from Chaucer to our day.

3. HOUSES OF BRICKS AND WORD-PICTURES

Nothing in the world gives people so much real pleasure as making things. And have you ever tried to think exactly what making a thing means? It doesn't mean making something out of nothing in a magical way, but it means taking a thing, or a number of things that are already in existence, and so arranging them that, in addition to the things that have been used, an entirely new thing comes into being.

For instance, a man may take thousands of bricks, each of which is a separate thing that has already been made, and out of them make an entirely new thing, a

house. And in building a house the man is happy for two reasons—because he is making a useful thing, a place where he or some one else can live, and also because he is able to take a lot of bricks that have been lying in heaps, that do not seem to mean anything, and arrange them so that they become a house, which means a great deal.

Now it is a curious thing that by using our minds we are able to get just this same kind of pleasure, without having any real things to arrange. If you shut your eyes and then think of a horse, for example, it is certain that there is no real horse that you are looking at, and yet in some wonderful way you have been able to make a horse in your mind out of nothing. And the truth is that the idea of a horse which you have been able to call up in your mind, is just as real a thing, and just as important to you, as the horse that you may see in the street.

Nothing will help you more in your life than the habit of seeing things in your mind very clearly; the habit of not only making things with your hands, but of making them in your mind as well. And just as, if you were building a house of bricks, you would not get the greatest possible pleasure unless you built a good, well-shaped, and complete house, so you will not get the greatest possible pleasure from the things that you make in your mind, unless they too are well-shaped and complete. You will find, for instance, that if you think about a horse with your eyes shut, that is to say, if you make a horse in your mind, you will get far more pleasure if you have learned how to make it very exactly and clearly, than if you are only able to make it uncertainly, so that the horse in your mind is a confused kind of thing.

I have said that the pleasure that we get from making things, whether with our hands or in our minds, is good for us. This is so because, ever since the earth began, the greatest purpose of the life on it has been to grow from a confusion that cannot be understood into clear shapes.

that can be well understood. When we make anything clearly and exactly, we are helping this purpose. So that if the thing that we make is not clear, but only, so to speak, half made or a quarter made, we are failing to help the life of which we are a part as fully as we might, and our pleasure is less in consequence. That is why, when you make a horse (or any other thing) in your mind, you will get far less satisfaction if it is only a vague horse, a little like a horse perhaps and a little like a donkey, shall we say, and a little like a bush or a wheelbarrow, than you will if it is a horse clearly and completely made.

If we think about this a minute or two longer, we shall see that very often the things that we make in our minds are suggested to us by some one else. If I tell you that I saw the moon last night, you will at once make the moon in your mind. And if some one has himself seen a thing very clearly indeed, he will be able to tell us about it so well that we in our turn can make it very clearly in our own minds, and so get an especially large amount of that pleasure of which I have spoken. It is just this that the poets can do for us, and that is why their poems can give us so much delight.

—John Drinkwater

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Is it ever possible to make something out of nothing?
2. What is the raw material used by a poet or story-teller? You may say he makes up his story or poem "out of his own head." But how did the material he uses get into his head to start with?
3. As you read this short poem by Tennyson, try to see in your mind's eye the pictures suggested by the words.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls.
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Which words made pictures for you most clearly? Which do you think is the most picturesque? Give reasons for your choice.

4. You never really *see* a thing until you try to tell what you see, either in words or by drawing it. Your pencil is sometimes your best eye. Try to draw a sketch of Tennyson's Eagle.

READ A BOOK

Stories from Froissart. Retold by Henry Newbolt. Wells, Gardner. Thirteen splendid tales from the *Chronicles*.

The Peterkin Papers. By Lucretia P. Hale. Houghton, Mifflin. Fine humour and splendid literary style combined.

Uncle Remus. By Joel C. Harris. Dent. (Kings' Treasuries Series.) Ever-popular plantation stories and songs.

Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Greek myths and legends told in a way that make capital reading.

The Ingoldsby Legends. By Thomas Ingoldsby. Rollicking tales of ghosts and goblins in prose and verse.

Rip Van Winkle and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* By Washington Irving. Tales lovable for the story as well as the style.

4. THE DAY IS DONE

"Much depends upon 'when' and 'where' you read a book."

The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,
 Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavour,
 And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labour,
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice,
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. By what two means did peace and enjoyment come to the poet?
2. Why did he not want to hear "the grand old masters"? What poem would you have asked to be read under such circumstances?
3. What are some of the advantages of reading a poem aloud?

THE GIST OF THE MATTER: A REVIEW

I. You have met, or heard mention of, or read something by at least eight authors whose names should be familiar to every educated person. Can you write down these names? To help you, here is a list of plays or books or poems they have written. Try to put the author's name opposite each.

Hamlet, Alice in Wonderland, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Essays of Elia, The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Abou Ben Adhem, Hiawatha, Abraham Lincoln (a play), King of the Golden River.

II. Here are some incomplete statements. See if you can complete them by supplying one of the four phrases in brackets which follow each statement:

1. Nicholas attracted Master Carew because of his (desire to become an actor, fine voice, ability to recite, handsome appearance).
2. Gaston Carew was (a strolling player, a teacher, chief actor of the Lord Admiral's men, the uncle of Nicholas).
3. Christ's Hospital is (a place for the care of the sick, a religious institution, a famous school, the school attended by Charles Lamb).
4. Charles Lamb was born about (fifty years ago, a hundred years ago, a hundred and fifty years ago, two hundred years ago).
5. He left school when he was (fifteen, seventeen, twenty-four, twenty).
6. Lewis Carroll says we should take as much care in as we do in feeding our bodies (exercising our bodies, training our minds, feeding our minds, choosing our reading).
7. Ruskin says that reading a good book is like (going a journey, making a new friend, digging for precious metal, eating a good dinner).
8. Drinkwater says poets delight us because they (tell us stories, sing us songs, teach us, give us material to make things with in our minds).

III. What are four of the things about the making of books that we should remember while reading one?

IV. "Who hath a book
Has friends at hand."

Have you any old friends in book-land? Who are they? Have you heard of any there that you would one day like to call your friends? What are their names? Here is a list of some famous characters from books that every teen-age boy or girl should have met. With how many of them have you already made friends?

Robinson Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland, Long John Silver, Hans Brinker, Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Kim, Mowgli, Puck of Pook's Hill, Midshipman Easy, Martin Rattler, Hiawatha, Lorna Doone, Sherlock Holmes, Robin Hood, Little Nell, Beautiful Joe, Amy Robsart, Brer Rabbit, Anne of Green Gables, Sir Nigel Loring, Tom Brown, Little Women.

V. For your Scrap Book:

PRECIOUS WORDS

He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.

He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!

—Emily Dickinson

II

HEROES AND ADVENTURE

THE SHIPS OF YULE

*When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;*

*Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing boats
With gunwales painted green.*

*They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.*

*They stopped at every port of call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;*

*With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;*

*With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatly ginger-jars,
And scented silver-amulets
From Indian bazaars;*

*With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;*

*With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.*

*And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.*

—BLISS CARMAN

A. STORIES OF ADVENTURE

1. FISHERS OF THE AIR

Sir Charles G. D. Roberts was the first to write nature stories in which the furry and feathered folk of the wild became our kindred. His first book, *Earth's Enigmas*, is in some ways his best. The following story is from *Wisdom of the Wilderness*. (Reading time about 6 minutes.)

The Lake in the Valley

The lake lay in a deep and sun-soaked valley, facing south, sheltered from the sea winds by a high hogback of dark green spruce and hemlock forest, broken sharply here and there by outcroppings of white granite.

*Scarcely a sound
disturbs the silence*

Beyond the hogback, some three or four miles away, the green sea screamed and thundered in sleepless turmoil against the towering black cliffs, clamorous with seagulls. But over the lake brooded a blue and glittering silence, broken only, at long intervals, by the long-drawn, wistful flute cry of the Canada white-throat from some solitary tree top—*Lean—lean—lean-to-me—lean-to-me—lean-to-me*—of all bird voices the one most poignant with loneliness and longing.

The nearest shore: dark green forest and shimmering sand

On the side of the lake nearest to the hogback the dark green of the forest came down to within forty or fifty paces of the water's edge, and was fringed by a narrow ribbon of very light, tender green—a dense, low growth of Indian willow, elder shrub, and withewood, tangled with white clematis and starred with wild convolvulus. From the sharply-defined edge of this gracious tangle a beach of clean sand, dazzlingly white, sloped down to, and slid beneath the transparent golden lip of the amber-tinted water. The sand, both below and above the water's edge, was of an amazing radiance.

The opposite shores of the lake were low and swampy, studded here and there with tall, naked, weather-bleached "rampikes"—the trunks of ancient fir trees blasted and stripped by some long-past forest fire. These melancholy ghosts of trees rose from a riotously gold-green carpet of rank marsh grasses, sweeping around in an interminable, unbroken curve to the foot of the lake, where, through the cool shadows of water ash and balsam poplar, the trout-haunted outlet stream rippled away musically to join the sea some seven or eight miles farther on. All along the golden-green sweep of the marsh grass spread acre upon acre of the flat leaves of the water lily, starred with broad, white, golden-hearted, exquisitely-perfumed blooms, the paradise of the wild bees and honey-loving summer flies.

II

Over this vast crystal bowl of green and amber solitude domed a sky of cloudless blue; and high in the blue hung a great bird, slowly wheeling. From his height he held in view the intense sparkling of the sea beyond the hogback, the creaming of the surf about the outer rocks, and the sudden upspringing of the gulls, like a puff of blown petals, as some wave, higher and more impetuous than its predecessors, drove them from their perches. But the aerial watcher had heed only for the lake below him, lying windless and unshadowed in the sun. His piercing eyes, jewel-bright, and with an amazing range of vision, could penetrate to all the varying depths of the lake, and detect the movements of its finny hordes. The great, sluggish lake trout, or "togue," usually lurking in the obscurest deeps; the shining, active, vermillion-spotted brook trout, foraging voraciously nearer the shore and the surface; the fat, mud-loving "suckers," rooting the oozy bottom like pigs among the roots of the water lilies; the silvery chub and the green-and-gold, fiercely spined perch haunting the weedy feeding grounds down toward the outlet—all these he observed, and differentiated with an expert's eye, attempting to

foresee which ones, in their feeding or their play, were likely soonest to approach the surface of their glimmering, golden world.

Suddenly he paused in his slow wheeling, dipped forward, and dropped, with narrowed wings, down, down from his dizzy height to within something like fifty yards of the water. Here he stopped, with wings widespread, and hovered, almost motionless, slowly sinking like a waft of thistledown when the breeze has died away. He had seen a fair-sized trout rise lightly and suck in a fly which had fallen on the bright surface. The ringed ripples of the rise had hardly smoothed away when the trout rose again. As it gulped its tiny, half-drowned prey the poised bird shot downward again—urged by a powerful surge of his wings before he closed them—this time with terrific speed. He struck the water with a resounding splash, disappeared beneath it, and rose again two or three yards beyond with the trout securely gripped in his talons. Shaking the bright drops in a shower from his wings he flapped hurriedly away with his capture to his nest on the steep slope of the hogback. He flew with eager haste, as fast as his broad wings could carry him; for he feared lest his one dreaded foe, the great, white-headed eagle, should swoop down out of space on hissing pinions and rob him of his prize.

III

The nest of the osprey was built in the crotch of an old, lightning-blasted pine which rose from a fissure in the granite about fifty feet above the lake. As the osprey had practically no foes to be dreaded except that tyrannical robber, the great, white-headed eagle—which, indeed, only cared to rob him of his fish and never dared drive him to extremities by appearing to threaten his precious nestlings—the nest was built without any pretence of concealment, or, indeed, any attempt at inaccessibility, save such as was afforded by the high, smooth, naked trunk which supported it. An immense, grey, weather-

beaten structure, conspicuous for miles, it looked like a loose cartload of rubbish, but in reality the sticks and dried rushes and mud and strips of shredded bark of which it was built were so solidly and cunningly interwoven as to withstand the wildest of winter gales. It was his permanent summer home, to which he and his handsome, daring mate were wont to return each spring from their winter sojourn in the sun lands of the south. A little tidying up, a little patching with sticks and mud, a relining with feathers and soft, winter-withered grasses, and the old nest was quickly ready to receive the eggs of his mate—beautiful and precious eggs, two, three, or four in number, and usually of the rich colour of old ivory very thickly splashed with a warm purplish brown.

This summer there were four nestlings in the great, untidy nest; and they kept both their devoted parents busy, catching, and tearing up into convenient morsels, fish enough to satisfy their vigorous appetites. At the moment when the father osprey returned from the lake with the trout which he had just caught they were full-fed and fast asleep, their downy heads and half-feathered, scrawny necks comfortably resting across one another's pulsing bodies. The mother bird, who had recently fed them, was away fishing in the long, green-grey seas beyond the hogback. The father, seeing them thus satisfied, tore up the trout and swallowed it, with dignified deliberation, himself. Food was plentiful, and he was not overhungry. Then, having scrupulously wiped his beak and preened his feathers, he settled himself upright on the edge of the nest and became apparently lost in contemplation of the spacious and tranquil scene outspread beneath him.

IV

The osprey, the great fish hawk or fish eagle of Eastern North America, was the most attractive, in character, of all the predatory tribes of the hawks and eagles. Of dauntless courage without being quarrelsome or tyrannical,

he strictly minded his own business, which was that of catching fish; and none of the wild folk of the forest, whether furred or feathered, had cause to fear him so long as they threatened no peril to his home or young. On account of this well-known good reputation, he was highly respected by the hunters and lumbermen and scattered settlers of the backwoods, and it was held a gross breach of the etiquette of the wilderness to molest him or disturb his nest. Even the fish he took—and he was a most tireless and successful fisherman—were not greatly grudged to him; for his chief depredations were upon the coarse-fleshed and always superabundant chub and suckers, which no human fisherman would take the trouble to catch.

With all this good character to his credit, he was at the same time one of the handsomest of the great hawks. About two feet in length, he was of sturdy build, with immensely powerful wings whose tips reached to the end of his tail. All his upper parts were of a soft dark brown, laced delicately and sparsely with white; and the crown of his broad-skulled, intelligent head was heavily splashed with white. All his under parts were pure white except the tail, which was crossed with five or six even bars of pale umber. His long and masterful beak, curved like a sickle and nearly as sharp, was black; while his formidable talons, able to pierce to the vitals of their prey at the first clutch, were of a clean gray-blue. His eyes, large and full-orbed, with a beautiful ruby-tinted iris encircling the intense black pupil, were gemlike in their brilliance but lacked the implacable ferocity of the eyes of the eagle and the goshawk.

Presently, flying low over the crest of the hogback with a gleaming mackerel in her talons, appeared his mate. Arriving swiftly at the nest, and finding the nestlings still asleep, she deposited the mackerel in a niche among the sticks, where it lay flashing back the sun from its blue-barred sides, and set herself to preening her feathers still wet from her briny plunge. The male osprey, after a glance

at the prize, seemed to think it was up to him to go her one better. With a high-pitched, musical, staccato cry of *Pip-pip-pip-pip*—very small and childish to come from so formidable a beak—he launched himself majestically from the edge of the nest, and sailed off over the hot green tops of the spruce and fir to the lake.

—Sir Charles G. D. Roberts

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. In a book, in which he tells others how he learned to write, Robert Blatchford, an English author, gives this advice:

“Never miss a good phrase. Study phrases, seek them, hoard them, prize them. Keep them bright. Collect and treasure phrases as you would collect and treasure the rarest pieces of old blue china.”

What does Mr. Blatchford mean when he says *keep the phrases bright*?

Most authors and speakers keep a literary notebook. In this they treasure the beautiful thoughts which they have heard or read, as well as their own ideas and fancies. Discuss the various ways in which keeping a literary notebook would be helpful to you.

2. Many people can do their speaking and writing with a word-stock of less than one thousand words. By using the same words over and over again, people become uninteresting. Words have values like coins, definite shades of meaning, therefore we must choose them with great care.

No matter what your work may be later on, why is it important to have a large and attractive vocabulary? In your notebook make a list of a dozen phrases, used by Sir Charles Roberts, new and attractive to you, for example, *slowly sinking like a waft of thistledown when the breeze has died away*.

3. Sir Charles Roberts speaks of the osprey as if he were a human being. Find some examples of this and read them aloud. Which part of the story has most humour? Which contains the most beautiful word-pictures? By what means does Sir Charles Roberts keep before you the fact that the scene of the story is in a wild and unfrequented place?

READ A BOOK

Hari, the Jungle Lad. By D. G. Mukerji. Dutton. A boy learns the life of the tropical forest. Written from actual experiences.

Just So Stories. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. How the elephant got his trunk, the camel his hump, and other “just so” tales.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London. Macmillan. Bud, a dog, gives up working with a dog-team in the Klondike, and joins an outlaw wolf-pack.

2. THREE GALLOPING POEMS

I. GILLESPIE

Every one loves a spirited poem about a brave rider, a swift steed, and a racing gallop. Fortunately there are many splendid poems of this sort.

You are familiar with the side-splitting horseback adventure of John Gilpin. No doubt you have also read "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," by Robert Browning. Some one has called it "the greatest horseback poem in literature." Probably there never was such a ride, but who cares? It was a magnificent run! Then there is Scott's "Lochinvar," who came galloping out of the West, broadsword for war, and fair speech for love; and Masefield's "Cavalier," full of the clink of horses' feet, roll of drums, and "long plumes swaying."

Here are three fine galloping poems you will surely relish. Never mind who Gillespie, or Sheridan, or Bannerman were. And what does it matter where Vellore was, or Winchester, or Nammoora? "Trumpeter! Sound to saddle and spur!"

Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind;
Before he turned by the Westward road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

"The Devil's abroad in false Vellore,
The Devil that stabs by night," he said,
"Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead."

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town,
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
Sound to saddle and spur," he said;
"He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim;
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,
The walls were lined, the gates were barred;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the Sergeant's Guard.

"Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all?" he said;
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice,
"There are two living, and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope," Gillespie cried:
They bound their belts to serve his need;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight:
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
 They'll keep the tale a hundred more:
 Riding at dawn, riding alone,
 Gillespie came to false Vellore.

—Sir Henry Newbolt

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Gillespie, riding alone, is overtaken by a horseman with bad news; dashing back to Arcot, he calls out the Dragoons; he outrides the troopers to Vellore and speaks with the Sergeant of the Guard; swung on a rope of belts over the gate, he clears the way for his followers; the garrison is taken and those that fled are ridden down; the story will live. What stanzas describe these?

Point out where *repetition*, *alliteration* and *imitative harmony* aid the movement of the poem.

II. SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the south at break of day,
 Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
 The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
 Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
 The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
 Telling the battle was on once more—
 And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
 Thundered along the horizon's bar;
 And louder yet into Winchester rolled
 The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
 Making the blood of the listener cold
 As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
 With Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
 A good broad highway leading down;
 And there, through the flash of the morning light,
 A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
 Was seen to pass as with eagle flight.

As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then—the retreating troops.
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both;
And, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the Master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was grey;
By the flash of his eye and his red nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester town to save the day."

—*Thomas Buchanan Read*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

General Philip Henry Sheridan, a brilliant officer of cavalry, rode twenty miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek to take command of his faltering troops. His victory, Sept. 19, 1863, paved the way for the triumph of the North in the Civil War.

1. Read the poem aloud, and see how long it takes you. It ought to be read in less than two minutes.
2. Note the length of the lines. Have they any relation to the speed of the horse? Where does the poem seem to go "top speed"?
3. What words suggest rapid movement?
4. Do you think the last lines of the first four stanzas are effective? Why?

A NOTE ON POETRY

The real difference between poetry and prose lies in the fact that poetry possesses a regular *rhythm*.

Rhythm means simply the regular repetition of a definite pattern. The pattern of a poem is called its *metre*, which means measure. Any line of poetry can be divided into accented and unaccented syllables. For purposes of measurement, the line is divided into feet, each foot consisting of a certain combination of accented and unaccented syllables. Each foot, then, is one unit of the pattern of the line of poetry.

The most familiar foot in English poetry consists of two syllables, an unaccented one followed by an accented one. Here is an example:

För mén / măy cóme / änd mén / măy gó.

There are four feet of this sort in this line. This type of foot is called an *iambus*. Its beat is as regular as soldiers on the march.

If you turn the foot round, you get:

Cómrades, / leáve mě / hére á / líttlě.

The soldiers are now at the double. This type of foot is called a *trochée*.

Hálf á leägue, / hálf á leägue, / hálf á leägue / ónwärd.

Here is a line with a trochée at the end, and the other three feet are in a galloping measure, called a *dactyl*. This word comes from a Greek word meaning *finger*, and if you look at your finger you will notice that it has one long joint, followed by two shorter ones, just as this foot has one accented syllable followed by two unaccented ones.

Turn this foot around, and you get the *anapest*:

Wíth á leáp / änd á boúnd / thě swift án/äpësts thróng.

This line gives you an example and a description of this swift-moving measure.

As the regular repetition of any one rhythm would get rather monotonous, poets become very skilful in shifting from one metre to another, and some of our finest poems are marvellously complex combinations of these different feet.

We began by speaking about the difference between poetry and prose. It is best for our purpose here to take a simple illustration. Mr. Walter de la Mare, in the introduction to his delightful anthology, *Come Hither*, speaks about this, and he takes an old nursery rhyme:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Then he turns this into prose:

"Cole the First was now a monarch advanced in age and of a convivial temperament. On any festive occasion he would bid his retainers bring him his goblet and smoking materials, and would command his musicians to entertain him on their violins; which they did."

"Well," says Mr. de la Mare, "all the facts are there and many more words, but scarcely a trace of *my* old King Cole, and not a single tweedle-eedle of the fiddling. Would any one trouble to learn *that* by heart?"

III. BANNERMAN OF THE DANDENONG

I rode through the Bush in the burning noon
Over the hills to my bride,—
The track was rough and the way was long,
And Bannerman of the Dandenong,
He rode along by my side.

A day's march off my Beautiful dwelt,
By the Murray streams in the West;—
Lightly lilting a gay love-song
Rode Bannerman of the Dandenong,
With a blood-red rose on his breast.

“Red, red rose of the Western streams”
Was the song he sang that day—
Truest comrade in hour of need;
Bay Mathinna his peerless steed—
I had my own good grey.

There fell a spark on the upland grass—
The dry Bush leapt into flame;—
And I felt my heart go cold as death,
And Bannerman smiled and caught his breath,—
But I heard him name Her name.

Down the hill-side the fire-floods rushed,
On the roaring eastern wind;—
Neck and neck was the reckless race,—
Ever the bay mare kept her pace,
But the grey horse dropped behind.

He turned in the saddle—“Let's change, I say!”
And his bridle rein he drew.
He sprang to the ground,—“Look sharp!” he said,
With a backward toss of his curly head—
“I ride lighter than you!”

Down and up—it was quickly done—
 No words to waste that day!—
 Swift as a swallow she sped along,
 The good bay mare from Dandenong,—
 And Bannerman rode the grey.

The hot air scorched like a furnace blast
 From the very mouth of Hell:—
 The blue gums caught and blazed on high
 Like flaming pillars into the sky; . . .
 The grey horse staggered and fell.

“Ride, ride, lad,—ride for her sake!” he cried;—
 Into the gulf of flame
 Were swept, in less than a breathing space,
 The laughing eyes, and the comely face,
 And the lips that named *Her* name.

She bore me bravely, the good bay mare;—
 Stunned, and dizzy and blind,
 I heard the sound of a mingling roar—
 ’Twas the river’s rush that I heard before,
 And the flames that rolled behind.

Safe—safe, at Nammoora gate,
 I fell, and lay like a stone.
 O love! thine arms were about me then,
 Thy warm tears called me to life again,—
 But—O God! that I came alone!—

I and my Beautiful dwelt in peace,
 By the Murray streams in the West,—
 But oft through the mist of my dreams along
 Rides Bannerman of the Dandenong,
 With the blood-red rose on his breast.

—Alice Werner

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which of the three poems reads most smoothly? Which indicates best the galloping of the horses? Read aloud those lines which prove your point. Which poem did you like best for its story?
2. If you were an artist, what incidents would you take for purposes of illustration in these three poems? Why?

BUILDING A BOOK

3. William Kirby, the Canadian poet and novelist, for many years worked at humble tasks in a little, out-of-the-way Ontario village. For half a century he carefully preserved, from day to day, many interesting things in several large, strongly-bound books. Here you will find quotations culled from great literature; notes and clippings on history and Canadian legend; an engraving of the home of the Intendants of New France; pictures of great men; drawings of historic forts and celebrated buildings. Out of these interesting scrap-books grew his novel, *The Golden Dog*.

Every one has a hobby, and you, of course, have one, too. Let us suppose your hobby is heroes or great books, science and invention, or life and travel in other lands. Now build a book around one of your interests. You will find, as William Kirby did, endless material in all sorts of places, clippings and illustrations from newspapers and magazines, snap-shots, as well as your own notes and drawings. Your teacher may wish to show your book at the school exhibition.

READ A BOOK

Every Boy's Book of Hobbies. By C. H. Bullivant. Nelson. Hobbies, indoor and out, of interest to every boy.

Every Girl's Book of Hobbies. By E. M. DeFoubert. Nelson. Arts, handicraft, collecting, and photography, also hints for Girl Guides.

Boy Collector's Handbook. By A. Hyatt Verrill. McBride. A mine of information on almost everything a boy usually wishes to collect.

Let Me Explain. By Archibald Williams. Wells, Gardner. Describes aeroplanes, electric motors, cinema, paper-making, and other things.

3. GULLIVER AMONG THE GIANTS

Most of our reading is *silent reading*. The term explains itself. In silent reading the three most important things are: (a) to read rapidly; (b) to read accurately; (c) to remember what you read. Which is most important? Make an outline of the following story on your first reading.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents; some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take

me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens; and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit, by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours; whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears. One of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation. . . .

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh molehill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake

that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would turn back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan. . . .

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often, upon a pinch, I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put

in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a tap near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met with an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat. But I happened to slip through her fingers, and should have infallibly fallen down forty feet, upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being warm, the closet window was

left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat, although I was alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me in such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length caught hold of the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country cloth, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right forefoot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court sitting upon the ridge of a building,

holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else, very probably, my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches pocket, brought me down safe.

—*Jonathan Swift*
From *Gulliver's Travels*

SILENT READING TESTS

1. Complete the following sentences:

- (a) Glumdalclitch often carried me in my
 - (b) One of the hit me on the back.
 - (c) Another time, walking to the top of a fresh, I fell to my neck in the hole.
 - (d) But one day I took a thick, and threw it with all my strength at a
 - (e) The queen asked me whether I understood how to handle a or an
 - (f) When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried my into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.
- 2. The reading time for this story is 6 minutes. How long did it take you to read it?**

READ A BOOK

Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated.

David Blaize and the Blue Door. By E. F. Benson. Hodder. A whimsical story of a boy who enters the blue door under his pillow into the land of adventure.

Heroes of Chivalry and Romance By Alfred J. Church. Seeley. Stories of Beowulf, King Arthur and the Nibelungs vividly retold.

The Children of Odin. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan. Norse myths and Sigurd hero stories splendidly told. Illustrated.

The King of Ireland's Son. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan. The wooing of the enchanter's daughter, together with many Irish folk tales.

Indian Legends of Vancouver. By E. Pauline Johnson. McClelland. Legends told to Pauline Johnson by Chief Joe Capilano of Vancouver.

4. THE ESCAPE FROM THE PRESS GANG

Bob Loveday had been a seaman, but now works in his father's mill. England is at war with Napoleon, and a "press gang" is combing the country for those whom they can press into the navy. The marines plan to attack the mill after dark, and Anne hastens to warn Bob, whom they hope to seize.

I

Anne, scarcely knowing what she did, descended the ladder and ran to the back door, hastily unbolting it to save Bob's time, and gently opening it in readiness for him. She had no sooner done this than she felt hands laid upon her shoulder from without, and a voice exclaiming, "That's how we do it—quite an obliging young man!"

Though the hands held her rather roughly, Anne did not mind for herself, and turning, she cried desperately, in tones intended to reach Bob's ears, "They are at the back door; try the front!"

But inexperienced Miss Garland little knew the shrewd habits of the gentlemen she had to deal with, who, well used to this sort of pastime, had already posted themselves at every outlet from the premises.

"Bring the lantern," shouted the fellow who held her. "Why, 'tis a girl! I half thought so. Here is a way in," he continued to his comrades, hastening to the foot of the ladder which led to Bob's room.

"What d'ye want?" said Bob, quietly opening the door and showing himself still radiant in the full dress that he had worn with such effect at Weymouth at the Theatre Royal, which he had been about to change for his mill suit when Anne gave the alarm.

"This gentleman can't be the right one," observed a marine, rather impressed by Bob's appearance.

"Yes, yes; that's the man," said the sergeant. "Now take it quietly, my young cock-o'-wax. You look as if you meant to, and 'tis wise of ye."

"Where are you going to take me?" said Bob.

"Only aboard the *Black Diamond*. If you choose to take the bounty¹ and come voluntarily, you'll be allowed to go ashore whenever your ship's in port. If you don't, and we've got to pinion ye, you will not have your liberty at all. As you must come, willy nilly, you'll do the first if you've any brains whatever."

Bob's temper began to rise. "Don't talk so large about your pinioning, my man. When I've settled—"

"Now or never, young blowhard," interrupted his informant.

"Come, what jabber is this going on?" said the lieutenant, stepping forward. "Bring your man."

One of the marines set foot on the ladder, but at the same moment a shoe from Bob's hand hit the lantern with well-aimed directness, knocking it clean out of the grasp of the man who held it. In spite of the darkness they began to scramble up the ladder. Bob thereupon shut the door, which, being of but slight construction, was, as he knew, only a momentary defence. But it gained him time enough to open the window, gather up his legs upon the sill, and spring across into the apple tree growing without. He alighted without much hurt beyond a few scratches from the boughs, a shower of falling apples testifying to the force of his leap.

"Here he is!" shouted several below, who had seen Bob's figure flying like a raven's across the sky.

There was stillness for a moment in the tree. Then the fugitive made haste to climb out upon a low-hanging branch toward the garden, at which the men beneath all rushed in that direction to catch him as he dropped, saying: "You

¹The reward offered to those who came willingly.

may as well come down, old boy. 'Twas a spry jump and we give you credit for it."

The latter movement of Loveday had been a mere feint. Partly hidden by leaves, he glided back to the other part of the tree, from whence it was easy to jump upon a thatch-covered outhouse. This intention they did not appear to suspect, which gave him the opportunity of sliding down the slope and entering the back door of the mill.

"He's here, he's here!" the men exclaimed, running back from the tree.

By this time they had obtained another light, and pursued him closely along the back quarters of the mill. Bob had entered the lower room, seized hold of the chain by which the flour sacks were hoisted from story to story by connection with the mill wheel, and pulled the rope that hung alongside for the purpose of throwing it into gear.

The foremost pursuers arrived just in time to see Captain Bob's legs and shoe buckles vanishing through the trap-door overhead, his person having been whirled up by the machinery like any bag of flour, and the trap falling to behind him.

"He's gone up by the hoist!" said the sergeant, running up the ladder in the corner to the next floor, and elevating the light just in time to see Bob's suspended figure ascending in the same way through the same sort of trap into the second floor. The second trap also fell together behind him, and he was lost to view as before.

It was more difficult to follow now; there was only a flimsy little ladder, and the men ascended cautiously. When they stepped out upon the loft it was empty.

"He must have let go here," said one of the marines, who knew more about mills than the others. "If he had held fast a moment longer, he would have been dashed against that beam."

They looked up. The hook by which Bob had held on had ascended to the roof, and was winding around the cylinder. Nothing was visible elsewhere but boarded

divisions like the stalls of a stable, on each side of the stage they stood upon, these compartments being more or less heaped up with wheat and barley in the grain.

“Perhaps he’s buried himself in the corn.”

The whole crew jumped into the corn bins and stirred about their yellow contents; but neither arm, leg, nor coat-tail was uncovered. They removed sacks, peeped among the rafters of the roof, but to no purpose. The lieutenant began to fume at the loss of time.

“What fools to let the man go! Why, look here! What’s this?” He had opened the door by which sacks were taken in from wagons without, and dangling from the cathead¹ projecting above it was the rope used in lifting them. “There’s the way he went down,” the officer continued. “The man’s gone.”

Amidst mumblings and growls the gang descended the pair of ladders and came into the open air; but Captain Bob was nowhere to be seen. They turned from the door, and leaving four of the marines to keep watch, the remainder of the party marched into the lane as far as where another road branched off. While they were pausing to decide which course to take, one of the soldiers held up the light. A black object was discernible upon the ground before them, and they found it to be a hat—the hat of Bob Loveday.

“We are on the track,” cried the sergeant, deciding for this direction.

They tore on rapidly, and footsteps in the road ahead of them became audible, increasing in clearness, which told that they gained upon the fugitive, who in another five minutes stopped and turned. The rays of the candle fell upon Anne.

“What do you want?” she said, showing her frightened face.

They made no reply, but wheeled round and left her. She sank down on the bank to rest, having done all she

¹An arm of timber or iron.

could. It was she who had taken down Bob's hat from a nail and dropped it at the turning, with the view of misleading them till he should have got clear off.

But Anne Garland was too anxious to remain long away from the centre of operations. When she got back, she found that the press gang were standing in the court discussing their next move.

"Waste no more time here," the lieutenant said. "Two more villages to visit to-night, and the nearest three miles off. There's nobody else in this place, and we can't come back again."

When they were moving away, one of the marines, who had kept his eye on Anne and noticed her distress, contrived to say in a whisper, as he passed her: "We are coming back again as soon as it begins to get light; that's only said to deceive ye. Keep the young man out of the way."

They went as they had come; and the little household then met together, Mrs. Loveday having by this time dressed herself and come down. Anne told what the friendly marine had said to her; and fearing lest Bob was in the house, and would be discovered there when daylight came, they searched and called for him everywhere.

"Well," said Loveday, "you two go and lie down now, and I'll bide up; and as soon as he comes in, which he'll do most likely in the course of the night, I'll let him know that they are coming again."

II

Anne and Mrs. Loveday went to their bedrooms, and the miller entered the mill as if he were simply staying up to grind. But he continually left the flour shute to go outside and walk round. Each time he could see no living being near the spot.

At length the curtains of Anne's bed began to reveal their pattern, and day dawned. But while the light was

no more than a suffusion¹ of pallor, she arose, put on her hat, and determined to explore the surrounding premises before the men arrived. Emerging into the raw loneliness of the daybreak, she went upon the bridge and looked up and down the road. It was as she had left it, empty, and the solitude was rendered yet more insistent by the silence of the mill wheel, which was now stopped, the miller having given up expecting Bob and retired to bed about three o'clock. The footprints of the marines still remained in the dust on the bridge, all the heelmarks toward the house, showing that the party had not as yet returned.

While she lingered she heard a slight noise in the other direction, and, turning, saw a woman approaching. The woman came up quickly, and, to her amazement, Anne recognized Matilda, an old friend of Bob's. She had plainly walked all the way from Weymouth, for her shoes were covered with dust.

"Have the press gang been here?" she gasped. "If not, they are coming! They got him! I am too late!"

"No; they are coming back again. Why did you—"

"I came to try to save him. Can we save him? Where is he?"

Anne looked the woman in the face, and it was impossible to doubt that she was in earnest.

"I don't know," she answered. "I am trying to find him before they come."

"Will you not let me help you?" cried Matilda. It was she who, after a quarrel with Bob, had given the press gang information as to his whereabouts. Now, repentant, she had risen before day and hastened to know the worst, and, if possible, hinder consequences which she had been the first to set in train.²

After going hither and thither in the adjoining field, Anne entered the garden. The walks were bathed in grey dew, and as she passed observantly along them, it appeared

¹Overspreading. ²Cause to begin.

as if they had been brushed by some foot at a much earlier hour. At the end of the garden, bushes of broom, laurel, and yew formed a constantly encroaching shrubbery that had come there almost by chance and was never trimmed.

Behind these bushes was a garden seat, and upon it lay Bob, sound asleep.

The ends of his hair were clotted with damp, and there was a foggy film upon the mirror-like buttons of his coat and upon the buckles of his shoes. His bunch of new gold seals were dimmed by the same insidious dampness; his shirt frill and muslin neckcloth were limp as seaweed. It was plain that he had been there a long time. Anne shook him, but he did not awake, his breathing being low and stertorous.¹

"Shake him again," said Matilda.

Anne shook him again, but he slept on. Then she noticed that his forehead bore the mark of a heavy wound.

"I fancy I hear something!" said her companion, starting forward, and endeavouring to wake Bob herself. "He is stunned or drugged!" she said; "there's no rousing him."

Anne raised her head and listened. From the direction of the eastern road came the sound of a steady tramp. "They are coming back!" she said, clasping her hands. "They will take him, ill as he is! He won't open his eyes—no, it is no use! Oh, what shall we do?"

Matilda did not reply, but running to the end of the seat on which Bob lay, tried its weight in her arms.

"It is not too heavy," she said. "You take that end, and I'll take this. We'll carry him away to some place of hiding."

Anne instantly seized the other end, and they proceeded with their burden at a slow pace to the lower garden gate, which they reached as the tread of the press gang resounded over the bridge that gave access to the mill

¹Hoarse, as in snoring.

court, now hidden from view by the hedge and the trees of the garden.

"We will go inside this field," said Anne, faintly.

"No," said the other, "they will see our foot tracks in the dew. We must go into the road."

"It is the very road they will come down when they leave the mill."

"It cannot be helped; it is neck or nothing with us now."

"So they emerged upon the road, and staggered along without speaking, occasionally resting for a moment to ease their arms, then shaking him to arouse him, and finding it useless, seizing the seat again. When they had gone about two hundred yards, Matilda betrayed signs of exhaustion, and she asked, "Is there no shelter near?"

"When we get to that little field of corn," said Anne.

"It is so very far. Surely there is some place near?"

She pointed to a few scrubby bushes overhanging a little stream which passed under the road near this point.

"They are not thick enough," said Anne.

"Let us take him under the bridge," said Matilda. "I can go no farther."

Entering the opening by which cattle descended to drink, they waded into the weedy water, which here rose a few inches above their ankles. To ascend the stream, stoop under the arch, and reach the centre of the roadway, was the work of a few minutes.

"If they look under the arch we are lost," murmured Anne.

"There is no parapet¹ to the bridge, and they may pass over without heeding."

They waited, their heads almost in contact with the reeking² arch and their feet encircled by the stream, which was at its summer lowness now. A quarter of an hour dragged by, and then indications reached their ears that the re-examination of the mill had begun and ended. The well-known tramp drew nearer.

¹A railing or wall. ²Giving off bad air.

The gang passed the arch, and the noise regularly diminished as if no man among them had thought of looking aside for a moment.

Matilda broke the silence. "I wonder if they have left a watch behind?" she said doubtfully.

"I will go and see," said Anne. "Wait till I return."

"No; I can do no more. When you come back I shall be gone."

Anne went out from the water and hastened toward the mill. She entered by the garden, and seeing no one—advanced and peeped in at the window. Her mother and Mr. Loveday were sitting within as usual.

"Are they all gone?" said Anne, softly.

"Yes. They did not trouble us much, beyond going into every room and searching about the garden, where they saw steps. They have been lucky to-night; they have caught fifteen or twenty men at places farther on, so the loss of Bob was no hurt to their feelings. I wonder where in the world the poor fellow is!"

"I will show you," said Anne. Explaining in a few words what had happened, she was promptly followed by Loveday along the road. Matilda was gone, and Bob lay on the seat as she had left him.

Bob was brought out and water thrown upon his face; but though he moved he did not rouse himself until some time after he had been borne into the house. Here he opened his eyes and saw them standing round, and gathered a little consciousness.

"You are all right, my boy!" said his father. "What happened to ye? Where did you get that terrible blow?"

"Ah—I can mind now," murmured Bob, with a stupefied gaze around. "I fell in slipping down the topsail halyard¹—the rope, that is, was too short—and I fell upon my head. And then I went away. When I came back I thought I wouldn't disturb ye; so I lay down out there to sleep out the watch; but the pain in my head was so

¹A rope for hoisting a ship's topsail.

great that I couldn't get to sleep. So I picked some of the poppy heads in the border, which I once heard was a good thing for sending folks to sleep when they are in pain. So I munched up all I could find and dropped off quite nicely."

"Why, you might never have woke again!" said Mrs. Loveday, holding up her hands. "How is your head now?"

"I hardly know," replied the young man, putting his hand to his forehead and beginning to doze again. "Where be those fellows that boarded us? With this—smooth water and—fine breeze we ought to get away from 'em. Haul in—the larboard braces, and—bring her to the wind."

"You are at home, dear Bob," said Anne, bending over him, "and the men are gone."

"Come along upstairs; thou art hardly awake now," said his father; and Bob was assisted to bed.

—*Thomas Hardy*
From *The Trumpet Major*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Thomas Hardy (1840-1931) was born in Dorsetshire, the old kingdom of Wessex described in his books. All types of people meet in his poems and novels, and all of them are shown struggling against fate. Hardy was first an architect. As you read more of his work you will observe his interest in buildings.

1. We sometimes say that a sailor's vocabulary tastes of the sea. At any rate, the language of the press gang is picturesque. Point out as many words as you can which give a hint of their sea life.
2. Tell in your own words the most exciting incident in this story.

5. ROBINSON CRUSOE'S STORY

The night was thick and hazy
When the "Piccadilly Daisy"
Carried down the crew and captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em;
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only
Population on this cultivated shore;
But I've made a little tavern
In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

I spent no time in looking
For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
But I had that fellow Friday,
Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

I sometimes seek diversion
In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
And we take along a carrot
As refreshmément for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

If the roads are wet and muddy
We remain at home and study,—
For the Goat is very clever at a sum,—
And the Dog, instead of fighting,
Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

We retire at eleven,
And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
To the fact that all the scholars
Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

—Charles E. Carryl

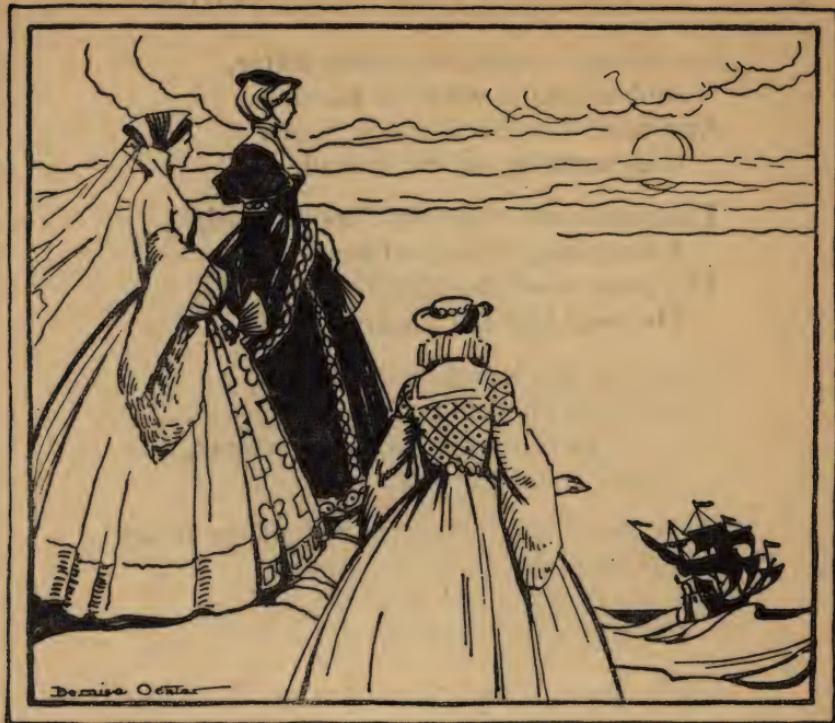
FOLK-SONGS

Poetry is written everywhere if we but had ears to hear it. The Indian, who first called a rippling river "Minnehaha"—"Laughing Water"—was a poet of one word. Poetry began that way, that is, by inventing words with musical meanings, and which called up vivid pictures. Primitive man, when he looked around him, saw the universe as a great and lovely dance. The pounding of the surf, the swinging tree-tops, rippling grasses, and the poetry of motion of the birds in the heavens. There was rhythm everywhere. Even the butterfly knew this secret.

As time went on, men invented simple songs to accompany their dances, as well as to hearten their work. They were not poems as we know them, but the result was the same, they "rhymed for fun," and it satisfied the heart. As they sat in their boats and rowed, "with a long pull and a strong pull," or marched gaily to battle, or swung the gleaming sickle in the golden grain, or rocked their babes to sleep, they sang as their bodies kept time.

The earliest poems of England were folk-songs, or songs of the people. They were simple and artless songs of daring deeds, told in a child-like manner. They were originally sung by minstrels or bards, the chorus or refrain being sung with rhythmic movement by the dancers. In the famous song, "The Nut-Browne Mayde," each stanza of the lover's song ends, "Alone, a banyshed man;" while the lady's verses end, "I love but you alone."

The troubadour was a roving minstrel who sang in the language of the people, and begged his audiences to listen to a tale "which is merryr than the nightengale." All doors were open to the minstrel as he sang of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago." In time these songs were grouped around a hero, Ulysses, Beowulf, Siegfried or Robin Hood, and they became epics, that is, long and dignified poems, befitting a noble theme, and were chanted. From these humble beginnings have come our great epics, lyrics and dramas.



B. THE SPELL OF THE PAST

1. SIR PATRICK SPENS

"This ballad is a confused echo of the Scotch expedition which should have brought the maid of Norway to Scotland, about 1285. While Dunfermline is still spoken of as the favourite Royal residence, the Scotch nobles wear the cork-heeled shoes of a later century, a curious example of the medley common in traditional poetry."—ANDREW LANG.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blood-red wine:
 "O where will I get a skilled skipper
 To sail this new ship of mine?"

O up and spake an eldern¹ knight,
 Sat at the king's right knee—
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sailed the sea."

¹ Old.

Our king has written a long letter,
 And sealed it with his hand,
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens
 Was walking on the strand.

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 A loud laugh laughed he;
 The next word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his ee.¹

“O who is this has done this deed,
 And told the king o’ me,
 To send us out, this time of the year,
 To sail upon the sea?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship must sail the foam;
 The king’s daughter of Noroway,
 ‘Tis we must fetch her home.”

“Make haste, make haste, my merry men all!
 Our good ship sails the morn.”

“O say not so, my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm!

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,²
 With the auld moon in her arm;
 And I fear, I fear, my dear master,
 That we will come to harm.”

They had not sailed a league, a league,
 A league but barely three,
 When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
 And stormy grew the sea.

The anchors broke and the topmasts lap,
 It was such a deadly storm;
 And the waves came o’er the broken ship
 Till all her sides were torn.

¹Eyes.

²Yesterday evening.

He hadna gane a step, a step,
 A step but barely ane,
 When a bolt flew out of our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it came in.

O loth,¹ loth, were our good Scotch lords
 To wet their cork-heeled shoon!²
 But lang ere a' the play was play'd
 They wet their hats aboon.³

O long, long may the ladies sit,
 With their fans into their hand,
 Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
 Come sailing to the land!

And long, long may the maidens sit,
 Wi' the gold combs in their hair,
 All waiting for their own dear loves—
 For them they'll see no mair.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
 'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
 And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens,
 With the Scotch lords at his feet.

—*Old Folk Ballad*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

"Sir Patrick Spens" is full of action, with rapid changes of scene, and many different speakers.

Here is a project that will make this poem more vivid for you. Choose from the class students who will take the parts of the various speakers, and one who will read the narrative parts that describe the action and link the speeches together. There will be the King, Eldern Knight, Sir Patrick himself, and his First Mate, in addition to the Narrator. Now the class will hear the poem read by these five speakers.

Next, add to your cast, by selecting Scottish nobles and ladies, ship's crew, and a messenger. You are going to act the play out in dumb-show without scenery or costumes. The Narrator will stand at one side, reading the story, all except the parts in which the characters themselves speak. The characters will accompany the story with suitable action. Perhaps one side

¹ Unwilling. ² Shoes. ³ Above.

of the playing space might be the court, with the king's throne, and later the place where the ladies sit, waiting for their lords to return. The other side would be the strand where Sir Patrick was walking, and the place where he assembles his merry men. The centre of the "stage" would, of course, be the ship, and later, the water, fifty fathoms deep. It may all sound and look a bit funny at first, but if you do it as convincingly as you know how, you will appreciate the poem as you scarcely could in any other way. Perhaps later on you will want to do it even more elaborately, with suitable costumes and properties.

There are many other poems and stories that can be treated in the same way. Talk the details over among yourselves. Here are a few from this book: *Gillespie*, *The Bayliffe's Daughter*, *Richard and the Soldan*, *Dotheboys Hall*, *A Spelling Match*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Abou Ben Adhem*.

1. Where is the king? For what purpose does he need a sailor?
2. How did Sir Patrick Spens receive the king's letter?
3. Which stanza shows the ship ready to leave Norway for Scotland?
4. What sign of bad weather is noted?
5. What other old ballads have you read?
6. What modern poems are modeled on the old ballads? See "Gillespie."
7. Dunfermline is sixteen miles north of Edinburgh. Many Scottish kings and queens are buried there. Locate the town on a map.
8. Note how much of the story is omitted between lines 8 and 9. Find another example of condensation.

READ A BOOK

Story Telling Ballads. By Francis J. Olcott. Houghton, Mifflin. Ballads old and new, grave and gay, with strong dramatic interest.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. By Sir Walter Scott.

2. "CAEDMON, SING ME SOMETHING"

The names *Caedmon* and *The Venerable Bede* take one back to the birthday of English literature. Caedmon was in a very real sense the father of English poetry, while Bede was the father of later English historians.

The following story gives an excellent picture of the birth of song in those far-off days, as well as an interesting account of how poetry was encouraged and honoured. The monastery, where this scene takes place, was not only a building set apart for holy men, but was also the centre of culture in those "high and far-off times." The monastery became more and more the meeting-place of learning, literature, and art down through the years.

In the monastery of his abbess was a certain brother especially marked by Divine grace, since he was wont to make songs suited to religion and piety. By his songs the minds of many were persuaded to give up worldly things and desire the holy life. He himself did not learn the art of poetry from men, or by being instructed by man; but being divinely assisted, received the gift of singing,

on which account he never could compose any frivolous or idle poem, but only those which pertain to religion suited his religious tongue. Not being a scholar, he had never learned anything of singing. It happened, sometimes at a feast, when it was determined for the sake of mirth that all should sing in order, he, when he saw the harp approaching him, used to rise in the midst of supper, and, having gone out, walk back to his home.

Which, when he was doing, on a time, and having left the house of entertainment, had gone out to the stables of the beasts of burden, the care of which was entrusted to him on that night, and there at the proper hour, had resigned his limbs to sleep, a certain one stood by him in a dream, who, saluting him, and calling him by his name, said, "Caedmon, sing me something." Then he, answering, said, "I know not how to sing; and for that reason, I went out from the feast and retired hither, because I could not sing." Again he who was talking with him said: "Yet, you have something to sing to me." "What," said he, "must I sing?" The other said: "Sing the beginning of created things." Having received this reply, he immediately began to sing verses in praise of God the Creator, which he had never heard: How we must praise the author of the celestial kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of Glory. How He, being eternal God, was the author of all wonderful things; who first created heaven for the sons of men, as the roof of their dwelling and afterwards created the earth. This is the sense but not the exact order of the words which he sang in his sleep, for songs, however excellently composed, cannot be translated from one tongue to another, word for word, without some loss of their beauty and spirit. Moreover, on his rising up from sleep, he retained in memory all that he had sung in his dream, and presently added to it more words of song worthy of God, after the same fashion.

And coming in the morning to the steward who was set

over him, he told him what a gift he had received; and having been brought to the abbess, he was ordered, in the presence of many learned men, to declare his dream and to repeat the song that it might be tested by the judgment of all. And all concluded that a celestial gift had been granted him by the Lord. Whereupon, the abbess, embracing heartily the grace of God in the man, instructed him to take the monastic vow; and having, together with all her people, received him into the monastery, associated him with the company of the brethren, and ordered him to be instructed in the whole course of sacred history. And he converted into sweet song whatever he could learn from hearing, by thinking it over by himself, and as though a clean animal, by *ruminating* and by making it resound more sweetly, and made his teachers in turn his hearers. Moreover, he sang the creation of all the world and the origin of mankind, and the whole history of Genesis; concerning the going out of Israel from Egypt, and their entrance into the land of promise, and of many other histories of Holy Scripture; of the Lord's incarnation, passion, resurrection, and ascension into Heaven; of the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the teaching of the apostles. He also made many songs concerning the terror of the future judgment, and the horror of the punishment of Gehenna, and the sweetness of the heavenly kingdom; besides in all which he endeavoured to draw men away from the love of wickedness, and to excite them to the love and diligent practice of well-doing.

—*The Venerable Bede*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Describe Caedmon's dream, and tell what came of it.
2. Make a list of Caedmon's qualities, showing what kind of man **he was**.
3. What did he sing about? What effect did his poems have?
4. Why can poetry not be translated into another language?
5. How did Caedmon prepare a poem? Explain the sentence.
6. Poets "make songs." Should poetry always *sing*? Give reasons.



TALES OF A GRANDFATHER

3. ROBERT THE BRUCE

When we requested the artist for a drawing to accompany this selection, we asked her to let us have the sketch also from which the finished drawing was made. On the right, therefore, is the artist's *sketch* or plan; on the left, the finished drawing. Before any good piece of work is performed (no matter what its nature) it is roughly, but clearly, planned in advance.

In writing a story the author makes an outline or plan of its main incidents. He may not set his outline down on paper because he may have acquired, through long practice, the habit of seeing his plan mentally.

One of the best ways for young people to acquire such well-ordered methods of thinking, is to see how the best craftsmen laid their plans. As you read this story by Sir Walter Scott, pause here and there and make rough jottings on a piece of paper of titles which you think will indicate the main incidents of the story. However, on your first reading, do not delay too long over the making of your outline.

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, two great and powerful barons, had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper.

But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident. In one of the numerous battles or skirmishes which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgents, or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotchman who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighbouring chapel, shed many tears, and asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John, the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale and agitated, they inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. This slaughter of Comyn was a most rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man

ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honour.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scotch knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went to Rachrin, an island near Ireland, where Bruce and his few followers passed the winter of 1306.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the

name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scotch crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavouring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland;

but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people by the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the Island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King; he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help

weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the borders with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels.

Other great lords besides Douglas were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner and took his banner. Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lynewater, by the good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Moray by the King, was ever afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him, which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession

of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scotch gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see her, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went

before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, wishing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were

speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous to enjoy their cottages in honourable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scotch in the neighbourhood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scotch were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of crossbars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and

engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus:

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cartloads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong ax or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his ax suddenly cut asunder the soam, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind. At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not

drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting provisions. This was done by the Scotch before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer. Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and a great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scotch could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority. Sir Edward answered his brother with his naturally audacious spirit, "Let Edward bring every man he has, we will fight them, were they more." The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness. "Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army to rescue Stirling."

—Sir Walter Scott
From *Tales of a Grandfather*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Your teacher will put down on the board the best titles that you and your classmates can give for the chief incidents of the story. After this has been done, read again those parts of the story that your teacher designates. This time you will be expected to make a neat and detailed outline.

Here is an example of an outline of the first incident:

- A. How Robert Bruce came to rebel against England.
 1. Bruce and other Scottish chiefs take up arms against England.
 - i. They are conquered.
 - ii. They serve against their countrymen.
 2. Bruce's change of heart.
 - i. The incident of the blood.
 - ii. His vow.

Notice that main themes are indicated by capital letters of the alphabet or by Roman numerals. Arabic numerals are used for sub-titles and small letters or figures for minor details. Make each part stand out in this fashion.

- A.
1.
- i.

If you learn to outline carefully and thoroughly, and if you have something interesting or important to say, you will have acquired the most important elements of speaking and writing.

2. Using the outline you have made, be prepared to make a speech to your class on the incident of the story that you liked best.
3. Can you find two or three pictures which will illustrate this story? If not, make a pencil sketch of the incident that appealed most to you.
4. Could you read this story in 14 minutes?

CHOOSE A STORY

1. "The Battle of Bannockburn," from *Tales of a Grandfather*, by Sir Walter Scott.
2. "Leonidas and the Spartans at Thermopylae," from *Men of Old Greece* by Jennie Hall.
3. "St. George and the Dragon," from *Heroic Legends*, by Agnes Heribert son.
4. *Kenilworth*. By Sir Walter Scott. Romantic deeds in the days of Queen Elizabeth.
5. *The Arabian Nights*. Edited by Padraic Colum. Macmillan. The best rendering of these famous stories of Oriental flavour.
6. "The Tournament." from *The White Company*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

4. THE BAYLIFFE'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

"It is in my heart, that grown men are but children in the matter of tales, and the oldest tale is the most beloved." (Rudyard Kipling)

"Think of the bard coming down from the hills into an English or Scottish hamlet, with a hundred fine stories in his head! How the people would crowd round him when the day's work was done, as he told them stories of love and adventure! Here is our first man of letters, the first contributor to every library." (P. H. B. Lyon)

There was a youth, a well-beloved youth,
And he was a squire's son;
He loved the bayliffe's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy and would not believe
That he did love her so,
No nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to faire London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me.

Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bayliffe's daughter dear;
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to faire London she would go
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,
 The weather being hot and dry,
 She sat her down upon a green bank,
 And her true love came riding bye.

She started up, with a colour so redd,
 Catching hold of his bridle-reine;
 One penny, one penny, kind sir, she said,
 Will ease me of much pain.

Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
 Pray tell me where you were born.
 At Islington, kind sir, said she,
 Where I have had many a scorn.

I prythe, sweetheart, then tell to me,
 O tell me, whether you know,
 The bayliffe's daughter of Islington.
 She is dead, sir, long ago.

If she be dead, then take my horse,
 My saddle and bridle also;
 For I will unto some far country,
 Where no man shall me know.

O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
 She standeth by thy side;
 She is here alive, she is not dead,
 And ready to be thy bride.

O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
 Ten thousand times therefore;
 For now I have found mine own true love,
 Whom I thought I should never see more.

—*Old Ballad*

5. RIP VAN WINKLE

Washington Irving (1783-1859), one of the fathers of literature in the United States, and the first American humorist, was born in New York City in the same year in which the peace was signed ending the American Revolution. As a boy he frequently wandered along the Hudson River, and over the Kaatskills. Just as Walter Scott gathered together the legends of the Border, which he later wove into song and story, so Irving collected tales and legends which may be found in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, and in *The Sketch Book*, from which the following story is taken. The Kaatskill Mountains were first settled by the Dutch. Between the lines you will find pictures of home life in those early colonies.

The story of Rip Van Winkle has been put into the form of a play. On reading, consider at what points you think it should be divided into acts, and what characters would appear in these acts. (Reading time, 15 minutes.)

I. THE HENPECKED HUSBAND

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill¹ Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of grey vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists

¹ Catskill, a range of mountains in New York State.

in the early time of the province, and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly timeworn and weatherbeaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain,¹ a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbour and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering.

Certain it is that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, make their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable

¹ The British captured New Netherland and changed its name to New York.

aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. He would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbour, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins,¹ which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

¹ Leggings.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog, Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait

of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught.

II. RIP'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labour of the farm and clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting

and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland.

For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and

assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others, jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet,

broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much the flavour of excellent Hollands.¹ He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

III. AFTER THE AWAKENING

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by

¹Gin imported from Holland.



RIP VAN WINKLE AWAKES

him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their

chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—“That flagon last night,” thought he, “has addled my poor head sadly!”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—“My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “has forgotten me!”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. He called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden

building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollects. The very character of the people seemed changed. He looked in vain for Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator hustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat.¹ "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A Tory!² a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" The poor man humbly assured them that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

¹ Those who favoured the new Constitution were the Federal party; those who opposed it were called Democrats.

² One who opposed the Revolution—a Loyalist.

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder, the inn-keeper?"

There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, a man in a cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief. At

this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she, too, died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollects Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name.

IV. RIP'S AFTER LIFE

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollects for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he

took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." Rip was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was —petticoat government. Happily that was at an end! He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. The old Dutch inhabitants almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—*Washington Irving*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Suppose you were a moving-picture producer, given the task of turning "Rip Van Winkle" into a photoplay. You would probably proceed as follows:
 - (a) Make a list of the incidents or scenes that make up the story.
 - (b) Make a list of the characters in the order of their appearance.

- (c) Assuming that you can have your pick of all the well-known film actors, decide which you will get for each part. This is known as *casting*. Be prepared to tell the class why you have made the choice you did.
2. Notice how the story opens. There are three paragraphs, and in the first sentence of each you are brought a step nearer the central figure of Rip. This is very like the way a movie would open.
- (a) First you have the "long shot" of the Kaatskills.
- (b) Then the camera takes you closer to them, and you see the village.
- (c) Finally it concentrates on one particular house, and the introduction ends with a "close-up" of Rip.
3. Would you like Rip if you had a chance of meeting him? Why?
4. Write a very brief description of Rip as seen by Dame Van Winkle.
5. If you were to fall asleep to-day and wake up twenty years later, what are some of the changes you would likely notice?
6. Suppose you could have been present and had your camera, what scene would you have especially wished to take: the meeting with the stranger; Rip and his dog nodding in the sun at Nicholas Vedder's inn; the amphitheatre; the awakening; a family "scene"? Describe your favourite episode, and tell why it pleased you most.

READ A BOOK

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. By Peter C. Abjörnsen. Illustrated by Kay Neilsen. Hodder and Stoughton. Popular Norse folk-tales charmingly illustrated.

Book of Pirates. By Howard Pyle. Harper. Illustrated. Spirited tales of rollicking adventure through the ages all boys will love.

Merrie England. By Grace Greenwood. Ginn. Famous stories of celebrated places, Sherwood Forest, London Tower, etc.

Treasure Island. By R. L. Stevenson. A story of buried treasure, pirates, and sea adventures.

DO YOU REMEMBER? A REVIEW

I. Here are a number of statements about the stories in this section. They are purposely left incomplete. Below you will find a list of words from which you are to select the most suitable completion.

1. Bliss Carman's Ships of Yule are ships of the
2. They stopped at every port of call from to
3. The nest of the osprey was built in the of a
4. The osprey earned his keep by
5. Gillespie led his men from to
6. He climbed the gate with a of

7. When the battle started, Sheridan was miles
8. Sheridan was a leader of the in the American
9. "Bannerman of the Dandenong" is a story of
10. The scene is laid in
11. In the land of Gulliver's giants, the apples were as large as and the as large as swans.
12. The greatest danger Gulliver ever underwent in that kingdom was from a
13. The Press Gang was a means of getting men for the
14. Matilda and Anne Bob under the
15. Sir Patrick Spens was to sail.
16. The Scots lords were to wet their
17. Caedmon was the first English
18. Bruce was urged to continue the struggle by the example of a
19. Randolph and his men took Edinburgh castle by the
20. The last Scottish castle still left to England was
21. At the end of years, the Bayliffe's daughter stole to London.
22. Rip Van Winkle for years.
23. His dog was as much as his master.
24. Rip always had an to profitable

navy, labour, barrels, still, Stirling, Australia, England, imagination, monkey, loth, poet, shoon, henpecked, climbing, asleep, ten, twenty, fifty, linnets, self-sacrifice, Aix, fishing, Halifax, Vancouver, dawn, noon, midnight, Babylon, crotch, one, pine, Rome, carried, afraid, reluctant, bridge, spider, rabbit, rock, slept, lived, aversion, Arcot, Vellore, rope, belts, seven, Civil War, away, North.

II. "Stop, Look and Listen."

1. In what story did you hear of a bush fire and a ride for life?
2. In which story did you read of ships that brought back riches from the four corners of the earth?
3. Which story tells of a game of bowls, a magic draught, and an old man who loved children?
4. Can you recollect a story in which soldiers hid in a load of hay?
5. Which of the stories tells of a man who had a wonderful dream?
6. Which story describes a lake near the sea, and some of the inhabitants of its shore?
7. Which story takes us to an old windmill, and a country road at night, and two brave women?

8. Which story is most completely unlike life as we know it?

9. In which story is pictured a king, a sea voyage, and ladies combing their hair?

III. "Sir Patrick Spens" might be titled "A Disastrous Voyage." See if you can think of other titles for any three of the stories in this section. Remember that they must be short, interesting, and definitely related to the theme of the story.

IV. Mark off into feet, show accented and unaccented syllables, and name the metre of one line from each of three poems in this section. Your teacher will show you how on the blackboard.

V. Supply the missing descriptive words:

1. . . . and Gillespie turned,
The blood in his ears like
Like the road beneath him

2. And these billows of war
. . . . along the horizon's bar;
And yet into Winchester
The roar of that sea

3. Over this bowl of and solitude
domed a sky of blue; and high in the blue hung a
bird, slowly From his height he held in view the
sparkling of the sea beyond the hogback, the of the surf about
the rocks, and the upspringing of the gulls, like
a puff of petals.

VI. What in your opinion is the most interesting selection in this section? There are thirteen of them. Make a list, putting them in the order of your preference, that is, the one you like best first, and the one you like least last. Take a vote for the most popular selection.

VII. For your Scrap Book:

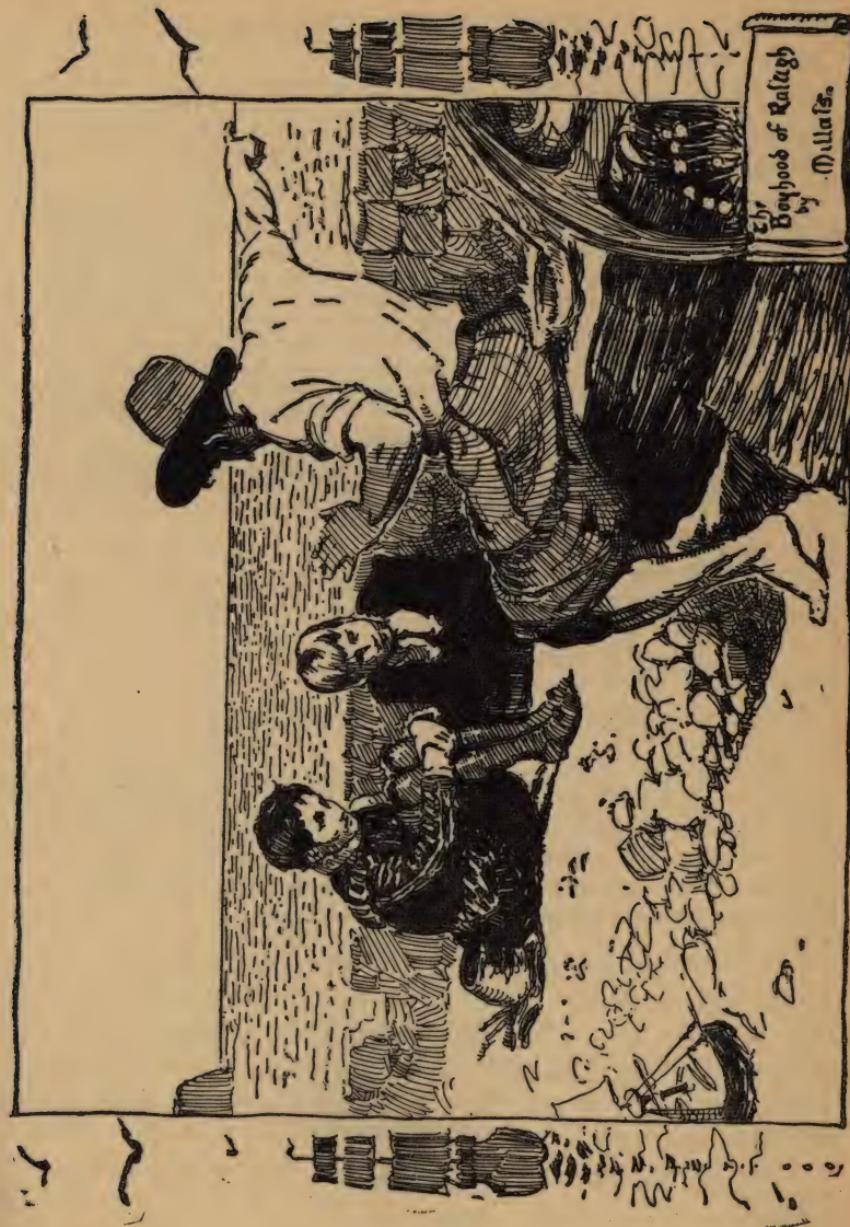
LIMERICKS

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a Tiger;
They came back from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the Tiger.

There was a young maid who said, "Why
Can't I look in my ear with my eye?
If I give my mind to it,
I'm sure I can do it,
You never can tell till you try."

—Cosmo Monkhouse

Ed.
Boyhood of Raleigh
by
W. H. Miller.



III

ENJOYING LIFE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON SPORTS

White House, October 2nd, 1903.

Dear Kermit:—

I was very glad to get your letter. Am glad you are playing football. I should be very sorry to see either you or Ted devoting most of your attention to athletics, and I haven't got any special ambition to see you shine overmuch in athletics at college (at least if you go there), because I think it tends to take up too much time; but I do like to feel that you are manly and able to hold your own in rough, hardy sports. I would rather have a boy of mine stand high in his studies than high in athletics, but I would a great deal rather have him show true manliness of character than show either intellectual or physical prowess; and I believe you and Ted both bid fair to develop just such a character.

There! you will think this is a dreadfully preaching letter! I suppose I have a natural tendency to preach just at present because I am overwhelmed with my work.

A. GAMES AND PASTIMES

1. WEE WILLIE WINKIE

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Mr. Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay, India, in 1865. He was educated in England, and you may read of his boisterous schooldays in *Stalky & Co.* When seventeen he returned to India, became a newspaper man, and later published his famous soldier songs and short stories. India supplies the material, and he works it all up into astonishingly vivid and exact accounts of men and events. (Reading time, about 15 minutes.)

His full name was Percival William Williams, but he picked up the other name in a nursery book, and that was the end of the christened titles. His mother's *ayah*¹ called him *Willie-Baba*,³ but as he never paid the faintest attention to anything that the *ayah* said, her wisdom did not help matters.

His father was the colonel of the 195th, and as soon as

¹Native East Indian nurse. ²Baba—child.

Wee Willie Winkie was old enough to understand what military discipline meant, Colonel Williams put him under it. There was no other way of managing the child. When he was good for a week, he drew good-conduct pay; and when he was bad, he was deprived of his good-conduct stripe. Generally he was bad, for India offers so many chances to little six-year-olds of going wrong.

Children resent familiarity from strangers, and Wee Willie Winkie was a very particular child. Once he accepted an acquaintance, he was graciously pleased to thaw. He accepted Brandis, a subaltern of the 195th, on sight. Brandis was having tea at the Colonel's, and Wee Willie Winkie entered, strong in the possession of a good-conduct badge won for not chasing the hens round the compound. He regarded Brandis with gravity for at least ten minutes, and then delivered his opinion.

"I like you," said he slowly, getting off his chair and coming over to Brandis. "I like you. I shall call you Copy, because of your hair. Do you *mind* being called Copy? It is because of ve hair, you know."

Here was one of the most embarrassing of Wee Willie Winkie's peculiarities. He would look at a stranger for some time, and then, without warning or explanation, would give him a name. And the name stuck. No regimental penalties could break Wee Willie Winkie of this habit. He lost his good-conduct badge for christening the commissioner's wife "Pobs"; but nothing that the Colonel could do made the station forgo the nickname, and Mrs. Collen remained Mrs. "Pobs" till the end of her stay. So Brandis was christened "Copy," and rose, therefore, in the estimation of the regiment.

If Wee Willie Winkie took an interest in any one, the fortunate man was envied alike by the mess and the rank and file. And in their envy lay no suspicion of self-interest. "The Colonel's son" was idolized on his own merits entirely. Yet Wee Willie Winkie was not lovely. His face was permanently freckled, as his legs were permanently

scratched, and in spite of his mother's almost tearful remonstrances he had insisted upon having his long yellow locks cut short in military fashion. "I want my hair like Sergeant Tummil's," said Wee Willie Winkie, and, his father abetting, the sacrifice was accomplished.

Three weeks after the bestowal of his youthful affections on Lieutenant Brandis—henceforward to be called "Coppy" for the sake of brevity—Wee Willie Winkie was destined to behold things beyond his comprehension.

Coppy returned his liking with interest. Coppy had let him wear for five rapturous minutes his own big sword—just as tall as Wee Willie Winkie. Coppy had promised him a terrier puppy; and Coppy had permitted him to witness the miraculous operation of shaving. Nay, more—Coppy had said that even he, Wee Willie Winkie, would rise in time to the ownership of a box of shiny knives, a silver soap box and a silver-handled "sputter-brush," as Wee Willie Winkie called it. Decidedly, there was no one except his father, who could give or take away good-conduct badges at pleasure, half so wise, strong and valiant as Coppy with the Afghan and Egyptian medals on his breast. Why, then, should Coppy be guilty of the unmanly weakness of kissing—vehemently kissing—a "big girl," Miss Allardyce to wit? In the course of a morning ride, Wee Willie Winkie had seen Coppy so doing, and, like the gentleman he was, had promptly wheeled round and cantered back to his groom, lest the groom should also see.

Under ordinary circumstances he would have spoken to his father, but he felt instinctively that this was a matter on which Coppy ought first to be consulted.

"Coppy," shouted Wee Willie Winkie, reining up outside that subaltern's bungalow early one morning—"I want to see you, Coppy!"

"Come in, young 'un," returned Coppy, who was at early breakfast in the midst of his dogs. "What mischief have you been getting into now?"

Wee Willie Winkie had done nothing notoriously bad for three days and so stood on a pinnacle of virtue.

"I've been doing nothing bad," said he, curling himself into a long chair with a studious affectation of the Colonel's languor after a hot parade. He buried his freckled nose in a teacup and, with eyes staring roundly over the rim, asked: "I say, Coppy, is it pwoper to kiss big girls?"

"Goodness! You're beginning early. Who do you want to kiss?"

"No one. My muvver's always kissing me if I don't stop her. If it isn't pwoper, how was you kissing Major Allardyce's big girl last morning, by ve canal?"

Coppy's brow wrinkled. He and Miss Allardyce had with great craft managed to keep their engagement secret for a fortnight. There were urgent and imperative reasons why Major Allardyce should not know how matters stood for at least another month, and this small marplot had discovered a great deal too much.

"I saw you," said Wee Willie Winkie, calmly. "But ve groom didn't see. I stopped him."

"Oh, you had that much sense, you young Rip," groaned poor Coppy, half amused and half angry. "And how many people may you have told about it?"

"Only me myself. You didn't tell when I twied to wide ve buffalo yen my pony was lame; and I fought you wouldn't like."

"Winkie," said Coppy enthusiastically, shaking the small hand, "you're the best of good fellows. Look here, you can't understand all these things. One of these days—hang it, how can I make you see it?—I'm going to marry Miss Allardyce, and then she'll be Mrs. Coppy, as you say. If your young mind is so scandalized at the idea of kissing big girls, go and tell your father."

"What will happen?" said Wee Willie Winkie, who firmly believed that his father was omnipotent.

"I shall get into trouble," said Coppy, playing his trump card with an appealing look at the holder of the ace.

"Ven I won't," said Wee Willie Winkie briefly. "But my faver says it's un-man-ly to be always kissing, and I didn't fink *you'd* do vat, Coppy."

"I'm not always kissing, old chap. It's only now and then, and when you're bigger you'll do it, too. Your father meant it's not good for little boys."

"Ah!" said Wee Willie Winkie, now fully enlightened. "It's like ve sputter-brush?"

"Exactly," said Coppy gravely.

"But I don't fink I'll ever want to kiss big girls, nor no one, 'cept my muvver. And I *must* vat, you know."

There was a long pause, broken by Wee Willie Winkie.

"Are you fond of vis big girl, Coppy?"

"Awfully!" said Coppy.

"Fonder van you are of Bell or ve Butcha—or me?"

"It's in a different way," said Coppy. "You see, one of these days Miss Allardyce will belong to me, but you'll grow up and command the regiment and—all sorts of things. It's quite different, you see."

"Very well," said Wee Willie Winkie, rising. "If you're fond of ve big girl, I won't tell any one. I must go now."

Coppy rose and escorted his small guest to the door, adding: "You're the best of little fellows, Winkie. I tell you what. In thirty days from now you can tell if you like—tell any one you like."

Thus the secret of the Brandis-Allardyce engagement was dependent on a little child's word. Coppy, who knew Wee Willie Winkie's idea of truth, was at ease, for he felt that he would not break promises. Wee Willie Winkie betrayed a special and unusual interest in Miss Allardyce, and, slowly revolving round that embarrassed young lady, was used to regard her gravely with unwinking eye. He was trying to discover why Coppy should have kissed her. She was not half so nice as his own mother. On the other hand, she was Coppy's property, and would in time belong

to him. Therefore it behooved him to treat her with as much respect as Copy's big sword or shiny pistol.

The idea that he had shared a great secret in common with Copy kept Wee Willie Winkie unusually virtuous for three weeks. Then the Old Adam broke out, and he made what he called a "camp fire" at the bottom of the garden. How could he have foreseen that the flying sparks would have lighted the Colonel's little hayrick and consumed a week's store for the horses? Sudden and swift was the punishment: deprivation of the good-conduct badge, and, most sorrowful of all, two days' confinement to barracks—the house and veranda—coupled with the withdrawal of the light of his father's countenance.

He took the sentence like the man he strove to be, drew himself up with a quivering under-lip, saluted, and, once clear of the room, ran to weep bitterly in his nursery—called by him "my quarters." Copy came in the afternoon and attempted to console the culprit."

"I'm under awwest," said Wee Willie Winkie mournfully, "and I didn't ought to speak to you."

Very early the next morning he climbed on to the roof of the house—that was not forbidden—and beheld Miss Allardyce going for a ride.

"Where are you going?" cried Wee Willie Winkie.

"Across the river," she answered, and trotted forward.

Now the cantonment in which the 195th lay was bounded on the north by a river—dry in the winter. From his earliest years, Wee Willie Winkie had been forbidden to go across the river, and had noted that even Copy—the almost almighty Copy—had never set foot beyond it. Wee Willie Winkie had once been read to, out of a big blue book, the history of the princess and the goblins—a most wonderful tale of a land where the goblins were always warring with the children of men until they were defeated by one Curdie. Ever since that date it seemed to him that the bare black and purple hills across the river were

inhabited by goblins, and, in truth, every one had said that there lived the Bad Men. Even in his own house the lower halves of the windows were covered with green paper on account of the Bad Men, who might, if allowed clear view, fire into peaceful drawing-rooms and comfortable bedrooms. Certainly, beyond the river, which was the end of all the earth, lived the Bad Men. And here was Major Allardyce's big girl, Copy's property, preparing to venture into their borders! What would Copy say if anything happened to her? If the goblins ran off with her as they did with Curdie's princess? She must at all hazards be turned back.

The house was still. Wee Willie Winkie reflected for a moment on the very terrible wrath of his father; and then —broke his arrest! It was a crime unspeakable. The low sun threw his shadow, very large and very black, on the trim garden paths, as he went down to the stables and ordered his pony. It seemed to him in the hush of the dawn that all the big world had been bidden to stand still and look at Wee Willie Winkie guilty of mutiny. The drowsy groom handed him his mount, and, since the one great sin made all others insignificant, Wee Willie Winkie said that he was going to ride over to Copy Sahib, and went out at a foot pace, stepping on the soft mould of the flower-borders.

The devastating track of the pony's feet was the last misdeed that cut him off from all sympathy of humanity. He turned into the road, leaned forward, and rode as fast as the pony could put foot to the ground in the direction of the river.

But the liveliest of ponies can do little against the long canter of a Waler. Miss Allardyce was far ahead, had passed through the crops, beyond the police post, where all the guards were asleep, and her mount was scattering the pebbles of the river bed as Wee Willie Winkie left the cantonment and British India behind him. Bowed forward

and still flogging, Wee Willie Winkie shot into Afghan territory, and could just see Miss Allardyce, a black speck flickering across the stony plain. The reason of her wandering was simple enough. Copy, in a tone of too-hastily-assumed authority, had told her overnight that she must not ride out by the river. And she had gone to prove her own spirit and teach Copy a lesson.

Almost at the foot of the inhospitable hills, Wee Willie Winkie saw the Waler blunder and come down heavily. Miss Allardyce struggled clear, but her ankle had been severely twisted and she could not stand. Having thus demonstrated her spirit, she wept copiously and was surprised by the apparition of a white, wide-eyed child in khaki, on a nearly spent pony.

"Are you badly, badly hurted?" shouted Wee Willie Winkie, as soon as he was within range. "You didn't ought to be here."

"I don't know," said Miss Allardyce ruefully, ignoring the reproof. "Good gracious, child, what are you doing here?"

"You said you was going acwoss ve wiver," panted Wee Willie Winkie, throwing himself off his pony. "And nobody—not even Copy—must go acwoss ve wiver, and I came after you ever so hard, but you wouldn't stop, and now you've hurted yourself, and Copy will be angwy wiv me, and—I've bwoken my awwest! I've bwoken my awwest!"

The future colonel of the 195th sat down and sobbed. In spite of the pain in her ankle the girl was moved.

"Have you ridden all the way from cantonments, little man? What for?"

"You belonged to Copy. Copy told me so!" wailed Wee Willie Winkie disconsolately. "I saw him kissing you, and he said he was fonder of you van Bell or ve Butcha or me. And so I came. You must get up and come back. You didn't ought to be here. Vis is a bad place, and I've bwoken my awwest."

"I can't move, Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, with a groan. "I've hurt my foot. What shall I do?"

She showed a readiness to weep afresh, which steadied Wee Willie Winkie, who had been brought up to believe that tears were the depth of unmanliness. Still, when one is as great a sinner as Wee Willie Winkie, even a man may be permitted to break down.

"Winkie," said Miss Allardyce, "when you're rested a little, ride back and tell them to send out something to carry me back in. It hurts fearfully."

The child sat still for a little time and Miss Allardyce closed her eyes; the pain was nearly making her faint. She was roused by Wee Willie Winkie tying up the reins on his pony's neck and setting it free with a vicious cut of his whip that made it whinny. The little animal headed toward the cantonment.

"Oh, Winkie! What are you doing?"

"Hush!" said Wee Willie Winkie. "Vere's a man coming—one of ve Bad Men. I must stay wiv you. My father says a man must *always* look after a girl. Jack will go home, and ven vey'll come and look for us. Vat's why I let him go."

Not one man, but two or three, had appeared from behind the rocks of the hills, and the heart of Wee Willie Winkie sank within him, for just in this manner were the goblins wont to steal out and vex Curdie's soul. Thus had they played in Curdie's garden—he had seen the picture—and thus had they frightened the princess' nurse. He heard them talking to each other, and recognized with joy the Pushto that he had picked up from one of his father's grooms lately dismissed. People who spoke that tongue could not be the Bad Men. They were only natives after all.

They came up to the boulders on which Miss Allardyce's horse had blundered.

Then rose from the rock Wee Willie Winkie, child of the dominant race, aged six and three-quarters, and said briefly

and emphatically "*Jao!*"¹ The pony had crossed the river bed.

The men laughed, and laughter from natives was the one thing Wee Willie Winkie could not tolerate. He asked them what they wanted and why they did not depart. Other men with most evil faces and crooked-stocked guns crept out of the shadows of the hills, till, soon, Wee Willie Winkie was face to face with an audience some twenty strong. Miss Allardyce screamed.

"Who are you?" said one of the men.

"I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that **you** go at once. You black men are frightening the **Miss** Sahib. One of you must run into cantonments and **take** the news that the Miss Sahib has hurt herself, and that **the** Colonel's son is here with her." He spoke in Pushto.

"Put our feet into the trap!" was the laughing reply. "Hear this boy's speech!"

"Say that I sent you—I, the Colonel's son. They **will** give you money."

"What is the use of this talk? Take up the child **and** the girl, and we can at least ask for the ransom. Ours **are** the villages on the heights," said a voice in the background.

These *were* the Bad Men—worse than goblins—and it needed all Wee Willie Winkie's training to prevent him from bursting into tears. But he felt that to cry before a native, excepting only his mother's *ayah*, would be **an** infamy greater than any mutiny. Moreover, he, as future colonel of the 195th, had that grim regiment at his back.

"Are you going to carry us away?" said Wee Willie Winkie, very blanched and uncomfortable.

"Yes, my little *Sahib Bahadur*,"² said the tallest of the men, "and eat you afterward."

"That is child's talk," said Wee Willie Winkie. "Men do not eat men."

A yell of laughter interrupted him, but he went on firmly—"And if you do carry us away, I tell you that **all**

¹"Get out!" ²Mighty warrior of high caste.

my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one. Who will take my message to the Colonel Sahib?"

Speech in any vernacular—and Wee Willie Winkie had a colloquial acquaintance with three—was easy to the boy who could not yet manage his "r's" and "th's."

Another man joined the conference, crying: "O foolish men! What this babe says is true. He is the heart's heart of those white troops. For the sake of peace let them go both, for if he be taken, the regiment will break loose and gut the valley. *Our* villages are in the valley, and we shall not escape. That regiment are devils. They broke Khoda Yar's breastbone with kicks when he tried to take the rifles; and if we touch this child they will fire and plunder for a month, till nothing remains. Better to send a man back to take the message and get a reward."

It was Din Mahomed, the dismissed groom of the colonel, who made the diversion, and an angry and heated discussion followed. Wee Willie Winkie, standing over Miss Allardyce, waited the upshot. Surely his "wegment," his own "wegment," would not desert him if they knew of his extremity.

The riderless pony brought the news to the 195th, though there had been consternation in the Colonel's household for an hour before. The little beast came in through the parade ground in front of the main barracks, where the men were settling down to play spoil-five till the afternoon. Devlin, the colour-sergeant of E Company, glanced at the empty saddle and tumbled through the barrack rooms, kicking up each room corporal as he passed. "Up, ye beggars! There's something happened to the Colonel's son," he shouted.

"He couldn't fall off. S'elp me, 'e *couldn't* fall off," blubbered a drummer boy. "Go an' hunt across the river. He's over there if he's anywhere, an' maybe those Pathans have got 'im. For the love o' Gawd don't look for 'm in the nullahs! Let's go over the river."

"There's sense in Mott yet," said Devlin. "E Company, double out to the river—sharp!"

So E Company, in its shirt sleeves mainly, doubled for the dear life, and in the rear toiled the perspiring sergeant, adjuring it to double yet faster. The cantonment was alive with the men of the 195th hunting for Wee Willie Winkie, and the Colonel finally overtook E Company struggling in the pebbles of the river bed.

Up the hill under which Wee Willie Winkie's Bad Men were discussing the wisdom of carrying off the child and the girl, a lookout fired two shots.

"What have I said?" shouted Din Mahammed. "There is the warning! The *pulton*¹ are out already and are coming across the plain! Get away! Let us not be seen with the boy!"

The men waited for an instant, and then, as another shot was fired, withdrew into the hills, as silently as they had appeared.

"The wegment is coming," said Wee Willie Winkie to Miss Allardyce, "and it's all wight. Don't cwy!"

He needed the advice himself, for ten minutes later, when his father came up, he was weeping bitterly with his head in Miss Allardyce's lap.

The men of the 195th carried him home with shouts and rejoicings; and Copy, who had ridden a horse into a lather, met him, and, to his intense disgust, kissed him openly in the presence of the men.

But there was balm for his dignity. His father assured him that not only would the breaking of arrest be condoned, but that the good-conduct badge would be restored as soon as his mother could sew it on his blouse sleeve. Miss Allardyce had told the Colonel a story that made him proud of his son.

"She belonged to you, Copy," said Wee Willie Winkie, indicating Miss Allardyce with a grimy forefinger. "I

¹Native infantry regiment.

knew she didn't ought to go acwoss ve wiver, and I knew ve wegiment would come to me if I sent Jack home."

"You're a hero, Winkie," said Copy—"a *pukka*¹ hero!"

"I don't know what vat means," said Wee Willie Winkie, "but you mustn't call me Winkie any more. I'm Percival Will'am Will'ams."

And in this manner did Wee Willie Winkie enter into his manhood.

—Rudyard Kipling

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Did the sub-title help you grasp the point of the story as you read?
2. How does Percival William Williams prove himself to be "an officer and a gentleman"?
3. Had the colonel reason to be proud of his son? Why?
4. Do you think Willie was more grown-up than a child of six usually is? If so, can you suggest the reason?
5. Have you read any other stories by Rudyard Kipling? Ask your teacher to recommend some to you.
6. Why is kissing "like ve sputter-brush"?
7. Kipling reveals Willie's character: by his actions; by his words; by what others say about him. Can you locate these, and note *very briefly* under three headings?

2. ATHLETIC AMUSEMENTS OF ESKIMO CHILDREN

In one kind of play Eskimo boys always seem ready to indulge—a roll down-hill. They select a small, steep hill or incline, well covered with snow, and, seating themselves on the top of the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched, gloved hands over their ankles, pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. They thus really make themselves into big balls covered with reindeer hair; then away they go on a rolling race down-hill, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length, and stopping instantly at the bottom of the hill.

Another athletic amusement in which the boys indulge, and which requires a great deal of strength, is a peculiar

¹Genuine.

kind of short race on hands and feet. The boys lean forward on their hands and feet, with their arms and legs held as stiffly as possible; under no circumstances must they bend either elbows or knees. In this stiff and rigid position, resting only on their feet and on the knuckles of their clinched fists, they jump or hitch forward a few inches by a quick, convulsive movement of the whole body. These movements are rapidly repeated, perhaps once or twice in a second, until the contestants have covered two or three yards along the hard snow-drifts. Then they become exhausted, for, as I have already said, this exercise calls for considerable strength, and is indeed a very fatiguing amusement. By the time a boy has played energetically in this way, if only for a minute, he feels very tired, and is willing to take a breathing spell. The game is not very graceful; if you were to take a carpenter's wooden horse and jog it along by short jerks over the floor, you would have a tolerably fair representation of how awkward it really is. Best of all is the exercise it gives. Often one will see a single boy jumping along in this stiff-legged fashion, as if he were practising for a race, preferring a slight down-hill grade if he can find one.

Another somewhat similar method of racing is also practised; folding the arms across the breast, and holding the knees firmly rigid, with the feet close together, the contestants paddle along as fast as possible by short jumps of an inch or two. It is a severe strain on the feet and legs, and one cannot go very far in so awkward a way. The little girls, standing in a row of from three to five, often jump up and down in the same manner, keeping a sort of time with the thumping of their heels to the rude songs that they are spluttering out in short jerks and gasps, as unmusical as the hammering of their heels. A lot of these little damsels would favour us with a short version of this stiff-jumping, spluttering melody whenever they were particularly grateful for some small gift we had presented to them.

A capital game played by the little girls, and by some of the smaller boys, is a rude sort of ball game. Thick sealskin leather is made into a ball about the size of our common baseball, and filled about two-thirds full with sand. If completely filled, it would be as hard and unyielding as a stone. The singular *sliding* way it has of yielding because of its being only partially filled, makes it much harder to catch and retain in the hands than our common ball. The game, a very simple one, much like our play with bean-bags, consists in striking at the ball with the open palm of the hand, and, when there is a crowd of players, in keeping the ball constantly in the air.

This is a favourite summer game when the snow is off the ground and the people are living in sealskin tents. No doubt it affords considerable exercise. Whenever the ball drops to the ground, or the players fail to keep it flying, a signal is given for a rest. Simple as the game is, the little Eskimos manage to gain much fun and excitement from it; whenever one hears an unusual amount of shouting and boisterous merriment out-of-doors, he may be almost certain to find, when he goes to the tent door, that all the children of the village are engaged in a game of "sand-bag ball."

A favourite Eskimo amusement is one which both the white boys and the Indian boys sometimes play with the bow and arrow. The game is to see how many arrows can be kept in the air at one time. The Eskimo boy, with his quiver pulled around over his shoulders so that he can get the arrows quickly and readily, commences shooting them straight up into the air; when the first arrow thus shot up strikes the ground, he must at once stop. The number of arrows he has shot indicates his score, which he compares with the scores made by the other boys. Sometimes they count only arrows that in descending stand upright in the snow. In this form of the game they shoot all that are in their quivers.

At another time they count only those that stick up-

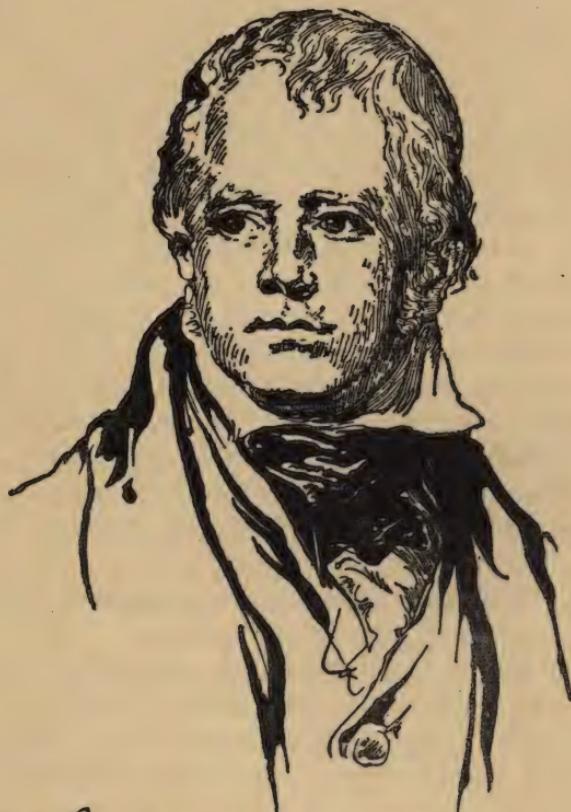
right within a certain area, generally a circle of from twenty to thirty yards in diameter; these arrows must all be shot from the bow by the time the first arrow strikes within the space marked out, and in this case considerable precision and rapidity in shooting are required to make a good score. The boys often shoot a single arrow high into the air and try to intercept it with another one sent straight horizontally above the ground as the first one rapidly descends.

The Eskimos, the Indians, and other savage tribes who are skilled in the use of the bow can shoot arrows so that they will go somewhat sidewise. They practise this way of shooting when trying to hit a descending arrow or one stuck upright in the ground. It must, however, be remembered that the Eskimos are not as good bowmen as are many of the other savage tribes, who gain a part or all of their living by this weapon; the Eskimos use spears and lances much more frequently, and where accuracy is especially needed, bows are seldom employed. With the Eskimos who come into frequent contact with white men, guns have now altogether taken the place of bows and arrows.

Another Eskimo out-of-door amusement much resembles the old Indian game of "lacrosse." It is played on the smooth lake ice, with three or four small round balls of quartz or granite, about the size of an English walnut. These balls are kicked and knocked about the lake, with plenty of fun and shouting, but utterly without any rules to govern the game.

A long time is required to grind an irregular piece of stone into a round ball, but the Eskimo people are very patient and untiring in their routine work; with them, as with the Indians, time is of hardly any consequence. The number of years that they are willing to spend in plodding away at the most simple things shows them to be probably the most patient people in the world.

—*Frederick Schwatka*



Walter Scott



READ A BOOK

The Book of Athletics. By Paul Withington, editor. Lothrop, 1922. An excellent collection of articles on the most popular sports by well-known authorities.

The Luck of Roaring Camp. By Bret Harte.

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. By Mark Twain. Musson. The adventures of boy life a century ago. Should stimulate love of wholesome humour and vivid narrative.

Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain. Musson. A sequel to the last.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. A waif in India has a thrilling experience with the Secret Service.

3. KING RICHARD AND THE SOLDAN

This story, taken from Sir Walter Scott's *Talisman*, tells of a meeting between King Richard Coeur de Lion, and the Mohammedan leader, Saladin. During a truce Saladin has come to the tent of his foe, King Richard, leader of the Crusade to the Holy Land.

King Richard led the way accordingly to a splendid pavilion, where was everything that royal luxury could devise. De Vaux, who was in attendance, then removed the long riding-cloak which Richard wore, and he stood before Saladin in the close dress which showed to advantage the strength and symmetry of his person, while it bore a strong contrast to the flowing robes which disguised the thin frame of the Eastern monarch. It was Richard's two-handed sword that chiefly attracted the attention of the Saracen, a broad, straight blade, the seemingly unwieldy length of which extended well-nigh from the shoulder to the heel of the wearer.

"Had I not," said Saladin, "seen this brand flaming in the front of battle, like that of Azrael, I had scarce believed that human arm could wield it. Might I request to see the Melech Ric strike one blow with it in peace, and in pure trial of strength?"

"Willingly, noble Saladin," answered Richard; and looking round for something whereon to exercise his strength, he saw a steel mace, held by one of the attendants, the handle being of the same metal, and about an inch and a half in diameter—this he placed on a block of wood.

The glittering broadsword, wielded by both his hands, rose aloft to the King's left shoulder, circled round his head, descended with the sway of some terrific engine, and the bar of iron rolled on the ground in two pieces as a woodsman would sever a sapling with a hedging-bill.

"By the head of the Prophet, a most wonderful blow!" said the Soldan, critically and accurately examining the iron bar which had been cut asunder; and the blade of the sword was so well tempered as to exhibit not the least token of having suffered by the feat it had performed. He then took the King's hand, and looking on the size and muscular strength which it exhibited, laughed as he placed it beside his own, so lank and thin, so inferior in brawn and sinew.

"Ay, look well," said De Vaux in English, "it will be long ere your long jackanape's fingers do such a feat with your fine gilded reaping-hook there."

"Silence, De Vaux," said Richard; "by Our Lady, he understands or guesses thy meaning—be not so broad, I pray thee."

The Soldan, indeed, presently said: "Something I would fain attempt—though, wherefore should the weak show their inferiority in presence of the strong? Yet each land hath its own exercises, and this may be new to the Melech Ric."—So saying, he took from the floor a cushion of silk and down, and placed it upright on one end.—"Can thy weapon, my brother, sever that cushion?" he said to King Richard.

"No, surely," replied the King; "no sword on earth, were it the Excalibar of King Arthur, can cut that which opposes no steady resistance to the blow."

"Mark, then," said Saladin; and, tucking up the sleeve of his gown, showed his arm, thin indeed and spare, but which constant exercise had hardened into a mass consisting of nought but bone, brawn, and sinew. He unsheathed his scimitar, a curved and narrow blade, which glittered not like the sword of the Franks, but was, on the contrary, of a dull blue colour, marked with ten



KNIGHTS JOUSTING IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF RICHARD COEUR DE LION

millions of meandering lines, which showed how anxiously the metal had been welded by the armourer. Wielding this weapon, apparently so inefficient when compared to that of Richard, the Soldan stood resting his weight upon his left foot, which was slightly advanced; he balanced himself a little as if to steady his aim, then stepping at once forward, drew the scimitar across the cushion, applying the edge so dexterously, and with so little apparent effort, that the cushion seemed rather to fall asunder than to be divided by violence.

"It is a juggler's trick," said De Vaux, darting forward and snatching up the portion of the cushion which had been cut off.

The Soldan seemed to comprehend him, for he undid the sort of veil which he had hitherto worn, laid it double along the edge of his sabre, extended the weapon edge-ways in the air, and drawing it suddenly through the veil, although it hung on the blade entirely loose, severed that also into two parts, which floated to different sides of the tent, equally displaying the extreme temper and sharpness of the weapon, and the exquisite dexterity of him who used it.

"Now, in good faith, my brother," said Richard, "thou art even matchless at the trick of the sword, and right perilous it were to meet thee! Still, however, I put some faith in a downright English blow, and what we cannot do by sleight, we eke out by strength."

—Sir Walter Scott

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This story is a romance from the Middle Ages. What would you say was the chief purpose in those days in possessing strength and skill?
2. Of the following games, which do you think requires strength more than skill; and which needs skill more than strength?
 soccer tennis swimming lacrosse golf
 figure skating baseball rugby basketball softball
 which of the above has the best combination of strength and skill?
3. Someone has said: "We ought to learn to play a game during our youth, that we can keep playing throughout life." Do you agree? Then which game would you select?

4. Think of all the famous living athletes that you can. As each name is mentioned, try to match it with the name of a living personage of the same country, who is famous in literature, art, science or government.
5. After visiting a number of colleges in the United States, a Frenchman is said to have remarked: "American colleges seem to consist of huge stadiums, with a few classrooms attached." This remark is more witty than true. Nevertheless, it does point to a real danger from athletics. Some United States colleges have stadiums where as many as seventy thousand people can go into a frenzy over athletes battling for supremacy. Sometimes the "head coach" of the football team receives a salary almost as great as the president of the university.

What would become of a nation that made the victors of sport its heroes?

4. THE STAMP-COLLECTOR

Some members of the class will read this poem aloud. During the recitation decide which stanza you like best for the sound qualities.

Three months ago he did not know
 His lessons in geography;
 Though he could spell and read right well,
 And cipher, too, he could not tell
 The least thing in topography.

But what a change! How passing strange!
 This stamp-collecting passion
 Has roused his zeal, for woe or weal,
 And lists of names he now can reel
 Off, in amazing fashion.

I hear him speak of Mozambique,
 Heligoland, Bavaria,
 Cashmere, Japan, Tibet, Soudan,
 Sumatra, Spain, Waldeck, Kokan,
 Khaloon, Siam, Bulgaria.

Schleswig-Holstein (oh, boy of mine,
 Genius without a teacher!)
 Wales, Panama, Scinde, Bolivar,
 Cabul, Deccan, Helvetia.

And now he longs for more Hong-Kongs,
 A Rampur, a Mauritius,
 Greece, Borneo, Fernando Po—
 And how much else no one can know;
 But be, kind Fates, propitious!

—*Mary L. B. Branch*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Draw up a list of cities and towns in Canada, the names of which seem to you the most musical.
2. Try to write two verses in the style of the third and fourth stanzas of this poem. Note the rhyme.
3. Does this poem give you a hint of any advantages there might be in "Building a Book"?

5. THE FOX HUNT

Fox-hunting is a sport closely associated with country life in the British Isles, and has been introduced into parts of Canada. It is an expensive pastime, for it demands the upkeep of horses and hounds, but in England the villagers and farmers are as thrilled by the chase as the huntsmen themselves.

Mr. Masefield in this exciting poem, only a part of which is given here, presents a vivid picture of the rural England, the huntsmen, people about the cottages, churches and inns, and above all Reynard himself. Crafty the fox is, but he is no quitter, and the poet's sympathy is with him as he runs for his life. This poem is abridged from *Reynard the Fox*.

The fox was strong, he was full of running,
 He could run for an hour and then be cunning,
 But the cry behind him made him chill,
 They were nearer now and they meant to kill.

And all the way to that blinding end
 He would meet with men and have none his friend:
 Men to holloa and men to run him,
 With stones to stagger and yells to stun him,
 Men to head him, with whips to beat him,
 Teeth to mangle and mouths to eat him.

And all the way, that wild high crying,
To cold his blood with the thought of dying,
The horn and the cheer, and the drum-like thunder
Of the horse hooves stamping the meadows under.
He upped his brush and went with a will
For the Sarsen Stones on Wan Dyke Hill.

Past Tineton Church over Tineton Waste,
With the lolloping ease of a fox's haste,
The fur on his chest blown dry with the air,
His brush still up and his cheek-teeth bare.
Over the Waste where the ganders grazed,
The long swift lift of his loping lazed,
His ears cocked up as his blood ran higher,
He saw his point, and his eyes took fire.
The Wan Dyke Hill with its fir tree barren,
Its dark of gorse and its rabbit warren.
The Dyke on its heave like a tightened girth,
And holes in the Dyke where a fox might earth.
He had rabbited there long months before,
The earths were deep and his need was sore,
The way was new, but he took a bearing,
And rushed like a blown ship billow-sharing.

Off Tineton Common to Tineton Dean,
Where the wind-hid elders pushed with green;
Through the Dean's thin cover across the lane,
And up Midwinter to King of Spain.
Old Joe, at digging his garden grounds,
Said "A fox, being hunted; where be hounds?
O lord, my back, to be young again,
'Stead a zellin zider in King of Spain.
O hark, I hear 'em, O sweet, O sweet.
Why there be redcoat in Gearge's wheat,
And there be redcoat, and there they gallop.
Thur go a browncoat down a wallop.

Quick, Ellen, quick, come Susan, fly.
 Here'm hounds. I seed the fox go by,
 Go by like thunder, go by like blasting,
 With his girt white teeth all looking ghasting.”

Ellen and Susan came out scattering
 Brooms and dustpans till all was clattering;
 They saw the pack come head to foot
 Running like racers nearly mute;
 Robin and Dansey quartering near,
 All going gallop like startled deer.
 A half-dozen flitting scarlets shewing
 In the thin green Dean where the pines were growing.
 Black coats and brown coats thrusting and spurring
 Sending the partridge coveys whirring,
 Then a rattle up hill and a clop up lane,
 It emptied the bar of the King of Spain.

There they were coming, mute but swift,
 A scarlet smear in the blackthorn rift,
 A white horse rising, a dark horse flying,
 And the hungry hounds too tense for crying.

The fox knew well, that before they tore him,
 They should try their speed on the downs before him.
 There were three more miles to the Wan Dyke Hill,
 But his heart was high, that he beat them still.
 The wind of the downland charmed his bones,
 So off he went for the Sarsen Stones.

On he went with a galloping rally
 Past Maesbury Clump for Wan Brook Valley,
 The blood in his veins went romping high
 “Get on, on, on to the earth or die.”
 The air of the downs went purely past,
 Till he felt the glory of going fast,
 Till the terror of death, though there indeed,
 Was lulled for a while by his pride of speed;

In one mile more he would lie at rest
So for one mile more he would go his best.
He reached the dip at the long droop's end
And he took what speed he had still to spend.

Within, as he reached that soft green turf,
The wind, blowing lonely, moaned like surf,
Desolate ramparts rose up steep,
On either side, for the ghosts to keep.
He raced the trench, past the rabbit warren,
Close grown with moss which the wind made barren,
He passed the Spring where the rushes spread,
And there in the stones was his earth ahead.
One last short burst upon failing feet,
There life lay waiting, so sweet, so sweet,
Rest in a darkness, balm for aches.

The earth was stopped. It was barred with stakes.

Then for a moment, his courage failed,
His eyes looked up as his body quailed,
Then the coming of death, which all things dread,
Made him run for the wood ahead.

The taint of fox was rank on the air,
He knew, as he ran, there were foxes there.
His strength was broken, his heart was bursting
His bones were rotten, his throat was thirsting.

He thought as he ran of his old delight
In the wood in the moon in an April night,
His happy hunting, his winter loving,
The smells of things in the midnight roving;
The look of his dainty-nosing, red
Clean-felled dam with her footpad's tread,
Of his sire, so swift, so game, so cunning
With craft in his brain and power of running,
Their fights of old when his teeth drew blood.
Now he was sick, with his coat all mud.

He crossed the covert, he crawled the bank,
To a meuse in the thorns and there he sank,
With his ears flexed back and his teeth shown white,
In a rat's resolve for a dying bite.

And there as he lay and looked, the cry
Of the hounds at head came rousing by;
He bent his bones in the blackthorn dim.
But the cry of the hounds was not for him.

The fox lay still in the rabbit-meuse,
On the dry brown dust of the plumes of yews.
In the bottom below a brook went by
Blue, in a patch, like a streak of sky.

There, one by one, with a clink of stone,
Came a red or dark coat on a horse half blown.
And man to man with a gasp for breath
Said, "Lord, what a run. I'm fagged to death."

After an hour, no riders came,
The day drew by like an ending game;
A robin sang from a pufft red breast,
The fox lay quiet and took his rest.

The stars grew bright as the yews grew black,
The fox rose stiffly and stretched his back.
He flaired the air, then he padded out
To the valley below him dark as doubt,

The stars grew bright in the winter sky,
The wind came keen with a tang of frost,
The brook was troubled for new things lost,
The copse was happy for old things found,
The fox came home and he went to ground.

And the hunt came home and the hounds were fed,
They climbed to their bench and went to bed,
The horses in stable loved their straw.

"Good-night, my beauties," said Robin Dawe.

—John Masefield

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG

*When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.*

*When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.*

—CHARLES KINGSLEY

*B. HEALTH AND HAPPINESS**1. WEATHERS*

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly:
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside at "The Travellers' Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,
And citizens dream of the south and west,
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh, and ply;
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

—*Thomas Hardy*

2. HOLIDAYING IN THE WOODS

Now for a number of days we spent most of our time at work on our canoe, but when we grew tired of one job we turned to another. Every day old Bill taught us something new, either in the way of woodcraft or natural history, and every day, too, we grew more fond of our life in the North Woods. What with our daily work, and the surprises and adventures it often brought us, so much of interest was crowded into our lot that neither Link nor I had time to think of the life we had left in civilization, or to brood over the catastrophe that had befallen Perkins and his party. Every day seemed to bring us more contentment and pleasure, and thus we boys were as happy as any boys could be who were living a life of adventure in an enchanting and mystery-haunted forest.

One evening after supper Link said:

"Bill, you've tol' us a lot about other animals but nothing about beavers. I've heard they're about the most interesting animals in the North Woods."

"That's true, Link. An' here they're right at your very door, yet neither of you boys've had courage or ambition to do a little investigatin' on your own account. I sometimes wonder what boys are made of nowadays. Any night you want you can slip over to Beaver Creek an' watch 'em. They may be workin' every night now. Perhaps the

newly-weds've started buildin'. Or some old one may be doin' a bit o' work on the dam. An' when you go over there, stay quiet, and keep down wind, an' only move when they're not lookin' your way. You boys ought to be good at spyin' on animals, because you've less bulk an' better sight than ole Bill. I'll take you over an' leave you there."

We struck the creek just below the dam, and that was the first thing Bill explained to us.

"They built it to raise the water o' the stream high enough to protect their island-like homes by coverin' th' entrances to their lodges; also to form enough water below the winter's ice to allow o' swimmin' to the grub cache, as well as to flood the little valley until the water reached the surroundin' poplars, so that after cuttin' 'em down, they'd float 'em to their lodges."

"But how on earth did they build a big dam like this?" Lincoln asked. "It must be seventy or eighty feet long and at least five feet deep in the middle."

"They began by cuttin' brush an' layin' it in the water, butts up stream. On the brush they placed mud an' sod an' stones, or any handy stuff that'd weight the brush down and help block back the water. That's the way the work went on, until finally it raised the water as high as they wanted it. But this isn't a big dam. Sometimes they build 'em hundreds of feet long."

"I've heard they dig canals, too," I remarked.

"I haven't seen any 'round here," Bill replied. "If I had I'd show you one. They're usually dug for the purpose o' floatin' home the branches they've cut from trees beyond the reaches of their pond. Some of their canals are even provided with several little dams for the purpose o' raisin' the water to a number o' different levels."

"The canals are from two to three feet wide an' about eighteen inches deep an' sometimes run for hundreds of feet. Now I'm goin' to leave you boys here to do a little

scoutin' of your own. Don't stay too late, an' when you get back to camp I'll be glad to hear what you've seen."

But after remaining a dark hour or two, and hearing nothing but an occasional noise that nearly frightened the life out of us—it sounded as if a moose had jumped off a hill into the water—we decided to go home. On the way Link twisted his ankle, and soon after arriving at camp it began to swell badly. Though the old hunter looked worried he merely remarked:

"I'll be back in a little while."

About a quarter of an hour later he returned with some branches of dwarf juniper. How he found them in the dark was a mystery to me. Breaking off the tips of the twigs in lengths about three inches long, he peeled off the outer bark; then with his knife scraped off the inner bark, which looked like the scrapings from new potatoes. Putting the pulpy stuff in his mouth he chewed it until it formed a mass like oatmeal porridge; then, plastering it around Link's ankle, he used soft willow bark to bind it there. In a couple of hours the pain left him, and by next morning the swelling had disappeared.

It was then that Bill asked us what we had learned about beaver, and when we told him what an awful noise we had heard, he laughingly remarked:

"Why, that was only the beavers slappin' the water with their tails when they dived. They did it to give warnin' to their comrades that danger was near. You're great boys, you are. However, when I finish the canoe I'll show you what beavers really do in the way o' work."

Later, when I asked the old hunter if he would make bows and arrows for Link and me, he replied:

"You're right, my son. You should both have 'em. An' you should be able to make 'em yourselves. Not only that, but you must learn what to do if you haven't even a knife. No man is a real woodsman unless he can hunt an' fish an' travel without even a gun, or an axe, or a

knife. A real woodsman doesn't need anything from the outside world. He can live absolutely independent o' civilization. An' I might just as well show you right now how to make a bow an' arrows without the aid o' even a knife. Then as soon as you learn to do it for yourselves, I'll make each of you a proper bow, strung with a string o' twisted deer sinews."

After breakfast the old hunter led us down by the shore, where a few days before we had seen part of the skeleton of a wolf that must have been lying there for several years, so hard and white were the weather-bleached bones. Choosing a bone about the thickness and roundness of his little finger and the length of his hand, he then set out in search of some milk-white quartz. I remembered we had seen quartz in a number of places, especially as jagged lining to open pockets in the rocky wall of the cliff. Sure enough, we soon found it there; and with the aid of broken stone, Bill smashed several pieces of quartz free and carried them away.

"My boys, I'm now goin' to teach you how to make knives, an' spears, an' axes, an' bows an' arrows just as they were made by our ancestors fifty or a hundred thousand years ago. A flinty stone would be better than this quartz, but the quartz is handy an' it'll do. When you've learned how to make flint knives, an' spears, an' arrow-heads without the aid of any tools, an' when you've learned how to support yourselves independent o' civilization, an' when you've spent the rest o' your lives livin' in the woods learnin' the ways o' beasts and birds, then you'll be worthy of bein' called real woodsmen. Then you'll be the real thing—real men o' the livin' forest.

"Now, my lads, with this bone I'll be able to chip quartz or flint an' make it into knives or spears just as our ancestors did in the old stone age. Watch me do it."

Gripped firmly between the fingers and palm of his left hand he held the quartz, and against its blunt edge he

steadily pressed the edge of the bone with all the force he could command. Suddenly a small piece of quartz flaked off. He kept on thus for about half an hour, chipping off the flakes of stone until he had formed the quartz into a sharp-pointed, double-edged spear-head, much after the pattern of the ancient flints found on the sites of old Indian burial grounds. As he worked Bill explained:

"This is the way the Indians made their flint arrow-an' spear-heads an' their skinnin' knives. The Walkin' Wonder taught me how to do it when I was a boy. Now, you said you wanted to be great hunters. Try it yourselves. You've got to learn. First you've got to make your own stone knives. Then you've got to use 'em to make your bows an' arrows. When you've done that, and when you've killed game with your own homemade huntin' implements, and when you've skinned the game too with your own homemade stone knives, then I'll make for each of you the finest bow and arrows I can, and I'll teach you how to use 'em as the Indian hunters used to do."

"You're a wise man, Uncle," Lincoln smiled.

"Link, my boy, common sense is so rare that it often creates surprise. An' don't forget, my son, wisdom's always worth more to-day than to-morrow."

That day, while resting Lincoln's ankle, we boys spent most of our time learning how to make stone arrow-heads, and spear-heads, and knives, how to use willow bark, twisted into cord, for our bowstrings, and how to prevent our bowstrings from breaking by placing them in a birch-bark tube along with wet moss to keep them moist. Then we practised with the bows and arrows that we had made with our stone knives, and as a reward, that evening the old hunter set about making us the best bows and arrows he could with the aid of his steel knife. But somehow or other we really took more pride in the rough bows and arrows we had made ourselves, though we had to lay them aside when it came to a choice for real hunting.

—Arthur Heming

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. You will remember that you were told about "building a book" around a hobby. Some of you may have made your book a collection pertaining to wood-lore, or a book about birds, animal life or flowers. If you have, show it to your teacher, and have a chat about it.
2. From your knowledge of woodcraft, can you add anything that Mr. Heming has omitted? You may wish to look up *The Living Forest*, and see Mr. Heming's illustrations which accompany his story.

READ A BOOK

Birds of Peasemarsh. By Edith L. Marsh. Musson. Illustrated. Description of birds at the well-known sanctuary.

David Goes Voyaging. By David B. Putnam. Putnam. Illustrated. A twelve-year-old boy accompanies a great scientist to the South Pacific, and writes an account of his three months' "hookey."

The Living Forest. By Arthur Heming. Macmillan. Two boys and a half-breed hunter live by their wits in the forests of Manitoba.

The Two Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday. Stories of Jungle life in India. Mowgli's teachers are a wolf pack, a panther and a bear.

3. BREEZE AND BILLOW

A fair blue sky,
A far blue sea,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The deeps of night o'er the waters free
With mute appeal to the soul of me
In billows and breezes flowing;

The stars that watch
While sunbeams sleep,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The soft-winged zephyrs that move the deep
And rocking barque in a dreamy sweep;
The moonlight softly glowing;

The glint of wave,
The gleam of star,
Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
The surf-line cadence on beach and bar,
The voice of nature near and far,
The night into morning growing.

And I afloat
 With canvas free,
 Breeze o'er the billows blowing!
 At one with the heart of eternity,
 The fair blue sky and the far blue sea,
 And the breeze o'er the billows blowing.

—Albert Durrant Watson

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Have you ever slept out in the open air? Write a short description or a little poem telling of some peaceful scene such as that Dr. Watson describes.
2. Of what poem in this section does "Breeze and Billow" remind you?

4. LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,

Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.

Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
 Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time,
 God made heaven and earth, for joy He took in a rime,
 Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine
 of His mirth,

The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,

Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
 Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine out-poured

In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
 Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
 Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
 Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

—John Masefield

5. MR. WINKLE ON SKATES

The Pickwick Papers is a novel, written when Dickens was only twenty-five, and is based upon the hilarious "minutes" of the defunct Pickwick Club.

Persons in this Story:

SAMUEL PICKWICK, chairman and founder of the Club.

AUGUSTUS SNODGRASS, soft } who keep the Club records.
TRACY TUPMAN, softer }

NATHANIEL WINKLE, a gay blade.

SAM WELLER, Mr. Pickwick's servant.

MR. WARDLE, host to the Pickwickians on Christmas Day.

EMILY WARDLE, daughter of Mr. Wardle.

THE FAT BOY, Mr. Wardle's sleepy page.

BENJAMIN ALLEN } medical students.

BOB SAWYER }

ARABELLA ALLEN, sister of Benjamin.

TIME: *Christmas Day. The Club has been to church, and then eaten heartily.*

PLACE: *Mr. Wardle's home, Dingle Dell.*

On Christmas morning Mr. Wardle invited Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and his other guests to go down to the pond.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Mr. Wardle.

"Ye—s; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "—I—am rather out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it so much."

"Oh, it is so graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

"I should be very happy, I am sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening, "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Mr. Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which

to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices,—to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies,—which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when Mr. Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his shoes, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show them how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" cried Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have 'em, Sam."

"Thank 'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank: "Sam!"

"Sir?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor callin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily

down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind on skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words, Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

—Charles Dickens

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If you were to ask the public librarian what authors were most in demand, you would find that Charles Dickens stood high on the list. After more than fifty years, he continues to be one of our best-loved English humorists.

One trait of Dickens' humour is his power to portray, without bitterness, the oddities of human nature. Though the people of his novels may appear exaggerated types, they are very real, nevertheless. Having been a reporter, Dickens knew people and human nature. He could detect oddities of human character, and having seen these clearly, he would exaggerate for humorous effect.

2. Many of Dickens' humorous sayings have become a part of our everyday speech. Here are a few; can you find others? "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready." (Mr. Peggotty.) "Barkis is willin'." (Mr. Barkis' proposal of marriage.) "It was true as turnips is. It was true as taxes is. And nothing's truer than them." (Mr. Barkis.)

3. You have probably seen some humorous episode happen in sport. Make this incident the background of a story, but don't allow the telling of the incident to become too prominent. Instead, weave the incident about one or two people concerned in the episode. Exaggerate some trait of their character. In short, write a character study (in Dickens' style) based on an incident in sport.

Though you ought to choose a topic of your own, here are a few that will offer suggestions:

- (1) The "loud-speaker" of the team has a dispute with the referee.
- (2) Thoughts of a caddie at the eighteenth hole.
- (3) A "rooter" in the bleachers.
- (4) "Three balls, two strikes, and the bases full."
- (5) The manager of the team tells why they lost.

6. TEWKESBURY ROAD

John Masefield (1874—) was born in Shropshire, England. The scenery of this shire is reflected in much of his poetry. He ran away from home, and for years lived a vagabond life on land and sea. While in New York, and almost destitute, he chanced on a magazine edited by Peter McArthur, a Canadian. In this he read "The Piper of Arll," by Duncan Campbell Scott, a Canadian poet, and was led to devote his life to poetry. This poet of the open road, and the open sea, lived to be Poet Laureate of England.

It is good to be out on the road, and going one knows not where,

Going through meadow and village, one knows not whither nor why;

Through the grey light drift of the dust, in the keen, cool rush of the air,

Under the flying white clouds, and the broad blue lift of the sky;

And to halt at the chattering brook, in the tall green fern
at the brink

Where the harebell grows, and the gorse, and the fox-
gloves purple and white;

Where the shy-eyed delicate deer troop down to the pools
to drink,

When the stars are mellow and large at the coming on
of the night.

O! to feel the warmth of the rain, and the homely smell
of the earth,

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of
words;

And the blessed green comely meadows seem all a-ripple
with mirth

At the lilt of the shifting feet, and the dear wild cry of
the birds.

—John Masefield

TEST YOURSELF: A REVIEW

I. Here are a number of statements. Some are true, some false. First write the numbers down in your notebook, then put a plus sign opposite the number of each statement that is correct, and a minus after each one wrong. Work rapidly. You should be able to do this test in five minutes. To discover your score after the correct answers have been given, subtract the number you have wrong from the number you have right. The difference is your score.

1. Wee Willie Winkie was ten years old.
2. His father was colonel of the regiment.
3. He could be trusted to keep a secret.
4. It was quite permissible for him to go across the river.
5. He heartily approved of Copy's kissing Miss Allardyce.
6. His father restored his good-conduct badge at the end of the story.
7. Rudyard Kipling is an Englishman.
8. Eskimo children are as fond of games as we are.
9. Their games are very like ours.
10. Eskimo boys use bows and arrows.
11. They play lacrosse according to the same rules as we do.
12. The Soldan came to visit King Richard in his palace.
13. Saladin is the equal of Richard in strength.

14. Richard acknowledges Saladin more skilful than himself with the sword.
15. Stamp-collecting tends to help one's knowledge of geography.
16. The fox took shelter in his earth among the Sarsen Stones.
17. The fox escaped in the end.
18. Fox-hunting is a humane sport.
19. Thomas Hardy is fond of spring floods.
20. Thomas Hardy is fond of spring showers.
21. Beavers are among the most interesting animals of the north woods.
22. Beavers build dams to help them catch fish.
23. A real woodsman does not need anything from the outside world.
24. Common sense is so rare that it often creates surprise.
25. A zephyr is a kind of bird.
26. John Masefield tells us to laugh all our life long.
27. Mr. Winkle knew how to skate.
28. Mr. Pickwick was an expert figure-skater.
29. Sam Weller was Mr. Pickwick's servant.
30. Mr. Pickwick was very annoyed at Mr. Winkle.
31. Hindoos are familiar with skates.
32. Dickens could see the fun of things.
33. Masefield is an enthusiast for the open air.

II. Who said each of the following?

1. How slippery it is!
2. Death, which all things dread.
3. The homely smell of the earth
Is a tune for the blood to jig to.
4. Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin.
5. Wisdom's always worth more to-day than to-morrow.
6. A real woodsman doesn't need anything from the outside world. He
can live absolutely independent of civilization.
7. I put some faith in a downright English blow.
8. Men do not eat men.
9. My father says it's unmanly to be always kissing.
10. I sometimes wonder what boys are made of nowadays.

III. In which story did you learn about

1. The crusades?
2. The beaver?
3. How to make bow and arrow?
4. Indian life?
5. New games?
6. What it feels like to have to run for your life.
7. Quartz weapons?
8. The delights of the open air?

9. Cantonments, pukka sahibs, ayahs, and Pushto?
 10. The foolishness of saying you can do a thing when you can't?

IV. Pick out from this section:

- | | |
|------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| The most amusing story. | The most interesting selection. |
| The most musical poem. | The selection you like best. |
| The story that gives you the most interesting information. | |

V. For your Scrap Book:

INCIDENT

Once riding in old Baltimore,
 Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,
 I saw a Baltimorean
 Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
 And he was no whit bigger,
 And so I smiled, but he poked out
 His tongue and called me "Nigger."

I saw the whole of Baltimore
 From May until December;
 Of all the things that happened there
 That's all that I remember.

—Countee Cullen

A BIRD SONG

I cling and swing
 On a branch, or sing
 Through the cool, clear hush of morning, O:
 Or fling my wing
 In the air, and bring
 To sleepier birds a warning, O:
 That the night's in flight,
 And the sun's in sight,
 And the dew is the grass adorning, O:
 And the green leaves swing
 As I sing, sing, sing,
 Up by the river,
 Down the dell,
 To the little wee nest,
 Where the big tree fell,
 So early in the morning, O!

—Traditional.

Vagabond Song.

There is something in the Autumn that
is native to my blood,
Touch of manner, hint of mood,
And my heart is like a rhyme
With the yellow and the purple and the
Crimson keeping time.

=

The Scarlet of the maples can shake me
like a cry
Of voices going by,
And my lonely spirit thrill,
To see the frosty asters like cracked
Upon the hills.

=

There is something in October set the
gipsy blood aster,
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond,
By name

Bliss Carman

Note—This Song was written one morning on a train, when the woods were all scarlet and gold. Which only goes to show it doesn't matter where you are, when the Lord of October is abroad, if you keep your eyes open.—B.C.

Twilight Park, In the Catskills.

IV

THE OUT-OF-DOORS

A. THE MUSIC OF EARTH

1. THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow,
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast;
I wooed you long but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now,
The eddies circle about my bow!
Swirl, swirl!

How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.

Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,—
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We're raced the rapid, we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—*E. Pauline Johnson*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. In the second stanza the song the paddle sings is like a lullaby, reflecting the deliciously drowsy mood of the author. Select other words the author uses that suggest this drowsy mood.
2. Read again the third and fourth stanzas. Is the mood of the second stanza more like that of the third or the fourth? Describe the picture of a canoeist that the fourth stanza calls to your mind.
3. From the fifth, sixth and seventh stanzas, select words: (a) that show the quickened movement; (b) that indicate danger.

2. THE MERCHANTS

On your first silent reading of this poem, notice carefully the punctuation.
That will help you in reading it aloud.

I am the Frost.

I'll show you diamonds, laces, and tapestries
Of all variety
At lowest cost;
Weavings of chaste design
Perfect in every line;
Connoisseurs surely will buy of the Frost.

I am the Dew.

Notice my elegant bracelets and necklaces,
All of rare quality;
Pearls not a few;
Emeralds and amethyst;
Opals all rainbow kissed;
Ladies rise early to buy of the Dew.

I am the Snow.

Let me display for you carpets most exquisite.
Choicest of bordering
Also I show,
Heavy and soft and white,
Spread in a single night;
Folks who have wisdom will buy of the Snow.

I am the Rain.

Something I'll show you priceless and wonderful,
Making these offers seem
Tawdry and vain!
'Tis but a cloak of grey
Wrapping the world away—
Happy the few who will buy of the Rain.

—*Isabel Ecclestone Mackay*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. There is no similarity between diamonds and laces. Can the frost be compared to each of these? Why?
2. Each of these four stanzas describes various aspects of Nature. A single word will describe the prevailing note of each stanza. Thus the first three might be:

Stanza 1. Design (or Form)
 Stanza 2. Colour
 Stanza 3. Softness

Find words in each stanza that develop these ideas. Start with the second stanza; it will be easy to find colour words there. Think of one word that will describe the thought of the last stanza.

3. Have you ever seen bracelets and necklaces made of dew? Is this a correct description? What are the colours of the jewels to which the author compares the dew? Can you think of other jewels with which it may be compared?
4. Think of as many words as you can (shining, for example), that describe dew in sunlight.
5. The word tawdry in the last stanza has a very distinguished ancestry; it comes from the name of a saint. The patron saint of Ely, a cathedral town of England, was St. Ethelreda, whom the peasants of olden days called St. Audrey, which easily becomes tawdry. See if you can find out from the dictionary how tawdry came to have the idea of cheapness associated with it.

READ A BOOK

Story-Lives of Great Artists. By Francis J. Rowbotham. Wells, Gardner. Every School Library should have this and the companion volumes. They are full of human interest: *Story-Lives of Great Authors*; *Story-Lives of Great Musicians*; *Story-Lives of Men of Science*.

First Steps in the Enjoyment of Pictures. By M. I. G. Oliver. Holt. Illustrated. On the how and why of pictures. Well worth reading.

3. THE SONG OF THE SEA WIND

How it sings, sings, sings,
 Blowing sharply from the sea-line,
 With an edge of salt that stings;
 How it laughs aloud, and passes,
 As it cuts the close cliff-grasses:
 How it sings again, and whistles
 As it shakes the stout sea-thistles—
 How it sings!

How it shrieks, shrieks, shrieks,
 In the crannies of the headland,
 In the gashes of the creeks;
 How it shrieks once more, and catches
 Up the yellow foam in patches;
 How it hurls it out and over
 To the corn-field and the clover—
 How it shrieks!

How it roars, roars, roars,
 In the iron under-caverns,
 In the hollows of the shores;
 How it roars anew, and thunders,
 As the strong hull splits and sunders:
 And the spent ship, tempest-driven,
 On the reef lies rent and riven—
 How it roars!

How it wails, wails, wails,
 In the tangle of the wreckage,
 In the flapping of the sails;
 How it sobs away, subsiding,
 Like a tired child after chiding;
 And across the ground-swell rolling
 You can hear the bell-buoy tolling—
 How it wails.

—*Austin Dobson*

4. STARS

Alone in the night
 On a dark hill
 With pines around me
 Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
 Over my head,
 White and topaz
 And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That æons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honoured to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

—*Sara Teasdale*

5. THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

—William Wordsworth

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What is the central thought of this poem?
2. Select the lines which for you contain the most colourful picture.
3. Explain the meaning of the last stanza.
4. "Jocund" was a favourite word of Carman. What does it mean? Is it a good word?

READ A BOOK

Secrets of the Woods. By William J. Long. Ginn. Uniform with this (Wood Folk Series): *A Little Brother to the Bear*; *Northern Trails*; *Wood Folk at School*. Nature in all its loveliness is here, and written about in a style to charm.

Bird Neighbours. By Neltje Blanchan. Doubleday. One hundred and fifty birds commonly seen, habits and characteristics. Fifty coloured pictures.

6. DOROTHY'S DAFFODILS

William Wordsworth spent his whole life amid rural English scenes of great beauty. Much of his best poetry was composed on walks with his sister. William would return to write out the poems, while Dorothy made an entry in her diary.

One of the most interesting entries in Dorothy Wordsworth's diary was made after she had been walking with her brother near their English cottage home at Grasmere. What they saw that day has been remembered through these many years, and all because of the daffodils.

"When we were in the woods beyond Gowbarrow Park, we saw a few daffodils close to the waterside. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more and yet more; and at last under the boughs of the trees we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road.

"I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them; some rested their heads upon these stones as on a pillow for weariness; and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind that blew upon them from the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. The wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up, but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity, and life of the one busy highway."

All the dancing beauty of the spring day the brother and sister enjoyed together. If she had written simply, "Went to walk with William," as a less observing, less sensitive soul might have done, we should never have had this poem of his that lets us share their delight.

Wordsworth once wrote of his sister—

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love and thought and joy.

So in his daffodil poem you will see how he used many of Dorothy's own words and ideas. She gave him the key for the music of his stanzas, which have as graceful a motion as the waving flowers themselves.

—Frances Avery Faunce

7. A THUNDERSTORM

A moment the wild swallows like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves, serenely high,
Toss in the windrack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight,
The hurrying centres of the storm unite
And spreading with huge trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,

Tower darkening on. And now from heaven's height,
 With the long roar of elm-trees swept and swayed,
 And pelted waters, on the vanished plain
 Plunges the blast. Behind the wild white flash
 That splits abroad the pealing thunder-crash,
 Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
 Column on column comes the drenching rain.

—*Archibald Lampman*

8. MY HEART LEAPS UP

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The Child is father of the Man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. In the poem "A Thunderstorm," the poet gives three pictures to indicate a storm is near. They refer to the swallows, the leaves and the clouds. Study the lines carefully and tell in your own words the pictures you have in mind.
2. In the last seven lines mention four or five pictures the poet gives to show the fury of the storm.
3. Why are "A Thunderstorm" and "My Heart Leaps Up" placed together?
4. Try to think out for yourself the meaning of "The Child is father of the Man." What is the Bible story of the rainbow? In the Bible the rainbow is a symbol of hope? What is Wordsworth's hope?
5. Some poets get their effects with bold, sweeping strokes. You noticed this in Scott and Masefield. Others have an eye for "delicate, beautiful and immortal detail." How would you class Lampman? Prove your point.

9. TREES

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet-flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. It is said that the poet lived near an American Beauty elm, and it was this tree that inspired the poem. What kind of tree do you think it might have been?
2. What seasons are represented in the poem? Read the lines.
3. Comment upon the appropriateness of: "hungry mouth," "leafy arms," "looks at God all day," "intimately lives with rain."
4. Which picture in the poem do you like best? Why?

*Earth's crammed with heaven
 And every common bush afire with God,
 But only those who see take off their shoes,
 The rest sit round it and eat blackberries.*

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

10. TREES

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
 There were goodly trees in the springing sod—
 Trees of beauty and height and grace,
 To stand in splendour before His face:

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
 Oak and beech, and the tulip rare,
 The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
 The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
 And the lilac tree for a joy in spring;
 Trees to turn at the frosty call
 And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
 Trees for the cunning builder's trade;
 Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
 The keel and the mast of the daring sail—

He made them of every grain and girth
 For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.
 Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
 From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,
 On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
 God planted a scarlet maple tree.

—*Bliss Carman*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What seasons are shown in this poem?
2. What does each poet tell about a tree that the other overlooks?
3. Which poem gives the most information? The best pictures? The finest music?
4. Kilmer has three striking *metaphors*. Carman uses *alliteration*. Show examples of these.
5. Find and read "The Scarlet Maple," by Carman.

11. AFTON WATER

Robert Burns began writing verse when but sixteen. He lived only to be thirty-seven, yet had won undying fame. "Bonnie Doon," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "My Heart's in the Highlands," "A Man's a Man for a' That," "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and many others, are familiar to all.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;¹
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear;
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Far marked with the courses of clear-winding rills!
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot² in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow.
 There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk³ shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton⁴ thy waters her snowy feet lave,⁵
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes;
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

—Robert Burns

¹Hills.

²Cottage.

³Birch.

⁴Playful.

⁵Wash against.

12. THE HILL PINES WERE SIGHING

The hill pines were sighing,
 O'ercast and chili was the day:
 A mist on the valley lying
 Blotted the pleasant May.

But deep in the glen's bosom
 Summer slept in the fire
 Of the odorous gorse-blossom
 And the hot scent of the brier.

A ribald cuckoo clamoured,
 And out of the copse the stroke
 Of the iron axe that hammered
 The iron heart of the oak.

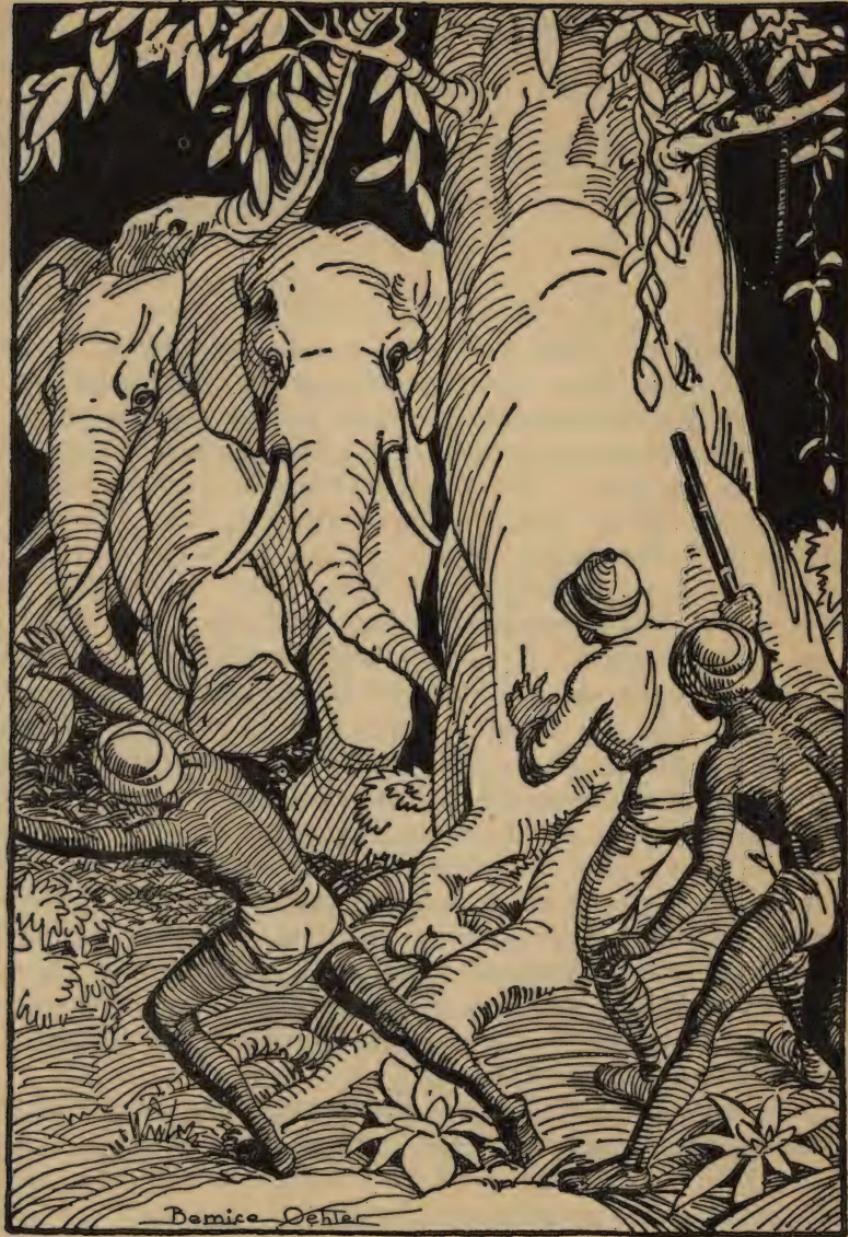
Anon a sound appalling,
 As a hundred years of pride
 Crashed, in the silence falling:
 And the shadowy pine-trees sighed.

—*Robert Bridges*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Robert Bridges (1844-1931) was for many years a physician, and connected with the leading hospitals of London, England. Later he turned to poetry and drama and moved to a house near Oxford. He was a professor in Oxford University and later became Poet Laureate.

1. Like most poets, Robert Bridges was affected by nature. You will have noticed, however, that he lacks fire. Would you rather have a poet more affected, less simple and natural, or one with more gusto? Why?
2. You will also see that his expression is delicate and exact, "Summer slept in fire," for example. Find other instances. Show why they are *exact*.
3. Robert Bridges, it has been said, lacks richness and suggestiveness, in other words, he is accused of being cold and lacking in imagination. What would you say? Why?



Damise Oehler

"HRRUMPI" SAID MOTI GUJ

B. ANIMAL FRIENDS

1. MOTI GUJ¹—MUTINEER

Some of Mr. Kipling's stories have not been surpassed, and those in which he excelled deal with life in India. Tennyson called his "Ballad of East and West" the finest thing of its kind in our language. You will, perhaps, think the same about Kipling's soldier stories, *Jungle Books* and *Just So Stories*.

I

STUMP PULLING IN INDIA

Once upon a time there was a coffee planter in India who wished to clear some forest land for coffee planting. When he had cut down all the trees and burned the under-wood, the stumps still remained. Dynamite is expensive and slow fire slow. The happy medium for stump clearing is the lord of all beasts, who is the elephant. He will either push the stump out of the ground with his tusks, if he has any, or drag it out with ropes. The planter, therefore, hired elephants by ones and twos and threes, and fell to work. The very best of all the elephants belonged to the very worst of all the drivers or mahouts³; and this superior beast's name was Moti Guj. When Deesa gave Moti Guj a beating with a tent peg over the tender nails of the forefoot, Moti Guj never trampled the life out of Deesa, for he knew that after the beating was over, Deesa would embrace his trunk and weep and call him his love and his life and the liver of his soul. Then Deesa would go to sleep between Moti Guj's forefeet, and as Deesa generally chose the middle of the public road, and as Moti Guj mounted guard over him, and would not permit horse, foot, or cart to pass by, traffic was congested till Deesa saw fit to wake up.

There was no sleeping in the daytime on the planter's clearing; the wages were too high to risk. Deesa sat on Moti Guj's neck and gave him orders, while Moti Guj rooted up the stumps—for he owned a magnificent pair of

¹*Moti Guj*—(mō'tē gōōzh).

²*Mahout*—A driver and trainer of elephants.

tusks; or pulled at the end of a rope—for he had a magnificent pair of shoulders—while Deesa kicked him behind the ears and said he was the king of elephants. Once a week Deesa led Moti Guj down to the river, and Moti Guj lay on his side luxuriously in the shallows, while Deesa went over him with a coir swab¹ and a brick. Moti Guj never mistook the pounding blow of the latter for the smack of the former that warned him to get up and turn over on the other side. Then Deesa would look at his feet and examine his eyes, and turn up the fringes of his mighty ears in case of sores. After inspection the two would "come up with a song from the sea," Moti Guj, all black and shining, waving a torn tree branch twelve feet long in his trunk, and Deesa knotting up his own long wet hair.

II

THE URGE FOR AN ORGY

It was a peaceful, well-paid life till Deesa felt the return of the desire to drink deep. He wished for an orgy.

He went to the planter, and "My mother's dead," said he, weeping.

"She died on the last plantation, two months ago, and she died once before that when you were working for me last year," said the planter, who knew something of the ways of natiivedom.

"Then it's my aunt, and she was just the same as a mother to me," said Deesa, weeping more than ever. "She has left eighteen small children entirely without bread, and it is I who must fill their little stomachs," said Deesa, beating his head on the floor.

"Who brought you the news?" said the planter.

"The post," said Deesa.

"There hasn't been a post here for the past week. Get back to your lines!"

"A devastating sickness has fallen on my village, and

¹A coarse brush or sponge made of the fibre of cocoanut husks.

all my wives are dying," yelled Deesa, really in tears this time.

"Call Chihun, who comes from Deesa's village," said the planter.

"Chihun, has this man got a wife?"

"He?" said Chihun. "No. Not a woman of our village would look at him. They'd sooner marry the elephant."

Chihun snorted. Deesa wept and bellowed.

A flickering smile crossed the planter's face. "Deesa," said he, "I'd give you leave on the spot if anything could be done with Moti Guj while you're away. You know that he will only obey your orders."

"May the light of the heavens live forty thousand years. I shall be absent but ten little days. After that, upon my faith and honour and soul, I return. As to the inconsiderable interval, have I the gracious permission of the heaven-born to call up Moti Guj?"

Permission was granted, and in answer to Deesa's shrill yell, the mighty tusker swung out of the shade of a clump of trees where he had been squirting dust over himself till his master should return.

"Light of my heart, mountain of might, give ear!" said Deesa, standing in front of him.

Moti Guj gave ear, and saluted with his trunk. "I am going away," said Deesa.

Moti Guj's eyes twinkled. He liked jaunts as well as his master.

"But you, you fussy old pig, must stay behind and work."

The twinkle died out as Moti Guj tried to look delighted. He hated stump hauling on the plantation. It hurt his teeth.

"I shall be gone for ten days, oh, delectable one! Hold up your near forefoot and I'll impress the fact upon it, warty toad of a dried mud puddle." Deesa took a tent peg and banged Moti Guj ten times on the nails. Moti Guj grunted and shuffled from foot to foot.

"Ten days," said Deesa, "You will work and haul and root the trees as Chihun here shall order you. Take up Chihun and set him on your neck!" Moti Guj curled the tip of his trunk, Chihun put his foot there and was swung on to the neck. Deesa handed Chihun the heavy iron elephant goad.

Chihun thumped Moti Guj's bald head as a paver thumps a curbstone.

Moti Guj trumpeted.

"Be still, hog of the backwoods! Chihun's your mahout for ten days. And now bid me good-bye, beast after mine own heart. Oh, my lord, my king! Jewel of all created elephants, lily of the herd, preserve your honoured health; be virtuous. Adieu!"

Moti Guj lapped his trunk round Deesa and swung him into the air twice. That was his way of bidding him good-bye.

"He'll work now," said Deesa to the planter. "Have I leave to go?"

The planter nodded, and Deesa dived into the woods. Moti Guj went back to haul stumps.

Chihun was very kind to him, but he felt unhappy and forlorn for all that. Chihun gave him a ball of spices, and tickled him under the chin, and Chihun's little baby cooed to him after work was over, and Chihun's wife called him a darling; but Moti Guj was a bachelor by instinct, as Deesa was. He did not understand the domestic emotions. He wanted the light of his universe back again—the savage beatings and the savage caresses.

III

THE AGREEMENT EXPIRES

None the less he worked well, and the planter wondered. Deesa had wandered along the roads till he met a marriage procession of his own caste, and had drifted with it past all knowledge of the lapse of time.

The morning of the eleventh day dawned, and there returned no Deesa. Moti Guj was loosed from his ropes for the daily stint.¹ He swung clear, looked round, shrugged his shoulders and began to walk away, as one having business elsewhere.

"Hi! ho! Come back, you!" shouted Chihun. "Come back and put me on your neck, misborn mountain. Return, splendour of the hillside! Adornment of all India, heave to, or I'll bang every toe off your fat forefoot!"

Moti Guj gurgled gently, but did not obey. Chihun ran after him with a rope and caught him up. Moti Guj put his ears forward, and Chihun knew what that meant, though he tried to carry it off with high words.

"None of your nonsense with me," said he. "To your pickets, devil son!"

"Hrrump!" said Moti Guj, and that was all—that and the forebent ears.

Moti Guj put his hands in his pockets, chewed a branch for a toothpick, and strolled about the clearing, making fun of the other elephants who had just set to work.

Chihun reported the state of affairs to the planter, who came out with a dog whip and cracked it furiously. Moti Guj paid the white man the compliment of charging him nearly a quarter of a mile across the clearing and "Hrrumping" him into his veranda. Then he stood outside the house, chuckling to himself and shaking all over with the fun of it, as an elephant will.

"We'll thrash him," said the planter. "He shall have the finest thrashing ever elephant received. Give Kala Nag and Nazim twelve feet of chain apiece, and tell them to lay on twenty."²

Kala Nag—which means Black Snake—and Nazim were two of the biggest elephants in the lines, and one of their duties was to administer the graver punishment, since no man can beat an elephant properly.

They took the whipping chains and rattled them in

¹ Task. ² Lay on twenty lashes with the whipping chains.

their trunks as they sidled up to Moti Guj, meaning to hustle him between them. Moti Guj had never, in all his life of thirty-nine years, been whipped, and he did not intend to begin a new experience. So he waited, waving his head from right to left and measuring the precise spot in Kala Nag's fat side where a blunt tusk could sink deepest. Kala Nag had no tusks; the chain was the badge of his authority; but for all that, he swung wide of Moti Guj at the last minute, and tried to appear as if he had brought the chain out for amusement. Nazim turned round and went home early. He did not feel in fighting trim that morning, and so Moti Guj was left standing alone with his ears cocked.

That decided the planter to argue no more, and Moti Guj rolled back to his amateur inspection of the clearing. An elephant who will not work and is not tied up is about as manageable as an eighty-one-ton gun loose in a heavy seaway. He slapped old friends on the back and asked them if the stumps were coming away easily; he talked nonsense concerning labour and the inalienable rights of elephants to a long "nooning"; and, wandering to and fro, he thoroughly demoralized the garden till sundown, when he returned to his picket for food.

"If you won't work you shan't eat," said Chihun, angrily. "You're a wild elephant, and no educated animal at all. Go back to your jungle."

Chihun's little brown baby was rolling on the floor of the hut, and stretching out its fat arms to the huge shadow in the doorway. Moti Guj knew well that it was the dearest thing on earth to Chihun. He swung out his trunk with a fascinating crook at the end, and the brown baby threw itself, shouting, upon it. Moti Guj made fast and pulled up till the brown baby was crowing in the air twelve feet above his father's head.

"Great Lord!" said Chihun. "Flour cakes of the best, twelve in number, two feet across, shall be yours on the instant, and two hundred pounds' weight of fresh-cut

young sugar cane therewith. Deign¹ only to put down safely that insignificant brat who is my heart and my life to me!"

Moti Guj tucked the brown baby comfortably between his forefeet, that could have knocked into toothpicks all of Chihun's possessions, and waited for his food. He ate it, and the brown baby crawled away. Moti Guj dozed and thought of Deesa. One of many mysteries connected with the elephant is that his huge body needs less sleep than anything else that lives. Four or five hours in the night suffice²—two just before midnight, lying down on one side; two just after one o'clock, lying down on the other. The rest of the silent hours are filled with eating and fidgeting, and long, grumbling soliloquies.

IV

THE JOYFUL REUNION

At midnight, therefore, Moti Guj strode out of his pickets, for a thought had come to him that Deesa might be lying somewhere in the dark forest with none to look after him. So all that night he chased through the under-growth, blowing and trumpeting and shaking his ears. He went down to the river and blared across the shallows where Deesa used to wash him, but there was no answer. He could not find Deesa, but he disturbed all the other elephants in the lines, and nearly frightened to death some gypsies in the woods.

At dawn Deesa returned to the plantation. He expected to get into trouble for outstaying his leave. He drew a long breath when he saw that the bungalow and the plantation were still uninjured, for he knew something of Moti Guj's temper, and reported himself with many lies and salaams. Moti Guj had gone to his pickets for breakfast. The night exercise had made him hungry.

¹ Condescend. ² Low bows of the head and body, with right palm on the forehead.

"Call up your beast," said the planter; and Deesa shouted in the mysterious elephant language that some mahouts believe came from China at the birth of the world, when elephants and not men were masters. Moti Guj heard and came. Elephants do not gallop. They move from places at varying rates of speed. If an elephant wished to catch an express train he could not gallop, but he could catch the train. So Moti Guj was at the planter's door almost before Chihun noticed that he had left his pickets. He fell into Deesa's arms¹ trumpeting with joy, and the man and beast wept over each other and handled each other from head to heel to see that no harm had befallen.

"Now we will get to work," said Deesa. "Lift me up, my son and my joy!"

Moti Guj swung him up, and the two went to the coffee clearing to look for difficult stumps.

The planter was too astonished to be very angry.

—Rudyard Kipling

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Mr. Kipling's father was an artist, and there are few men who can paint life as it is more vividly and convincingly than the author of "Moti Guj." One reason why he was so successful as a writer is, that he looked steadily until he saw a thing. You can tell at a glance that he "knew his elephants" and had listened to and observed closely their trainers. The life of India was in his veins, so that all he wrote was alive with deep feeling, and moved to rhythm.

As you will have surmised, Kipling's stories and poems tell a good deal about himself. "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" contains his memories of leaving home for school in England when only six. *Stalky & Co.* is Kipling's story of *Westward Ho*, his boarding-school.

"Moti Guj" introduces us into a strange world, but a fascinating one. Good stories always bring us to interesting places and people. We are alive with a new interest in elephants, in Indian customs, and in humanity, especially Deesa, who could match Moti Guj for rascality.

1. Which description of Moti Guj do you prefer: Moti Guj the worker, or Moti Guj the idler? Why?
2. How does Deesa show his real nature (a) in the excuses he makes; (b) in the language he uses to Moti Guj?
3. What do you think of the punishments in this story? Were they just? Did they do any good?
4. Write the word "Excuses," and under it put down all the famous excuses you can recall.

¹ Deesa embraced the elephant's trunk.

5. Read aloud Deesa's farewell, then tell, without rereading, the details of Moti Guj's behaviour while Deesa was absent.
6. Moti is very human. Show where. Is he too human? Illustrate.
7. What does the story tell you about elephants you did not know? Next time you are at the library, see if you can check Kipling's knowledge of elephants.
8. Could you read this story in 9 minutes? Can you read the next story in 8 minutes?

READ A STORY

Gay Neck. By Dhan G. Mukerji.

The Elephant Remembers. By Edison Marshall.

Monark, the Big Bear. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

2. THE WILD GEESE OF WYNDYGOUL

I

THE BUGLING ON THE LAKE

Who that knows the wild Northland of Canada can picture that blue and green wilderness without hearing in his heart the trumpet "honk" of the wild geese? Who that has ever known it there can fail to get again, each time he hears, the thrill it gave when first for him it sounded on the blue lake in the frame of green? Older than ourselves is the thrill of the gander-clang. For without a doubt that trumpet note in springtime was the inspiring notice to our far-back forbears in the days that were, that the winter famine was at end—the wild geese come, the snow will melt, and the game again be back on the browning hills. The ice of the wintertime is gone; the warm bright heaven of the green and perfect land is here. This is the tidings it tells, and when I hear the honker-clang from the flying wedge in the sky, that is the message it brings me with a sudden mist in the eyes and a choking in the throat, so I turn away, if another be there, unless that other chance to be one like myself, a primitive, a "hark-back" who, too, remembers and who understands.

So when I built my home in the woods and glorified a marshy swamp into a deep blue, brimming lake, with muskrats in the water and intertwining boughs above, my memory, older than my brain, harked hungry for a sound

that should have been. I knew not what; I tried to find by subtle searching, but it was chance in a place far off that gave the clue. I wanted to hear the honkers call; I longed for the clang of the flying wedge, the trumpet note of the long-gone days.

So I brought a pair of the blacknecks from another lake, pinioned to curb the wild roving that the seasons bring, and they nested on a little island, not hidden, but open to the world about. There in that exquisite bed of soft grey down were laid the six great ivory eggs. On them the patient mother sat four weeks unceasingly, except each afternoon she left them half an hour. And round and round that island, night and day, the gander floated, cruised, and tacked about, like a warship on patrol. Never once did the gander cover the eggs; never once did the mother mount on guard. I tried to land and learn about the nest one day. The brooding goose it was that gave the danger call. A short quack, a long, sharp hiss, and before my boat could touch the shore the gander splashed between and faced me. Only over his dead body might my foot defile their isle—so he was left in peace.

The young ones came at length. The six shells broke and the six sweet golden downlings "peeped" inspiringly. Next day they quit the nest in orderly array: the mother first; the downlings closely bunched behind, and last the warrior sire. And this order they always kept, then, and all other times that I have knowledge of. It gave me food for thought. The mother always leads, the father, born a fighter, follows—yes, obeys. And what a valiant guard he was; the snapping turtle, the henhawk, the black snake, the coon, and the vagrant dog might take their toll of duckling brood or chicken yard, but there is nothing alive the gander will not face for his little ones, and there are few things near his bulk can face him.

So the flock grew big and strong. Before three months they were big almost as the old ones, and fairly fledged; at four their wings were grown; their voices still were small

and thin—they had not got the trumpet note, but seemed the mother's counterparts in all things else. Then they began to feel their wings, and take short flights across the lake. As their wings grew strong their voices deepened, till the trumpet note was theirs, and the thing I had dreamed of came about: a wild-goose band that flew and bugled in the air, and yet came back to their home water that was also mine. Stronger they grew, and long and high their flights. Then came the moon of falling leaves, and with its waning flocks of small birds flew, and in the higher sky the old loud clang was heard. Down from the north they came, the arrowheads of geese. All kinsmen these, and that ahead without a doubt the mother of the rest.

II

THE MOTHER'S CALL

The wild geese on my lake turned up their eyes and answered back, and lined up on the lake. Their mother led the way and they whispered all along the line. Their mother gave the word, swimming fast and faster, then quacked, then called, and then their voices rose to give the "honk"; the broad wings spread a little, while they spattered on the glassy lake, then rose to the measured "Honk, honk"; soaring away in a flock, they drifted into line, to join those other honkers in the southern sky.

"Honk, honk, honk!" they shouted as they sped. "Come on! Come on!" they inspired each other with the marching song; it set their wings aquiver. The wild blood rushed still faster in their excited breasts. It was like a glorious trumpet. But—what! Mother is not in the line. Still splashed she on the surface of the lake, and father, too—and now her strident trumpet overbore their clamorous "On, on! Come on!" with a strong "Come back! Come back!" And father, too, was bugling there: "Come back! Come back!"

So the downlings wheeled, and circling high above the

woods came sailing, skirting, kiting, splashing down at the mother's call.

"What's up? What's up?" they called lowly all together, swimming nervously. "Why don't we go?" "What is it, mother?"

And mother could not tell. Only this she knew, that when she gave the bugle note for all to fly, she spattered with the rest, and flapped, but it seemed she could not get the needed send-off. Somehow she failed to get well under way; the youngsters rose, but the old ones, their strong leaders, had strangely failed. Such things will come to all. Not quite run enough, no doubt. So mother led them to the northmost arm of the lake, an open stretch of water now, and long. They here lined up again, mother giving a low, short double "honk" ahead, the rest aside and yet in line, for the long array was angling.

Then mother passed the word "Now, now," and nodding just a little swam on, headed for the south; the young ones passed the word "Now, now," and nodding swam; and father at the rear gave his deep, strong, "Now, now," and swam. So swam they all, then spread their wings, and spattered with their feet, as they put on speed, and as they went they rose, and rising bugled louder till the marching song was ringing in full chorus. Up, up, and away, above the tree tops. *But again*, for some strange reason, mother was not there, and father, too, was left behind on the pond, and once again the bugle of retreat was heard, "Come back! Come back!"

And the brood, obedient, wheeled on swishing wings to sail and slide and settle on the pond, while mother and father both expressed in low, short notes their deep perplexity.

Again and again this scene took place. The autumn message in the air, the flying wedges of their kin, or the impulse in themselves lined up that flock on the water. All the law of ceremony was complied with, and all went well but the climax.

When the mad moon came the mania was at its height; not once but twenty times a day I saw them line up and rise, but ever come back to the mother's call, the bond of love and duty stronger than the annual custom of the race. It was a conflict of their laws indeed, but the strongest was *obey*, made absolute by love.

After a while the impulse died and the flock settled down to winter on the pond. Many a long, far flight they took, but the allegiance to the older folk was strong and brought them back. So the winter passed.

Again, when the springtime came, the blacknecks flying north stirred up the young, but in a less degree.

That summer came another brood of young. The older ones were warned away whenever near. Snapper, coon, and ranging cur were driven off, and September saw the young ones on the lake with their brothers of the older brood.

Then came October, with the southward rushing of the feathered kinds. Again and again that line upon the lake and the bugle sound to "fly," and the same old scene, though now there were a dozen flyers who rose and circled back when mother sounded the "retreat."

III

MOTHER OR FATHER

So through the moon it went. The leaves were fallen now, when a strange and unexpected thing occurred. Making unusual effort to meet this most unusual case, good Mother Nature had prolonged the feathers of the pinioned wing and held back those of the other side. It was slowly done, and the compensating balance not quite made till near October's end. Then on a day, the hundredth time at least that week, the bugle sang, and all the marchers arose. *Yes!* mother, too, and bugling louder till the chorus was complete, they soared above the trees, and

mother marshalled all her brood in one great arrow flock, so they sailed, and clamouring, sailed away, to be lost in the southward blue—and all in vain on the limpid lake behind the gander trumpeted in agony of soul, “Come back! Come back!” His wings had failed him, and in the test, the young’s allegiance bound them to their mother and the seeking of the southern home.

All that winter on the ice the gander sat alone. On days a snow-time hawk or some belated crow would pass above, and the ever-watchful eye of Blackneck was turned a little to take him in and then go on unheeding. Once or twice there were sounds that stirred the lonely watcher to a bugle call, but short and soon suppressed. It was sad to see him then, and sadder still as we pondered, for this we knew: his family would never come back. Tamed, made trustful by life where men were kind, they had gone to the land of gunners, crafty, pitiless, and numberless; they would learn too late the perils of the march. Next, he never would take another mate, for the wild goose mates for life, and mates but once; the one surviving has no choice—he finishes his journey alone.

Poor old Blackneck, his very faithfulness it was that made for endless loneliness.

The bright days came with melting snow. The floods cut through the ice, and again there were buglers in the sky, and the gander swam on the open part of the lake and answered back:

Honk, honk, come back,
Come back. Come back!

but the flying squads passed on with a passing “Honk!”

Brighter still the days, and the gander paddled with a little exultation in the opening pond. How we pitied him, self-deluded, faithful, doomed to a long, lone life.

Then balmy April swished the woods with green; the lake was brimming clear. Old Blackneck never ceased to cruise and watch, and answer back such sounds as touched

him. Oh, sad it seemed that one so staunch should find his burden in his very staunchness.

But on a day when the peeper and the woodwall sang, there came the great event! Old Blackneck, ever waiting, was astir, and more than wont. Who can tell us whence the tidings came? With head at gaze he cruised the open pond, and the short, strong honk seemed sad, till some new excitation raised the feathers on his neck. He honked and honked with a brassy ring. Then long before we heard a sound, he was bugling the marching song, and as he bugled answering sounds came—from the sky—and grew—then swooping, sailing from the blue, a glorious array of thirteen wild geese, to sail and skate and settle on the pond; and their loud honks gave place to softer chatter as they crowded round and bowed in grave and loving salutation.

There was no doubt of it. The young were now mature and they seemed strange, of course, but this was surely the missing mate; the mother had come back, and the faithful pair took up their life—and live it yet.

The autumn sends the ordered flock afar, the father stays on guard, but the bond that binds them all and takes them off and brings them back is stronger than the fear of death. So I have learned to love and venerate the honker wild goose whom Mother Nature dowered with love unquenchable, constructed for her own good ends a monument of faithfulness unchanging, a creature heir of all the promises, so master of the hostile world around that he lives and spreads, defying plagues and beasts, and I wonder if this secret is not partly that the wise and patient mother leads. The long, slow test of time has given a minor place to the valiant, fearless, fighting male; his place the last of all, his mode of open fight the latest thing they try. And by a law inexorable, the young obey the mother. Wisdom their guide, not force. Their days are long on earth, and the homeland of their race grows wide while others pass away.

—*Ernest Thompson Seton*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Ernest Thompson Seton was born in England in 1860. How many of Canada's great writers were born between 1859 and 1861! When five years old he came to Canada, and attended school in Toronto. Later he studied art, and has, like Arthur Heming, illustrated many of his own books. He has written splendid books on the out-of-doors, and Lord Baden-Powell urges every Boy Scout to read Seton's woodcraft stories.

Mr. Seton became naturalist to the Government of Manitoba when he was only twenty-six. Long before that he began to make notes and keep a journal, with drawings of birds and animals. He called these his "building material," which will remind you of William Kirby.

You have read nature stories by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, and know how romantic and full of imagination they are. Mr. Seton is a good story-teller, but he is first of all a scientist, that is, he wants facts.

1. "Windygoul" is Mr. Seton's farm in Connecticut. He is Chief Black Wolf of the Woodcraft League. What do you know about the League?
2. "Windygoul" was an Indian reservation, and you will still find there the "council rock" and Chief Thunderbolt's tepee. What is a council rock?
3. Why has the wild goose been spoken of as Canadian? What part of Canada are they most at home in?
4. Why is the "gander-clang" so welcome?
5. Have you observed wild geese in flight? Describe them.
6. What is a sentinel? "a mad moon"? a "flying wedge"?
7. You have heard of Jack Miner. Tell what you know of him. He, too, is a lover of wild geese. He thinks that they are often more decent than people. Does Seton give you any hint of this?

3. THE STORY OF KEESH

When Keesh stood up in the council of hunters and complained that the meat allotted to him and his mother was tough, old and full of bones, the men were aghast at his impertinence. Keesh was an orphan and lived with his mother, Ikeega, in the poorest igloo of this little Eskimo village, up on the rim of the polar sea. The father of Keesh had been a mighty hunter, who had sacrificed his life in trying to get food for the tribe in time of famine, but these things had been forgotten and Keesh and his mother were left to live in poverty. But Keesh was now thirteen years old, a strong and active lad, with his father's courage

and spirit, and he was determined to stand for his rights. When the men at the council tried to shout him down, and threatened him with a beating for presuming to speak in the meeting of his elders, he sprang to his feet and retorted that never again would he speak in council until they came and asked him to. Moreover, from that time on he would do his own hunting, and would see to it that there should be a fair division of all that he killed, and that the weak members of the tribe should not be slighted because of their weakness. With this defiance he left the igloo.

Jeers and scornful laughter followed him out of the igloo, but his jaw was set and he went his way, looking neither to right nor left.

The next day he went forth along the shore line where the ice and the land met together. Those who saw him go noted that he carried his bow, with a goodly supply of bone-barbed arrows, and that across his shoulders was his father's big hunting spear. And there was laughter, and much talk, at the event. It was an unprecedented occurrence. Never did boys of his tender age go forth to hunt, much less to hunt alone. Also were there shaking of heads and prophetic mutterings, and the women looked pityingly at Ikeega, and her face was grave and sad.

"He will be back ere long," they said cheerfully.

"Let him go; it will teach him a lesson," the hunters said. "And he will come back shortly, and he will be meek and soft of speech in the days to follow."

But a day passed, and a second, and on the third a wild gale blew, and there was no Keesh. Ikeega tore her hair and put soot of the seal oil on her face in token of her grief; and the women assailed the men with bitter words in that they had mistreated the boy and sent him to his death; and the men made no answer, preparing to go in search of the body when the storm abated.

Early next morning, however, Keesh strode into the village. But he came not shamefacedly. Across his shoulders he bore a burden of fresh-killed meat. And

there was importance in his step and arrogance in his speech.

"Go ye men, with the dogs and sledges, and take my trail for the better part of a day's travel," he said. "There is much meat on the ice—a she-bear and two half-grown cubs."

Ikeega was overcome with joy, but he received her demonstrations in manlike fashion, saying: "Come, Ikeega, let us eat. And after that I shall sleep, for I am weary."

And he passed into their igloo and ate profoundly, and after that slept for twenty running hours.

There was much doubt at first, much doubt and discussion. The killing of a polar bear is very dangerous, but thrice dangerous is it, and three times thrice, to kill a mother bear with her cubs. The men could not bring themselves to believe that the boy Keesh, single-handed, had accomplished so great a marvel. But the women spoke of the fresh-killed meat he had brought on his back, and this was an overwhelming argument against their disbelief. So they finally departed, grumbling greatly that in all probability, if the thing were so, he had neglected to cut up the carcasses. Now in the north it is very necessary that this should be done as soon as the kill is made. If not, the meat freezes so solidly as to turn the edge of the sharpest knife, and a three-hundred-pound bear, frozen stiff, is no easy thing to put upon a sled and haul over the rough ice. But arrived at the spot, they found not only the kill, which they had doubted, but that Keesh had quartered the beasts in true hunter fashion, and removed the entrails.

Thus began the mystery of Keesh, a mystery that deepened and deepened with the passing of the days. His very next trip he killed a young bear, nearly full grown, and on the trip following, a large male bear and his mate. He was ordinarily gone from three to four days, though it was nothing unusual for him to stay away a week at a

time on the ice field. Always he declined company on these expeditions, and the people marvelled.

"How does he do it?" they demanded of one another. "Never does he take a dog with him, and dogs are of such great help, too."

"Why dost thou hunt only bear?" Kłosh-Kwan once ventured to ask.

And Keesh made fitting answer. "It is well known that there is more meat on the bear," he said.

But there was also talk of witchcraft in the village. "He hunts with evil spirits," some of the people contended, "wherefore his hunting is rewarded. How else can it be, save that he hunts with evil spirits?"

"Mayhap they be not evil, but good, these spirits," other said. "It is known that his father was a mighty hunter. May not his father hunt with him so that he may attain excellence and patience and understanding? Who knows?"

None the less, his success continued, and the less skilful hunters were often kept busy hauling in his meat. And in the division of it he was just. As his father had done before him, he saw to it that the least old woman and the last old man received a fair portion, keeping no more for himself than his needs required. And because of this, and of his merit as a hunter, he was looked upon with respect, and even awe; and there was talk of making him chief after old Kłosh-Kwan. Because of the things he had done, they looked for him to appear again in the council, but he never came, and they were ashamed to ask.

"I am minded to build me an igloo," he said one day to Kłosh-Kwan and a number of the hunters. "It shall be a large igloo, wherein Ikeega and I can dwell in comfort."

"Aye," they nodded gravely.

"But I have no time. My business is hunting, and it takes all my time. So it is but just that the men and women of the village who eat my meat should build me my igloo."

And the igloo was built accordingly, on a generous

scale which exceeded even the dwelling of Kłosh-Kwan. Keesh and his mother moved into it, and it was the first prosperity she had enjoyed since the death of Bok. Nor was material prosperity alone hers, for, because of her wonderful son and the position he had given her she came to be looked upon as the first woman in all the village; and the women were given to visiting her, to asking her advice, and to quoting her wisdom when arguments arose among themselves or with the men.

But it was the mystery of Keesh's marvellous hunting that took chief place in all their minds. And one day Ugh-Gluk taxed him with witchcraft to his face.

"It is charged," Ugh-Gluk said ominously, "that thou dealest with evil spirits, wherefore thy hunting is rewarded."

"Is not the meat good?" Keesh made answer. "Has one in the village yet to fall sick from the eating of it? How dost thou know that witchcraft be concerned? Or dost thou guess, in the dark, merely because of the envy that consumes thee?"

And Ugh-Gluk withdrew discomfited, the women laughing at him as he walked away. But in the council one night, after long deliberation, it was determined to put spies on his track when he went forth to hunt, so that his methods might be learned. So, on his next trip, Bim and Bawn, two young men, and of hunters the craftiest, followed after him, taking care not to be seen. After five days they returned, their eyes bulging and their tongues atremble to tell what they had seen. The council was hastily called in Kłosh-Kwan's dwelling, and Bim took up the tale.

"Brothers! As commanded, we journeyed on the trail of Keesh, and cunningly we journeyed, so that he might not know. And midway of the first day he picked up with a great he-bear. It was a very great bear."

"None greater," Bawn corroborated, and went on himself. "Yet was the bear not inclined to fight, for he turned away and made off slowly over the ice. This we saw from the rocks of the shore, and the bear came toward

us, and after him came Keesh, very much unafraid. And he shouted harsh words after the bear, and waved his arms about, and made much noise. Then did the bear grow angry, and rise up on his hind legs and growl. But Keesh walked right up to the bear."

"Aye," Bim continued the story. "Right up to the bear Keesh walked. And the bear took after him, and Keesh ran away. But as he ran he dropped a little round ball on the ice, and the bear stopped and smelled of it, and then swallowed it up. And Keesh continued to run away and drop little round balls, and the bear continued to swallow them up."

Exclamations and cries of doubt were being made, and Ugh-Gluk expressed open disbelief.

"With our own eyes we saw it," Bim affirmed.

And Bawn—"Aye, with our own eyes. And this continued until the bear stood suddenly upright and cried aloud in pain, and thrashed his forepaws madly about. And Keesh continued to make off over the ice to a safe distance. But the bear gave him no notice, being occupied with the misfortune the little round balls had wrought within him."

"Aye, within him," Bim interrupted. "For he did claw at himself, and leap about over the ice like a playful puppy; save from the way he growled and squealed, it was plain it was not play but pain. Never did I see such a sight!"

"Nay, never was such a sight seen," Bawn took up the strain. "And furthermore, it was such a large bear."

"Witchcraft," Ugh-Gluk suggested.

"I know not," Bawn replied. "I tell only of what my eyes beheld. And after a while the bear grew weak and tired, for he was very heavy and he had jumped about with exceeding violence, and he went off along the shore ice, shaking his head slowly from side to side and sitting down ever and again to squeal and cry. And Keesh followed after the bear, and we followed after Keesh, and for

that day and three days more we followed. The bear grew weak, and never ceased crying from his pain."

"It was a charm!" Ugh-Gluk exclaimed. "Surely it was a charm!"

"It may well be."

And Bim relieved Bawn. "The bear wandered, now this way and now that, doubling back and forth and crossing his trail in circles, so that at the end he was near where Keesh had first come upon him. By this time he was quite sick, the bear, and could crawl no farther, so Keesh came up close and speared him to death."

"And then?" Kłosh-Kwan demanded.

"Then we left Keesh skinning the bear, and came running that the news of the killing might be told."

And in the afternoon of that day the women hauled in the meat of the bear while the men sat in council assembled. When Keesh arrived a messenger was sent to him, bidding him come to the council. But he sent reply, saying that he was hungry and tired; also that his igloo was large and comfortable and could hold many men.

And curiosity was so strong on the men that the whole council, Kłosh-Kwan to the fore, rose up and went to the igloo of Keesh. He was eating, but he received them with respect and seated them according to their rank. Ikeega was proud and embarrassed by turns, but Keesh was quite composed.

Kłosh-Kwan recited the information brought by Bim and Bawn, and at its close said in a stern voice: "So explanation is wanted, O Keesh, of thy manner of hunting. Is there witchcraft in it?"

Keesh looked up and smiled. "Nay, O Kłosh-Kwan. It is not for a boy to know aught of witches, and of witches I know nothing. I have but devised a means whereby I may kill the ice bear with ease, that is all. It be headcraft, not witchcraft."

"And may any man?"

"Any man."

There was a long silence. The men looked in one another's faces, and Keesh went on eating.

"And—and—and wilt thou tell us, O Keesh?" Kłosh-Kwan finally asked in a tremulous voice.

"Yea, I will tell thee." Keesh finished sucking a marrow-bone and rose to his feet. "It is quite simple. Behold!"

He picked up a thin strip of whalebone and showed it to them. The ends were sharp as needle points. The strip he coiled carefully, till it disappeared in his hand. Then, suddenly releasing it, it sprang straight again. He picked up a piece of blubber.

"So," he said, "one takes a small chunk of blubber, thus, and thus makes it hollow. Then into the hollow goes the whalebone, so, tightly coiled, and another piece of blubber is fitted over the whalebone. After that it is put outside where it freezes into a little round ball. The bear swallows the little round ball, the blubber melts, the whalebone with its sharp ends stands out straight, the bear gets sick, and when the bear is very sick, why, you kill him with a spear. It is quite simple."

And Ugh-Gluk said, "Oh!" and Kłosh-Kwan said, "Ah!" And each said something after his own manner, and all understood.

And this is the story of Keesh, who lived long ago on the rim of the polar sea. Because he exercised headcraft and not witchcraft, he rose from the meanest igloo to be head man of his village, and through all the years that he lived, it is related, his tribe was prosperous, and neither widow nor weak one cried aloud in the night because there was no meat.

—*Jack London*
From *Brown Wolf and Other Stories*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Do you think Keesh was "impertinent"? Explain.
2. Is an opponent's argument weak if he shouts you down?
3. What was "the mystery of Keesh"?
4. What report did the spies bring?
5. How did Keesh explain his "witchcraft"? What lines explain his success?

4. THE HOUSE OF McGINNIS

Only those who have had the opportunity of studying living specimens of the beaver, over an extended period, can obtain any idea of the almost human mentality of these likeable little creatures.

They roam around the camp, and, with no evil intent but apparently from just sheer joy of living, take large slices out of table-legs, and chairs, and nice long splinters out of the walls, and their progress is marked by little piles and strings of chips. This in the fore part of the evening. After "lights out" the more serious work commences, such as the removal of deerskin rugs, the transferring of firewood from behind the stove into the middle of the floor, or the improvement of some waterproof footwear by the addition of a little openwork on the soles. They will gnaw a hole in a box of groceries to investigate, and are very fond of toilet soap, one brand in particular preferred, owing, no doubt, to the flavour incident to its schoolgirl complexion-giving qualities!

In winter they will not leave the camp, and I sink a small bath tub in the floor for them, as they need water constantly. They make a practice of lying in the tub eating their sticks and birch tops, later climbing into the bunk to dry themselves. To accomplish this they sit upright and squeeze and scrub the entire body. The water never penetrates beyond the guard hairs into the fur, but I suppose half a pint is no exaggeration of the amount of water one of them will squeeze out of his coat.

Tiring of this performance, I once removed the bench by which they climbed into the bunk and prepared for a good night's rest at last. I had got so used to the continuous racket they created all night, between the drying-off periods, that, like the sailor who hired a man to throw pails of water against the sides of his house all night while on shore, I could not sleep so well without the familiar sounds, and during the night I awoke to an ominous silence.

With a premonition of evil I lit the lamp, and on taking stock saw one of my much-prized Hudson Bay blankets hanging over the edge of the bunk, and cut into an assortment of fantastic patterns, the result of their efforts to climb into the bed. The regularity of the designs startled me, and I began to wonder if I had gone suddenly insane, as nothing short of human agency, it seemed, could have cut those loops and triangles so symmetrically. Closer examination showed that the effect had been produced by their gathering the blanket in bunches with their forepaws, and cutting out a few pieces from the pucker, with more or less pleasing results.

Apparently realizing, by the tone of certain carelessly worded remarks which I allowed to escape me, that they had gone a little too far this time, the guilty parties had tactfully retired to their trench under the wall, awaiting developments. This excavation they had made themselves. In building the camp I had made an aperture in the bottom log, and constructed outside it, at great trouble, what was, I considered, a pretty good imitation of a beaver house. The first night in they had inspected my work, found it unsuitable, and proceeded to block up the entrance with sacking. They then commenced operations under the bunk, cutting a hole in the floor for the purpose, and digging out the soil. This dirt they trundled up from the depths, pushing it ahead of them, walking with the hind feet only, the forepaws and chin being used to hold the mass together. They brought up, on each journey, perhaps the full of a two-quart measure apiece of earth, which was painstakingly spread on the floor as it accumulated. They eventually got pretty well organized, one sleeping and the other working in shifts of two or three hours each.

After about a week of this a large mound of earth was eventually patted down smooth and solid near the water supply, and operations apparently brought to a satisfactory conclusion; so I considered that we should all now take a good rest. But the beaver is not a restful animal. Doubt-

less they had been warned by those advertisements that remind us that "those soft foods are ruining our teeth," for anything that offered resistance enough was bitten, the harder the better. Anything that gave good tooth-holds was hauled, and everything that could be pushed was pushed high, west, and sideways. Quantities of birch-bark were carried into the bunk and shredded, this contribution to the sleeping accommodation supposedly entitling them to a share of the blankets.

Some mornings, at daylight, I would awaken to find one on each side of me sleeping, lying on their backs snoring like any human. At intervals during sleep they sharpen their teeth, in readiness for the next onslaught. When working, if the teeth do not seem to be in good shape, they pause for half a minute or so and sharpen them, repeating this until they are suited. The skull is fitted with a longitudinal slot which allows for the necessary motion of the jaws, and the resultant grinding is much like the whetting of an axe. The sound of an axe or knife being filed struck them with terror, and they would drop everything and run to me for protection, evidently thinking the noise came from some large animal whetting its teeth.

Beaver are the most persevering creatures I know of, man not excepted, and any job which they undertake is never abandoned until completed or proved impossible. They conduct their operations with all the serious intentness and economy of movement of trained artisans, and at the conclusion of each stage, small adjustments are made, and little pats and pushes given, either expressing satisfaction with the work or testing its solidity, I know not which.

They seem capable of great affection, which they show by grasping my clothing with their strong forepaws, very hands in function, pushing their heads into some corner of my somewhat angular person, bleating and whimpering. At times they clamour for attention, and if taken notice of they shake their heads from side to side, rolling on their backs with squeals of joy. If left alone for as long as

twenty-four hours, on my return they are very subdued until I talk to them, when they at once commence their uncouth gambols and their queer wrestling.

They conduct these wrestling matches—for they can be called nothing else—by rising on their hind feet, supported by the tail, while the forepaws are locked in neck and under-arm holds, looking like dancers. In this position they strain and push, each striving to overcome the other, until one begins to give way, walking backwards, still erect, pushed by his adversary. Then, perhaps by the judicious use of his tail, he recovers, prevails, and the walk commences in the opposite direction. They go at this for all they are worth, and the changes in the expression of their voices, according to the luck they are having, are remarkably plain. This performance resembles a violent fox-trot about as closely as it does anything else, and is continued until one or the other allows his tail to double under him and is bowled over, protesting loudly.

One peculiarity they have is that, when hungry, they do not fawn as most domestic animals do, but complain loudly, standing on their hind legs and grasping at the dish. If the food is withheld they scold shrilly, beating the air with their forepaws. Also, if in their work they fail in some object such as the placing of a stick, they jerk the limbs and head violently and show every sign of irritation, resuming the attempt with an impetuous violence that either makes or breaks.

The male beaver has, to a certain extent, the protective instinct that dogs possess, but not of course so highly developed. I had no knowledge of this until one day I happened to be resting on my blankets on the floor after a trip—a common custom in the woods—and lying with his head on my shoulder was a six-months-old buck beaver. An Indian friend came in, and busied himself in some way that brought him close to my head, on the opposite side from my furry chum. Immediately the latter crossed over and stationed himself between the man's feet and my

person. My friend found it necessary to pass around me, and the beaver made a quick shortcut across my face, and again took post between us. Noticing this, and thinking it might be coincidence, my companion returned to his former position, and the beaver returned also, again using my face for a runway, blowing and hissing his disapproval.

Beaver are far from being the dumb creatures that most animals are. While working they are continually murmuring and muttering, even if alone, and if some distance apart occasionally signal their position by short, sharp cries. It is very rarely that speaking to them does not elicit some kind of answer.

They have a large range of distinctly different sounds. The emotions of rage, sorrow, fear, joy and contentment are expressed quite differently, and are easily recognized after a short period of observation. Often when a conversation is being carried on they will join in with their vocal gymnastics, and the resemblance to the human voice is almost uncanny to those not accustomed to hearing it, and has been partly the cause of their undoing, as they are a very easy animal to imitate. When in trouble they whimper in the most dolorous fashion, and become altogether disconsolate.

In common with most animals when tamed, beaver will answer to a name. In Canada an Irishman is known as "a Mick," and the Indian word for beaver, Ahmik, is identical in pronunciation. So I gave them Irish names, of which the two most notable were McGinty and McGinnis, names they got to know very well, and they were suitable in more ways than one, as they both had peppery tempers, and would fight at the drop of the hat anything or anybody, regardless of size, always excepting each other or myself.

My camp became known as "The House of McGinnis," although McGinty, whimsical, mischievous as a flock of monkeys, being the female, was really the boss of the place; and although I am deficient in the art of making the

best mouse-traps, all the world hereabouts has made a beaten path to my door on their account.

To-day I kill no more beaver, but am bent on repairing in some small measure the damage done in younger and more thoughtless days; replacing at least a part of what I have destroyed, restoring dried-out lakes to their fulness of contented families, bringing life where is nought but desolation. That I may hear in the long evenings, as in the old days, the splash of huge flat tails on the water as the working parties change shift; the queer child-like cries as they wrestle on the leaves beneath the silvery poplars that are their life; the crooning of the mothers within the lodges tending their young. That I may see the dark and gloomy forest shores shining again with Wasacsena,¹ the brightness of newly-peeled sticks, and visit and marvel over the carefully-dug canals and the sand pits. And perhaps at times I may glimpse a wise old head, the head of Mishomis, the Old Man, as a pair of bright black eyes, not unfriendly, but always cautious, watch covertly my every move from out the shadows near the shore. And I shall know that I am not, after all, alone in this mighty wilderness, whilst I have for neighbours the happy colonies of Ahmik, the Beaver People.

—*Grey Owl*

From *The Men of the Last Frontier*

5. ANTS AT WORK AND AT PLAY

When you watch an ant travel its path, carrying a crumb or the body of an insect larger than itself, you would hardly imagine so industrious a little creature at play. Yet there are times when ants thoroughly enjoy their sports. An ant will run up a swaying grass stem and swing in the warm sunlight, or she will chase another ant gaily about on

¹Pronounce: Wăh-săk'să-nă. Indian word for the shining of peeled timber on the shore; the peeling of the bark is caused by beaver, or the erosion of ice or water.

a pebble, or playfully force it from some favourite spot. Sometimes these little insects carry each other about on their backs for pure fun, or have matches in dancing or wrestling. Again they will stand themselves erect and take part in sham fights. Perhaps it is their good nature in play that makes them such intent little people at work, for they throw themselves heartily into all the tasks of their day.

Every hour is packed with its activities, and each ant knows what she should do to help on the life of her community, even though she is not taught in any school, or even by her parents. Her instinct tells her all she needs to know. The family is to be fed and sheltered, and, as the young ants increase by the hundreds, the work of a colony grows apace.

Ants live in a great variety of places—in trees, in sand; in the arctic regions, in the tropics; on mountains and in desert lands. There are many kinds of ants the world over, and they differ in colour, from white, yellow, brown, red, or black to those with a metallic lustre.

The women of the community carry on the work. The working ant has two strong mandibles or movable jaws to use in excavating soil or wood, in cutting up food, in carrying about the eggs or the young, and in defending the home. These mandibles are hollowed inside, like the palm of a hand, and serve the same purpose as the beaks of birds. The head of an ant is triangular, with two large compound eyes, and sometimes three more very small eyes, set in a triangle. These compound eyes have many parts, so that the ant may see everything that moves around her, without turning her head. Some of these eyes see things near at hand, while others can see far off in the distance.

Six legs are provided for the ant's wide journeyings, and on each foot a sticky substance gathers, which helps her to travel downward with the heaviest of loads. Her antennæ, or feelers, have twelve or thirteen joints; with

them she finds her way about her underground home, and often salutes her friends.

In many species the ant goes through four stages of growth. From the infinitely small white egg comes a soft, legless being called a larva. When this larva is full-grown, workers bury the helpless creature with earth, so that it may spin an envelope about itself by attaching the threads of its cocoon to the earthen walls. Back and forth, back and forth the larva works its head until the little hollow where it lies has a fine covering of silk. Then other workers carefully clean the outside of the cocoon, so that it can be carried about.

These caretakers busy themselves cleaning and brushing both the eggs and the larvæ, and when a larva has developed enough to come out of her cocoon, the nurses use their mandibles on the outside while the frail, stretching creature inside tries to work away from her binding. When her door is finally open, her legs are still wound with silken threads, and she must free herself from their tangle before she can begin to feel her way around her new home. The nurses give her food so that gradually she becomes stronger and stronger. At first she is not steady in managing her new self in this strange place, but she knows immediately that these antennæ of hers are meant to guide her about, and soon finds herself a real ant, ready to take her part in the community life.

The homes of ants are of many kinds, because of the variety of places where they live. Some ants hardly build nests at all, but make use of hollows under a stone or log. The higher species are true carpenters and architects that work with skill to make suitable abiding places for themselves and their young. The opening to a nest is guarded by sentinels, and may be shut at night. On rainy days the entrance holes of all the ant hills remain closed. The ants usually know when rain is coming, and are ready to seal the doors of their elaborate houses as soon as the first drops begin to sprinkle down. Sometimes the entrance is

hidden in the grass or under a leaf; sometimes it can be plainly seen, because of the mound above the surface of the ground.

These little mounds of earth are made by bringing up grains of soil from underneath, so that the workers are miners and builders, both at once. Every grain that is brought above the ground level makes a little more living space below, and the increasing circle above serves as a wall to prevent water from flowing in.

As time goes on, the apartments of a single nest become very numerous. The narrow underground hallways and rooms are constantly extended, and no work is spared in providing for the family, which increases daily. Up and down travel the tireless labourers, depositing bits of earth and swiftly returning for more. When the soil is too dry, they will sometimes bring water from a distance.

Night does not stop their work. Sometimes through the hours of darkness entire stories will be added to a nest. Certain ants build their houses with real walls and columns, carefully planned partitions, and pillars to hold up the ceilings. The rain makes a strong cement on the outside, unless a hard storm destroys part of a nest; then the masons rebuild with wonderful patience. All of this work requires thousands of miners, struggling to open the underground passages. When grains of earth give way, the ants carry them up proudly, and the carpenters often bring in bits of straw for beams, to make the building more solid. Sometimes several helpers place a little stalk in position, for ants are natural engineers and they work together as skilfully as though they had contractors' plans drawn out on blueprint paper.

In making a nest such as we commonly see, the ant uses her mandibles in two ways. When she closes them, she has a pointed trowel, which she may use to rake soft earth and to mould pillars and roofs for the underground construction. When she opens her mandibles, the ant has the use of their toothed edges. Her forelegs scratch up the soil and

pat down the little pellets after they have been put in place by the mandibles.

The ant hills made in the earth have many chambers and galleries. Sometimes a hill has twenty stories in its upper part and even more under the level of the ground. The galleries often lead into one lofty central chamber where the ants may be said to live. The many chambers at different levels are used for storing food, and for resting places for the larvæ and the eggs. Both of these need a certain heat and a certain amount of moisture, and the workers are constantly changing them from one place to another. Eggs and larvæ of the same size are kept in piles by themselves. These are often brought up by the workers to warm, higher levels of the nest in the morning, and in the evening are returned to the shelter of the night nurseries. The chambers have flattened floors, and the galleries are often just wide enough for two ants to pass each other with their burdens. These ways are cleaned with care, and empty cocoons, as well as other matter, are carried to a distance from the abode.

Ants that do not build in soil sometimes gather a variety of material from the neighbourhood of the place that has been chosen for a nest. They use pebbles, straws, twigs, leaves, leaf stems, and pine needles. Certain ants build in swellings on trees, such as oak galls. One of these species of ants has soldiers with rough heads shaped like a stopper. These fit into the round holes through which the workers pass on to the branches of the oak. When a worker wishes to go out, the guard moves its head to one side; when the worker returns from foraging, she strokes the soldier's head and free passage way is again given. Sometimes in trees ants will form a dwelling with many stories and very thin partitions. Their work is as delicate as though they were preparing rooms in a habitation for fairies.

Now these thousands of busy creatures could never work so hard without eating, and their favourite food is

the milk they gather from tiny plant lice, or aphids, that live on leaves or bark. These aphids are of different colours —green, black, bronze, or yellow. They have slender, pointed mouth-parts with which they draw in juices from their feeding grounds on rosebushes, cabbages, beans, poppies, willows, oaks, or thistles. At the end of its back each aphid has two tubes (hollow hairs) through which milk or honey-dew passes out in tiny drops. The ants know where these groups of aphids are stationed, and go out to them for milk as a farmer goes to his cows.

It is good fortune for the ant that aphids flock in large numbers. Often ants establish their homes near droves of aphids, so that they may be sure of food. Sometimes a little herd is kept sheltered from the sun. For this the ants build a large frame of damp earth or wood dust or decayed bark, perhaps against a tuft of grass where aphids are living. This may even form a home for the ants, where they stay for a while and milk the peaceful herd without going out to forage. To such a fold the ants add aphids which are met away from the nest, so that they have a full flock to satisfy their hunger. During the winter, ants are sometimes known to carry eggs of aphids into their own nests, where they care for them tenderly through the cold months. When spring comes, the young aphids are placed on the new shoots of the daisy. In this way the wise ant provides a herd which will yield her food for the coming season.

When an ant has been away from her nest to gather honeydew, she comes slowly home, laden from the milking. She is glad enough to stop to give other members of her household advice as they go eagerly forth to the pasture. The returning ant has fed herself, but is carrying home a body filled with liquid for others. The miners and the carpenters and all the workers that have been employed at the household tasks have been too busy to forage for themselves. These all deserve the food which home-coming ants are ready to share. Then, too, there are the

young to be fed; and without stopping for rest these older ants pass from one to another of the tiny ones, offering each a bit of honeydew.

The ants enjoy other food besides this milk. Almost any sweet or animal substance is welcomed. They destroy great numbers of insects, and gather the sap that escapes from leaves or flowers or wounded stems of plants. If an apple has fallen to the ground so that the skin is injured, ants flock in through the opening, eating to their hearts' content. Grass seeds and flower seeds, bits of dried peaches, oats, corn, and berries are stored in the granaries. These stores are carefully kept in suitable chambers, though sometimes they must be taken out and spread in the sun to dry.

There is an old, old fable about an ant that looked ahead for her winter stores. One summer day she was toiling home with a piece of corn, when she met a grasshopper that was singing cheerily and hopping about, as only a grasshopper knows how to hop.

"Why do you work so hard, when you might stop for a chat with me?" asked the grasshopper.

"I am gathering food to be put away for the winter," replied the ant, "and I advise you to look out for your future in the same way."

"I don't need to worry about winter, when I have plenty of food for to-day," boasted the grasshopper.

So the ant went on her way, continuing to help with the harvest for the months of cold weather. The winter came and, alas, the grasshopper had no food. When he found himself slowly starving, he looked with envy on the ants as they ate of their winter stores.

The grasshopper sighed deeply. "Perhaps, after all," he said to himself, "it is the part of wisdom to look ahead and provide for hours of need."

In every ant community you will find one or more queens; they are the very centre of the family. Without them the life of the nest would soon end, for from a queen's

body come the eggs which the nurses carry to the brood chamber, and on these eggs depends the future of the colony.

Over the slender body of a princess, when she is ready to become a queen, lie gauzy wings. When it is time for her to start a new home, she and many other princesses pour forth from the nest with the ants which are to be their mates. So many of these winged things fly together that sometimes a shadow is cast over the earth like the shadow of a filmy cloud. In the sunlight they quiver and glance, weaving in and out of the great mass of fellow venturers.

As soon as this home flitting is over, a queen settles on the ground or a tree. As she knows that her wings can be of no use while she is starting her nest in the ground or cutting away fibres of wood, she proceeds to un-wing herself, by pulling the wings off with her jaws, or by twisting and rubbing them off against grass blades or pebbles, or by stroking them off with her forelegs. Then she chooses the location of her new home. If it is to be a ground nest, she starts to burrow a small hole, bringing tiny pellets of earth to the surface until she has made a small chamber to hold her first eggs. The opening is closed in secret fashion, and in the first few eggs that are laid lies the hope of helpers for the queen's establishment.

While this first brood is maturing, the queen cleans the nest and perhaps makes a new room for a nursery. She washes and feeds the small workers until they are ready for business. Then they break the soil above them and begin to carry their empty cocoons out of the nest and bring in food from the outside world. Other ants are coming to life in swift succession, and all must be fed. Although these first antlings are small, they are able to do the necessary work to help the queen in settling the household.

The little insects feed the weary queen and enlarge the nest to make living space for the growing family. Galleries are opened, leading to room after room. The

queen soon spends all of her time in laying eggs and eating the food brought to her by her attendants; for it is the way of ant life to give the queen a bodyguard of courtiers to follow her about. These courtiers often form a circle around the queen, and bear the eggs away to the nurseries as soon as they are laid. There are many enemies to the life of an ant, and the mother must provide plenty of young to carry on the labour of the community, even though accidents may come to some of its members. If nothing happens to bring the life of an ant to an end, she may live as long as seven years; a queen sometimes lives to be thirteen or even fifteen years old.

Because of enemies, guards stand near the entrance of the ant hill, ready to spread the alarm through the nest, if danger approaches. Such news excites the whole household. The workers that have the young in charge hurry to carry them to places of safety in the lower rooms of the dwelling. Sometimes pitched battles take place between ants of different nests. The warriors which are most to be feared are equipped with a sting. A fable tells of a bird that saw an ant drowning in a pool. The bird threw down a branch for the ant to cling to until it floated to shore. When the ant reached land, he spied a sportsman who was about to shoot at the bird. Out of gratitude, the ant hastened to the man's foot and stung him so that he missed his aim, and the lives of ant and bird were saved.

While the workers are keeping the young clean, they are no less careful about themselves. The nature of their work and of their surroundings requires much time for the cleansing of their delicate bodies. Yet the life of an ant is not all work and play; there must be sleep, although they do not sleep long at a time. When they awake, they stretch and yawn, and then begin to clean themselves thoroughly, as they do before sleeping and after eating.

On their bodies are fine hairs, something like the fur of animals. This hairy covering catches dirt, but the ant has brushes and combs of its own. There are bristles and

spines arranged to help keep the body clean. On the fore-legs there is a stiff spur with a toothed edge. Each leg has its particular kind of comb. The ant uses her tongue as a cat uses hers to sponge away bits of dirt; on the ant's tongue are ridges which make it resemble a fine brush. The mandibles are used in cleansing the legs, which are drawn through with great care.

Often in the midst of her work an ant stops to freshen herself; then once more she throws herself eagerly into the labour of the throng. Very frequently one ant will brush another all over, and the one that is being cleaned seems to enjoy it thoroughly, often lying easily on her back for greater comfort.

In the morning, workers start out to earn their livelihood, pouring into the surrounding fields. Thousands of bits of life run through the corridors and the entrance becomes choked in the hurry of affairs. The ants make roads for themselves, not by wearing footpaths, but by really removing obstacles. Sometimes the ways are arches; if a log is in the path, a subway is tunneled. Even though an ant may stray far afield for food, she knows every route for her safe return, and even after rain she is certain of the places which have become familiar to her.

This sense of attachment holds the members of the large community together. The instincts of the ant lead her to work for her large family, and to defend her nest even at the risk of her own life. Labouring for each other, the responsibility of the home is divided among the members naturally and willingly. There would be no future for her race, if an ant should work for herself alone. That is why she readily follows her strong desire to let nothing remain undone for the good of the home community.

—Frances Avery Faunce

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Time yourself. Quick reader—11 minutes; average reader—15 minutes.
2. Write down ten facts you discovered about ants.

6. COALY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE

Coaly-Bay, once the cunning lord of an outlaw herd, as beautiful as he was haughty, suffers the humiliation of captivity, but not for ever.

I

COALY-BAY, OUTLAW

Five years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black—coal black and bright bay—so they named him Coaly-Bay.

“Coaly-Bay” sounds like “Kolibey,” which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense; just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature, in his frame, his power, and his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs; when he was careering with the herd of colts, if they met a fence or ditch it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay-yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the horseherd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a “Quit-the-bunch”—that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free,

and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that seemed to stand between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse-trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skilful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skilful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won for him lashings and spurriings, so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again.

His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming, but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied

spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbour. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right, so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle; Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, but finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking; he stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head, so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw"—that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night as the moon was brightly shining they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horseherd, and when the men came near him he had—oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbour, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth—a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE
FIRST-CLASS HORSE,
SOUND AND GENTLE,
\$10.00

II

THE BEAR BAIT

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear-hunting, except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So seeing the sign the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there, ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear-bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape. "Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now, stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait," and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along,

tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their back streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before, and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off that he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

III

HIS DESTINED END

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me

as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp.

"Aren't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer. Then as the tossing head was disappearing I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!"

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp—to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-Bay! he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that.

Farther away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight, still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle.

Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty—yes, of horse perfection.

The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss; and the marksman *missed*.

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away; the pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him, and ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, and crossed the cañon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not, and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured—he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain his place was in the herd as one who after many a long hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is that flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the storm-wind smites his glossy coat at night and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved—the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spur-galls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forbears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle—yes, too, the driving sandstorm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

—*Ernest Thompson Seton*
From *Wild Animal Ways*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Imagine Coaly-Bay is telling the story. Write briefly his diary, as a colt; or in captivity.
2. Does Mr. Seton sympathize with Coaly-Bay? Illustrate.

7. AFTERWARDS

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous stay,
And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbours say,
“He was a man who used to notice such things”?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
 The dewfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
 "To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and
 warm,

When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
 One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures
 should come to no harm,
 But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they
 stand at the door,

Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no
 more,

"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in
 the gloom,

And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its out-rollings,
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
 "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"?

—Thomas Hardy

READ A STORY

Some Animal Stories. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Dent. Illustrated.

More Animal Stories. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Dent. Illustrated.

Children of the Wild. By Charles G. D. Roberts. MacMillan. Illustrated.

Kindred of the Wild. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Page. Illustrated.

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribners. Illustrated. Seton is a naturalist and packs his stories with a great deal of exact data. This tale is of woodcraft and Indian lore.

Wild Animals I Have Known. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribners. "The Springfield Fox," "Bingo, the Story of My Dog," and other animal acquaintances.

The Two Jungle Books. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan.

The Out-of-Doors. By Chesley Allen. Ryerson. A fascinating introduction to the world of nature, both plants and animals.

Pilgrims of the Wild. By Grey Owl. Macmillan. Illustrated.

WHAT IS IT ALL ABOUT? A REVIEW

I. Make a list of the Canadian writers represented in this section. There are seven of them.

II. Here is a list of words that you may have met for the first time in this section. How many of them can you explain accurately?

Lateen, seethe, emerald, chaste, tapestries, amethyst, tawdry, crannies, subsiding, topaz, myriads, aeons, jocund, pensive, bliss, turnpike, weird, bleared, piety, girth, odorous, ribald, mahout, coir, orgy, inconsiderable, stint, inalienable, demoralizing, salaams, primitive, climax, mania, compensating, marshalled, staunch, inexorable, igloo, mandibles, larva, aphids, caracoled, postern, nocturnal, quittance.

III. Use a word three times, and it is yours. Make up sentences using any ten of these words.

IV. Here are several jumbled-up groups of incidents. See if you can arrange them in the order in which they were put by the author of the selection from which they were taken:

1. A fir tree swings, we race the rapids, we drift, I unship my mast, I stow my sail, I paddle, I am becalmed.
2. The strong ship splits on the reef, the wind subsides, it shrieks in the crannies, it sings and whistles, it roars in the caves.
3. I thought of the daffodils, I was gay in their presence, I was wandering lonely, I came to a lake, I saw the daffodils, my heart dances with them.
4. The leaves hang still, the blast plunges from the height of the sky, the thunder and lightning begin, the rain pours down, the clouds tower darkening on, the wild swallows fly high.
5. Moti Guj was to be whipped with chains, Deesa wanted a holiday, the planter hired elephants, Deesa gave the elephant instructions as to what he was to do in his absence, Deesa told many lies to the planter, Moti Guj refuses to work, he works well for ten days, he is refused food, he is given food, he kidnaps a baby, he goes back to work, Deesa returns.
6. I brought a pair of wild geese to my lake, I built a home in the woods, the geese made a nest and raised their young, I clipped their pinions, the wild geese came down from the north, the young learned to fly, the flock settled down to winter on the pond, they flew away and left father behind, they tried to join the wedge flying south but the parents could not accompany them, the gander wintered alone, the writer learned to love and venerate the wild goose, the mother and young returned to the father.
7. Keesh is accused of witchcraft, he is refused a place in council, he is spied upon, he brings bear meat for the tribe, the tribe build him a house, he goes out alone to hunt, he becomes head man, he is host to the council in his own igloo, he says the council will come to him, he is bidden to the council, he stands up for his rights.
8. Coaly-Bay is used for bear bait, he is sold for five dollars, he becomes a "quit-the-bunch," he goes lame, his owner tries to break him to ride, he jumps a six-foot fence, and steals vegetables, he is sold to an owner twenty miles away, he is given to the gardener, he is shot at and missed, he escapes from the bear hunters, he is free again, he is chased, he joins the wild horses.

V. Poets may write poems about anything. Which poem in this section is about each of these subjects?

1. The artistry of nature.
2. The gladness in a poet's heart when he sees a beautiful sight.
3. The music of the storm.
4. The awe-inspiring majesty of a night sky.
5. Nature stirring the blood of the poet.
6. Prelude to rain.
7. A poet's humility before the work of the Master Poet.
8. "What will people remember about me when I am dead?"
9. A catalogue of trees.
10. A song in praise of a beautiful stream and a lovely woman.
11. The death of a tree.
12. An Indian tells of the joys of broken water safely travelled.

VI. For your Scrap Book:

THE POET

He gave a song, a wing, to words
 That they might fly and sing like birds
 In love, who cannot too much sing
 The heaven, the earth, the everything!
 And love—the air that buoys along
 The wing, the singer, and the song.

Yea, wonder is that he hath done,
 For all that is beneath the sun
 By magic he transfigures to
 A better sound, a finer view:
 And—loveliest tale of all that's true!
 He tells that you come to the spring,
 And that the spring returns to you.

—James Stephens

TO REMEMBER

Four ducks on a pond,
 A grass-bank beyond,
 A blue sky of spring,
 White clouds on the wing;
 What a little thing
 To remember for years—
 To remember with tears!

—William Allingham

SWALLOW SONG

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
 Here is no place of rest;
 Night darkens on the falling foam
 And on the fading west.
 O little wings, beat home, beat home,
 Love may no longer roam.

—Marjorie Pickthall



BOTTOM: "WHAT IS PYRAMUS? A LOVER, OR A TYRANT?"

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE



*All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well-sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
From *As You Like It.*

are so amused at his clever trick, and this part of the play ends with their tossing Mac in a blanket! Tired after their exertions, they lie down to sleep again, to be awakened by a great multitude of the heavenly host, singing "Glory to God in the Highest!" They hasten to Bethlehem, and the last scene shows these simple Yorkshire country-folk offering the child Christ their humble gifts: a ball, a little cap, and a bird in a cage.

Gradually more and more popular material was introduced into these plays, until at last the religious side was forgotten, and a native English drama began to emerge, about the time of Henry VIII. Bands of strolling players, classed by law as "rogues, vagabonds, and masterless men," wandered the country in the summer, presenting plays on temporary out-of-door stages, when and how they could. In the winter, they would stick to the courtyard of an inn in some large city. Some of them would be fortunate enough to get permission to join the household of some great noble, in return for entertaining him and his guests whenever required. There were as yet no regular theatres, or proper "professional" actors. In many villages, however, there seem to have been various amateur attempts at putting on plays, generally modelled on some old half-remembered legend. It is such a troop of amateur actors, with all their ignorance, vanity, and earnestness, that Shakespeare good-naturedly makes fun of in the little play which follows.

The first real theatre in England was built just outside London, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of plays. It was erected by a carpenter turned actor, James Burbage. James's son afterwards became the most famous actor of his time, and played the leading rôle in most of Shakespeare's plays when first presented. This theatre was built in 1576, when Shakespeare was only twelve years old. It proved so popular, that by the time Shakespeare himself came to London, there were several theatres in existence, and the leading writers of the day

were developing the art of writing plays. By the time Shakespeare was thirty, he was acknowledged as the greatest dramatist England had yet seen. He is still, after more than three hundred years, our greatest dramatist, perhaps the greatest writer the world has ever known.

The stage where Shakespeare's plays were first acted was very different from ours. There was no "picture frame" and curtain between actors and audience, and the main stage was a bare platform projecting into the midst of the spectators. At the back was an inner stage, which could be curtained off. The theatre was open to the sky, and performances took place in the afternoons. There was no painted scenery. Instead, the spectators were invited to use their imaginations. Our Elizabethan ancestors could make an enchanted wood out of a bare platform, for it was a glorious game of "Let's Pretend!" as the theatre should be. To change from the wood to Theseus' palace, the curtains on the inner stage were pulled aside, and there was a throne. A throne meant a palace, and there you were! The players' costumes were elaborate and colourful, and as the marriage celebrations of Theseus and his bride proceeded, the stage must have been a succession of dazzling pictures. With the aid of a few properties: a throne, a stump, a "grassy bank," was created that magic wood, still ready to cast its spell on us. There is only one thing requisite: imagination.

To-day we have Dominion Drama Festivals in which hundreds of teams compete, from Vancouver to Halifax; every big city has its theatres and movie houses. Scores of new plays are produced every year, hundreds of movies. How many of them would we want to see twice? How many would our grandchildren be likely to see? And yet I am very sure that our grandchildren, and our grandchildren's children, will still be seeing and enjoying the plays of William Shakespeare.

—W. S. Milne

*How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE

The comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe" is taken from Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In order to get the comedy in its proper setting, you ought to read Charles and Mary Lamb's account of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in their *Tales from Shakespeare*.

In this comedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe," Shakespeare is probably making good-natured fun of the attempts at acting among the Guilds. Thus there is much fun made in this comedy of the stage-properties of which you learned in the foregoing historical sketch of its drama. As a boy, Shakespeare may have witnessed a performance of a miracle-play; you can imagine how his ambitions for the drama would have made him laugh boisterously.

About the time you read this play, you will be thinking of the Christmas entertainment to be given by your class. This comedy has been inserted in the hope that you will want to make it a part of your class entertainment. In a programme of singing, reciting and music, it will afford a splendid diversion.

You might produce this comedy yourselves, without aid (except advice) from your teacher or others. If so, you should have committees. There are many things to be found out: whether scenery was used in Shakespeare's time; how the characters should be dressed; what stage properties are needed. Those who direct the play would have to make a close study of the characters of the comedy, to determine how they should act, where they should stand, how they should make their entrances and exits, and how to get the most complete comic effect from the play.

As female parts were usually played by boys in Shakespeare's time, you could change about, and have some of the girls in the class play male parts.

SCENE I. *Athens. QUINCE'S House.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

QUIN. Is all our company here?

BOT. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

QUIN. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

BOT. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

QUIN. Marry, our play is, The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

BOT. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

QUIN. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

BOT. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

QUIN. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

BOT. What is Pyramus? a lover or a tyrant?

QUIN. A lover, that kills himself most gallant for love.

BOT. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest: —yet my chief humour is for a tyrant; I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

*The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison-gates;
And phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And make and mar
The foolish Fates.*

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

QUIN. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

FLU. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

FLU. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

QUIN. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

FLU. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

QUIN. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

BOT. If I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too! I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, *Thisne, Thisne; Ah! Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!*

QUIN. No, no, you must play Pyramus: and, Flute, you Thisby.

BOT. Well, proceed.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

STAR. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

SNOUT. Here, Peter Quince.

QUIN. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

SNUG. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

QUIN. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

BOT. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, let him roar again.*

QUIN. If you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

ALL. That would hang us, every mother's son.

BOT. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you as if 'twere any nightingale.

QUIN. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man: therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

BOT. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play in?

QUIN. Why, what you will.

BOT. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

QUIN. Masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray, you, fail me not.

BOT. We will meet; and there we will rehearse most courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Wood. TITANIA, the Fairy Queen, lying asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

BOT. Peter Quince—

QUIN. What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby* that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By larkin', a parlous fear.

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that I Pyramus am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeared of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you.

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—“Ladies,”—or “Fair Ladies,—I would wish you,”—or “I would request you,”—or “I would entreat you,—not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are”; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNOUT. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

QUIN. Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of

thorns and a lanthorn, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNOUT. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

(PUCK is a mischief-working elf.)

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,

So near the cradle of the Fairy Queen?

What! a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
And actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

QUIN. Speak. Pyramus, Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. *Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet,—*

QUIN. Odours, odours.

BOT. —*odours savours sweet;*

*So doith thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear,
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appear.* [Exit.

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here.

[Exit.

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.*

QUIN. "Ninus' tomb," man: why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is, *never tire*.

FLU. O,— *As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

BOT. *If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine.*

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. pray masters! fly, masters! Help!

[*Exeunt QUINCE, SNUG, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.*

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about around.

Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through brier:

Sometimes a horse I'll be, sometimes a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometimes a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and
burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[*Exit.*

BOT. Why do they run away? this is knavery of them to make me afeard.

Re-enter SNOUT.

SNOUT. O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

BOT. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [*Exit SNOUT.*

Re-enter QUINCE.

QUIN. Bless thee, Bottom. Bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

BOR. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear that I am not afraid.

[*Sings.*

*The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill.*

SCENE III.—*Athens. QUINCE'S House.*

Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and STARVELING.

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible; you have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FLU. No, he has simply the best wit in any handi-craft man in^o Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

FLU. You must say “paragon”: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day: if the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

QUIN. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, Bottom.

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions or garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Athens. The palace of THESEUS*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, LYSANDER, PHILOSTRATE, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and Attendants.

PHIL. So please Your Grace, the Prologue is address'd.

THE. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets.]

Enter QUINCE for the Prologue

QUIN. *If we offend, it is with our good will.*

That you should think, we come not to offend,

But with good will. To show our simple skill,

That is the true beginning of our end.

Consider then we come but in despite.

We do not come as minding to content you,

Our true intent is. All for your delight.

We are not here. That you should here repent you,

The actors are at hand and by their show

You shall know all that you are like to know.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LVS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord; it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

THE. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS, and THISBE, WALL, MOONSHINE, and LION.

QUIN. *Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;*
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby, is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion by name hight,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here do they remain.

[Exeunt PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION and MOONSHINE.

THE. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may when many asses do.

WALL. *In this same interlude it doth befall.
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper very often secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.*

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that I ever heard discourse, my lord.

Enter PYRAMUS.

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

PYR. *O grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!
O night which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eye.*

[WALL holds up his fingers.

*Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!*

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

PYR. Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. *O wall, full often thou hast heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.*

- PYR. *I see a voice; now will I to the chink,
To spy, an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!*
- THIS. *My love, thou art my love, I think.*
- PYR. *Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.*
- THIS. *And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.*
- PYR. *O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!*
- THIS. *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.*
- PYR. *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*
- THIS. *'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.*

[*Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.*]

- WALL. *Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so:
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.* [Exit.]

HIP. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

THE. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter LION and MOONSHINE.

LION. *You ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
Now may perchance both quake and tremble here,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug, the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity on my life.*

THE. A very gentle beast, and of good conscience.

DEM. The very best as a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

THE. Let us listen to the Moon.

Moon. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;*—

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

Moon. *This lanthorn doth the horned moon present;*—
Myselv the man in the moon do seem to be.

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lanthorn. How is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle.

HIP. I am weary of this moon: would he would change!

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn bush, my thorn-bush; this dog, my dog.

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter THISBE.

THIS. *This is old Ninnys tomb. Where is my love?*

LION. (Roaring) Oh— [THISBE runs off.

DEM. Well roared, Lion.

THE. Well run, Thisbe.

HIP. Well shone, Moon. Truly the moon shines with a good grace.

[*The LION shakes THISBE'S mantle, and exit.*

THE. Well moused, Lion.

LYS. And so the lion vanished.

DEM. And then came Pyramus.

Enter PYRAMUS.

PYR. *Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;*
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.

But stay, O spite!

But mark, poor knight,

*What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy manile good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!*

THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

PYR. *O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflower'd my dear:
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with
cheer.
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound.
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.* [Stabs himself.
*Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight;* [Exit MOONSHINE.
Now, die, die, die, die. [Dies.

LVS. He is dead; he is nothing.

THE. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

THE. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks she should not use a long one for such
 a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus,
 which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us;
 she for a woman, God bless us.

LVS. She hath spied him already with those sweet
 eyes.

THIS. *Asleep, my love?*
What, dead, my dove?
 O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O sisters, three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, trusty sword:
Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
 [Stabs herself with the sword of PYRAMUS.
And farewell, friends;
Thus, Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.
 DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT. (*Starting up*) No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of your company?

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

[*They dance the Bergomask, and then retire.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:
Lovers, to bed: 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled.
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity.

[*THESEUS and HIPPOLYTA mount the staircase; LYSANDER and HERMIA, DEMETRIUS and HELENA, and all the rest follow them, leaving the great chamber deserted, except for the guttering candles.*

—William Shakespeare

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

The tradesmen of the town, wishing to do honour to their duke on the occasion of his marriage, undertake a play. They choose a high-flown romantic theme, as being particularly well-suited to the entertainment of lords and ladies. The humour of the play lies in its ridiculous burlesque of sentimental tragedy, and in the utter seriousness of the amateur actors.

A play is not a play until it is acted before an audience. Even reading the parts aloud in front of the class is better than nothing. If you can act it, then the play will really come to life. Remember that the secret of the successful playing of Bottom and his friends is to show that they took themselves very seriously. The more seriously they do the "lamentable comedy" of Pyramus and Thisbe, the funnier it will be to the audience. Theseus and his friends are, of course, highly amused at the efforts of the workmen, but they

are too truly gentlemen to hurt the actors' feelings by ridiculing them. As Theseus says:

"The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them."

1. It will heighten your interest to know what trades "this crew of patches" followed. Shakespeare named Bottom after a part of the weaver's loom. Why are the names given to the carpenter, joiner, bellows-mender, tinker and tailor so appropriate?
2. Bully Bottom is a wonderful picture of the stage-struck amateur, who wants to play all the principal parts, and boss everybody. Is he likeable in spite of his faults, or is he likeable because of these little weaknesses?
3. Notice Quince's prologue. Study the punctuation. You will notice that by changing the punctuation a little, its meaning can be greatly altered. Do you always pay attention to the punctuation when you read aloud?
4. You will notice that this play does not give much information as to how the characters looked, and what they did. The action of the players is called "business" by professional actors. When you act one of these parts, you should have a lot of fun thinking up business: how he stands, what he does with his hands, when and how he sits down, and so on.
5. Imagine you are sitting with Theseus while the play is being presented. Describe the comedy.
6. What do you think of the attitude of the audience toward the play? From the comments they pass upon the play how would you describe the characters of Theseus, Lysander and Demetrius? Who made the wittiest comment upon the play?
7. In Scene I Shakespeare ridicules alliteration in poetry when overdone. Read the lines aloud. Read a stanza from this book which proves that alliteration can be used with delightful effect.
8. Shakespeare makes fun of those who exaggerate; who are absurdly pompous; who use big words they do not understand; and who weary listeners by repeating themselves. Illustrate this from the play.
9. There are a great many books on how to put on plays. Perhaps the two most useful to you would be: *Shakespeare for Community Players*, and *The School Theatre*, both by Mr. Roy Mitchell. They should be in the school library.
10. There are a few words and expressions in this play that may be strange to you. Make a list of them, and ask the teacher to help explain them. Don't worry too much about them, though. You can get the fun of the play without understanding every word. Bottom and his friends use a good many words that they obviously do not understand.

THE INTERLUDE

The play presented before Duke Theseus by the workmen is a form of *interlude*. Shakespeare became familiar with this form when, as a boy in Stratford-upon-Avon, he watched the plays presented by the travelling players.

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he has made an exact record of the manner of performance of the players of his boyhood. A band of such players would present themselves before the steward of a noble house, and submit a list of plays which they were able to produce. The steward usually heard the plays briefly presented, and gave to his master an outline of each, suggesting his preference; when the lord would make his choice. Philostrate, Master of the Revels for Theseus, proceeded thus, and Theseus made his choice of the interlude *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

—Elisabeth S. Colwell

GLOSSARY

MARRY: "Indeed!" "In truth!" From the name of the Virgin.

ERCLES: Hercules.

HAVE A BEARD COMING: boys played women's parts.

PHIBBUS: Phœbus was the Sun.

TIRING HOUSE: dressing-room.

BY'R LAKIN: "By our ladykin!"

NINUS'S TOMB: Ninus founded Nineveh.

LIMANDER and HELEN: Hero and Leander.

FURIES: three female demons who tormented men.

FATES: three sisters—goddesses of destiny.

COLLECTIONS OF PLAYS TO ACT

Eight Modern Plays, Nine Modern Plays, Ten Modern Plays.* Nelson (Teaching of English Series).

One-Act Plays of To-day (six different series, with good plays in each). Harrap.

The Best One-Act Plays of 1931-1934 (four volumes). Harrap.

Fifty One-Act Plays. Gollancz.

*Modern Plays.** Dent (Kings' Treasuries Series).

Form-Room Plays—Junior, Intermediate, Senior. Dent (Kings' Treasuries).

Class-Room Plays from Novels. Dent (Kings' Treasuries Series).

*A Book of One-Act Plays.** H. Voaden ed. Macmillan.

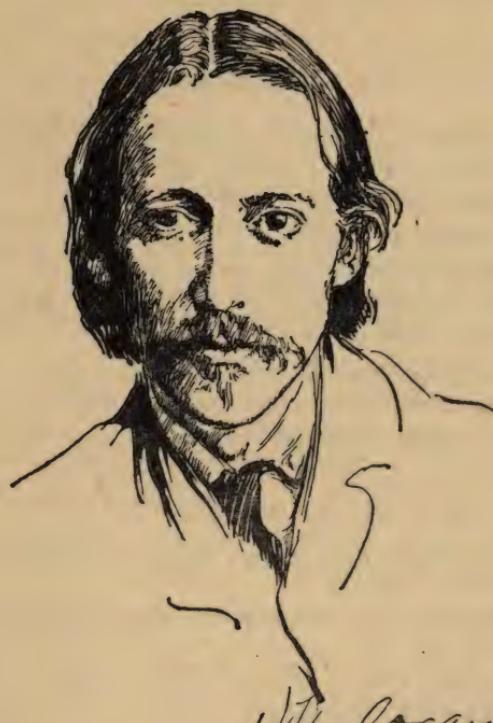
A List of Plays for Young Players and Others (several hundred plays described and classified according to age of players). Nelson.

Catalogue of Plays. Samuel French, Toronto.

Catalogue of Plays. Walter Baker, Boston, Mass.

1001 Plays for the Little Theatre. Stewart Kidd

*Especially recommended.



Willy Fogany

STEVENSON

HOMES

When the world was young the savage crept into his dripping cave among the hills, that he might find shelter from the elements and protection from his foes. This ivy-hung burrow was home. As time passed men built huts of "clay and wattles made," and when they gathered in the semi-darkness, and sat on damp rush mats upon the ground to share their meagre meal, they fondly spoke of it as home. The swarthy nomads, following their flocks and herds to fresh pastures among the eastern hills, raised their tents in the twilight, rested from their roving, and were at home. So too the Indian of the plains set up his teepee, roofed with the tanned skins of beasts, adorned with gaudy tribal coats-of-arms and sacred signs, fearful at times with gruesome trophies of war. There the redman made his home, and in the distance thundered the roaming multitudes of buffalo which were his food and raiment, his shelter and fortune besides. On the top of the world, in the land of the midnight sun, the Eskimo makes a habitation with blocks of ice and snow. Huddled together in the igloo, upon fur rugs around the dim light of the oil lamp, they related the folktales of their people, and sang their primitive "Home Sweet Home." The warrior knight built his grim castle a-top a crag, and guarded his hearth with wall and drawbridge. The humble peasant reared a cottage among the sweet-scented fields, that love might sweeten his labour. They all called it home.

First a shelter "out of the wind's and the rain's way," then a place of rest and refreshment, by and by a castle and a defence, and later still a sanctuary and a school for love—so the word "home" has grown. Look and you will discern beauty in the word, loveliness gathered from all the happy homes since the world began. Listen and you will hear music in the word, the laughter of children, whispers of lovers, and the lullabies of all the years. Among all the words our lips can form there is none so radiant, for it has shepherded the golden sunlight of the immemorial years. And there is none so tender, for it means mother, and the soft, warm curve of her loving arms, and "the glad sweet face of her."

—LORNE PIERCE

VI

HOME LIFE

A. HOMES

1. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

This poem by Thomas Hood affords very good practice in reading aloud. Whether you get a chance to read it in class or not, you ought to practise reading it aloud at home.

It is a poem of contrasts, of lights and shades, for the poet compares the happiness of his youth with the sadness of his manhood. On your first silent reading of the poem, make a note on a piece of paper of the words which you think show these contrasts. As you read it to yourself, try, also, to imagine the sound.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer's pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
 The fir trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heaven
 Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. From the list of contrasted words you have selected, your teacher will make two lists on the board, as you give them. When the list is complete, choose the pair which show the best contrast.
 In reading the poem, try to make these contrasted words and ideas stand out prominently. As you will find, that is difficult to do. This makes the poem a fine reading exercise.
2. Hood's poem is an old favourite; give some reasons why it has endured.
 Quote the lines which seem to you to have the best word pictures.
 Tell of some things you learn about Hood's boyhood days.
3. In the last line of the first stanza, why is *borne* better than *carried*?
 In the second line of the third stanza *used* means *accustomed*; why can *accustomed* not be used?
 In the fifth line of the same stanza why would *soared* not be as good as *flew*?
 In the seventh line would *ponds* be as well chosen as *pools*?

2. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of linnets' wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
 While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements grey,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

—William Butler Yeats

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

William Butler Yeats (1865-) is one of Ireland's greatest poets and playwrights, and one of the outstanding literary figures of to-day. He was a Free State senator for six years, winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1923, and has been from its founding a director of the Abbey Theatre, one of the most famous theatres in the world. He has gone to old legends and folklore for his inspiration, and all his work shows a desire to escape from the uglinesses of modern civilization.

1. The Lake Isle of Innisfree is really a place—any place—to which the imagination can escape when it is weary of the real world. What is it that the poet is looking for at Innisfree that he cannot get where he is?
2. Read this poem aloud, and see if you can bring out the music of it. Read it slowly, listening to the melody of the words. Do you feel the peace in it?

3. A LETTER TO ALISON CUNNINGHAM

As a child Robert Louis Stevenson was always frail. If it had not been for the tender care of his nurse, Alison Cunningham, he might not have lived. The love which existed between the two is shown in this letter to her, written when he was grown to manhood.

[1871?]

MY DEAR CUMMY,—I was greatly pleased by your letter in many ways. Of course, I was glad to hear from you; you know, you and I have so many old stories between us, that even if there was nothing else, even if there was not a very sincere respect and affection, we should always be glad to pass a nod. I say "even if there was not." But you know right well there is. Do not suppose that I shall ever forget those long, bitter nights, when I coughed and coughed and was so unhappy, and you were so patient and loving with a poor, sick child. Indeed, Cummy, I wish I might become a man worth talking of, if it were only that you should not have thrown away your pains.

Happily, it is not the result of our acts that makes them brave and noble, but the acts themselves and the unselfish love that moved us to do them. "Inasmuch as you have



HALL OF FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BARON

Note the fireplace, and the musicians' gallery at the far end of the hall.

done it unto one of the least of these." My dear old nurse, and you know there is nothing a man can say nearer his heart except his mother or his wife—my dear old nurse, God will make good to you all the good that you have done, and mercifully forgive you all the evil. And next time when the spring comes round, and everything is beginning once again, if you should happen to think that you might have had a child of your own, and that it was hard you should have spent so many years taking care of some one else's prodigal, just you think this—you have been for a great deal in my life; you have made much that there is in me, and there are sons who are more ungrateful to their own mothers than I am to you. For I am not ungrateful, my dear Cummy, and it is with a very sincere emotion that I write myself your little boy,

LOUIS.

4. AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!

The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,¹
Speckled with white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night
Beside a fire and by myself,
Sure of a bed and loth to leave
The ticking clock and shining delph!

¹Commonly spelled *delft*, pottery made in Delft, Holland.

Och! but I am weary of mist and dark,
 And roads where there's never a house or bush,
 And tired I am of bog and road,
 And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I'm praying to God on high,
 And I'm praying him night and day,
 For a little house—a house of my own—
 Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

—*Padraic Colum*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Padraic Colum is an Irish poet; are there any words in the poem that show the scene is laid in Ireland?
2. Are there any old women of the roads in your district? They are fairly common in European countries. How would such an old woman earn her living?
3. What differences in geographic conditions between this country and Ireland would affect the number of "trampers" to be found in each?
4. Do you think that trampers are happier than people tied down to one spot?

5. THE HOUSE AND THE ROAD

A SONG FOR THOSE WHO LEAVE HOME

The little Road says Go,
 The little House says Stay:
 And O, it's bonnie here at home,
 But I must go away.

The little Road, like me,
 Would seek and turn and know;
 And forth I must, to learn the things
 The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
 And journey while I may,
 Though heart be sore for the little House
 That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When the little Road says, Go.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody*

6. ON THE SHORES OF LONGING

This Irish legend tells how all those who leave home are filled with longing, and how the evening of life brings us all home again.

It was in the old forgotten days when all the western coast of Spain was sprinkled with lonely hermitages among the rocks, and with holy houses and towers of prayer; and this west coast was thought to be the last and outermost edge of all land, for beyond there lay nothing but the vast ocean stream and the sunset. There, in the west of the world, on the brink of the sea and lights of the day that is done, lived the men of God, looking for ever toward the East for the coming of the Lord.

Now in one of these holy houses lived the monk, Bresal of the Songs, who had followed Sedulius, the Bishop, into Spain.

Bresal had been sent thither to teach the brethren the music of the choirs of the Isle of the Gael and to train the novices in chant and psalmody, for of all singers the sweetest was he, and he could play on every instrument of wind or string, and was skilled in all the modes of minstrelsy. Thereto he knew by heart numberless hymns and songs and poems, and God had given him the gift to make songs, and hymns, and beautiful airs for the singing of them. And for these things, so sweet and gentle was the nature of the man, he was greatly beloved whithersoever he fared.

A happy and holy life had he lived, but now he was growing old; and as he looked from the cliffs far over the western waters, he thought daily more and more of Erin, and a great longing grew upon him to see once more that green isle in which he had been born. And when he saw,

far below, the ships of the seafarers dragging slowly away into the north in the breezy sunshine or in the blue twilight, his eyes became dim with the thought that perchance these wind-reddened mariners might be steering for the shore of his longing.

The prior of the convent noticed his sadness and questioned him of the cause; and when Bresal told him, "Why should you go?" he asked. "Do you not love us any longer?"

"Dearly do I love you, Father," replied Bresal, "and dearly this house, and every rock and tree and flower; but no son of the Isle of the Gael forgets the little mother-lap of earth whereon he was nursed, or the smell of the burning peat, or the song of the robin, or the drone of the big mottled wild bee, or the cry of the wild geese when the winter is nigh. Even Columba, the holy, pined for the lack of these things.

"This is what he says in one of the songs which he has left us:—

"There's an eye of grey
Looks back to Erin far away;
Big tears wet that eye of grey
Seeking Erin far away.'"

Now the prior loved Bresal as Jonathan loved David; and though it grieved him to part with him, he resolved that if it could be compassed Bresal should go back to his own country. "But you must never forget us, and when you are happy, far away from us, you must think of us and give us your heart in prayér."

"Never shall I forget you, Father," the Singer replied. "Indeed, it will not be a strange thing if I shall long for you then even as I am longing for my home now; for in truth, next to my home, most do I love the brethren of this house, and the very house itself, and the hills and the sea and the dying lights of the evening. But I know that it will not be permitted me ever to return. The place of my birth will be the place of my resurrection."

The prior smiled, and laid his hand gently on the monk's shoulder: "O Bresal, if it be within my power, you shall have your will."

So he sent messengers to Sedulius the Bishop; and Sedulius, who also had the Irish heart with its tears of longing, consented; and not many days after the swallows and martins had gone flashing by into the north, Bresal of the Songs was free to follow as speedily as he might.

Long was the way and weary the pilgrimage, but at last he reached the beloved green Isle of the Gael, and fared into the south-west. He came at sunset on the last day of the week to the place of bells and cells among the rocks of the coast of Kerry. In that blessed spot there is ever a service of angels ascending and descending. And when he saw once more the turf dyke and the wattled cells and the rude stone church of the Brotherhood where he had been a son of reading in his boyhood, and the land all quiet, with the labour of the week done, and the woods red with the last light of the finished day, the tears ran down his face, and he fell on the earth and kissed it for joy at his return. It was a glad thing for him to be there once more; to recognize each spot he had loved, to look on the old stones and trees, the hills and sparkling sea, the rocky isle and the curraghs of the fisher-folk; to smell the reek of the peat curling up blue in the sweet air; for all these things had haunted him in dreams when he was in a distant land.

Now when the first hunger of longing had been appeased, and the year wore round, and the swallows gathered in the autumn, and every bush and tree was crowded with them while they waited restlessly for a moonlight night and a fair wind to take their flight over sea, Bresal began to think tenderly of the home on the Spanish cliffs overhanging the brink of the sunset.

Then in the brown days of the autumn rains; and again in the keen November when the leaves were falling in sudden showers—but the highest leaves clung the

longest—and puffs of whirling wind set the fallen leaves flying, and these were full of sharp sounds and pattering voices; and when the sparrows went flying with the leaves so that one could not well say which were leaves and which were birds; and yet again through the bitter time when the eaves were hung with icicles and the low hills and fields were hoary—the memory of the prior and of the beloved house prevailed with him, and he felt the dull ache of separation.

As the days passed by, his trouble grew the greater, for he began to fear that his love of the creature was attaching him too closely to the earth and to the things of this fleeting life. In vain he strove to subdue his affections; the human heart within him would not suffer him to rest.

Now it happened on a day when the year had turned, and a soft wind was tossing the little new leaves and the shadows of the leaves, and the new grass and the shadows of the grass, Bresal was sitting on a rock in the sun on the hillside.

Suddenly there flashed by him, in a long, swift, joyous swing of flight, two beautiful birds with long wings and forked tails and a sheen of red and green. It was the swallows that had returned.

For a moment he felt an ascension of the heart, and then he recollect ed that nearly a year had elapsed since he had seen the face of his friend the prior for the last time in this world. And he wondered to himself how they all fared—whether any one had died, what this one or that was now doing, whether they still spoke at times of him, but chiefly he thought of the prior, and he prayed for him with a great love. And thinking thus as he sat on the rock, Bresal seemed to see once more the dear house in Spain and the cliffs overlooking the vast ocean stream, and it appeared to him as though he were once again in a favourite nook among the rocks beside the priory.

In that nook a thread of water trickled down into hollow

stone and made a little pool, and around the pool grew an ice plant, with thick round green leaves set close and notched on the edge, and a thin russet stalk, and little stars of white flowers sprinkled with red. And hard by the pool stood a small rounded evergreen tree from which he had often gathered orange-scarlet berries. At the sight of these simple and familiar things the tears ran down Bresal's cheeks, half for joy and half for sorrow.

Now at this selfsame moment the prior was taking the air and saying his office¹ near that very spot, and when he had closed his breviary, he remembered his friend in Erin far away, and murmured, "How is it, Lord, with Bresal my brother? Have him, I pray Thee, ever in Thy holy keeping."

As he spoke, the gift of heavenly vision descended on the prior, and he saw where Bresal sat on a rock in the sun, gazing at the evergreen tree and the ice plant about the little pool, and he perceived that Bresal fancied he was looking at these things.

A great tenderness for Bresal filled the prior's heart, and he prayed: "Lord, if it be Thy holy will, let Bresal my brother have near him these things of which he is dreaming, as a remembrance of what his soul loveth!" Then, turning to the tree and the plant and the pool, he blessed them and said: "O little tree, and starry plant, and cool well, and transparent fern, and whatsoever else Bresal now sees, arise in the name of the Lord of the four winds and of earth and water and fire; arise, and go, and make real the dream that he is dreaming."

As he spoke, the trickling water and the tree and the saxifrage, and with them parcels of soil and rock, and with the pool the blue light of the sky reflected in it, rose like a cloud and vanished. And the prior beheld them no more.

At last Bresal brushed away his tears, blaming his weakness and his enslavement to earthly affections.

¹ The service from his prayer book

but the things he had seen in his happy daydream did not vanish. To his great amazement, there at his feet were the little pool and the ice plant, and hard by grew the evergreen tree. He rose with a cry of joy. "O Father prior, 't is thy prayer hath done this!"

And care was lifted from him; for now he knew that in his human love he had in no wise sinned against the love of God, but contrariwise, the love of his friend had drawn him closer to the love of his Maker. During all the days of the years of his exile, this little parcel of Spain was a solace and a strength to him.

Many a hundred years have gone by since this happened; but still, if you travel in that land, you may see the ice plant and the evergreen tree. And the name of the evergreen is the strawberry tree. The ice plant, which is also called a saxifrage, may now be seen in many a garden to which it has been brought from the Kerry mountains, and it is known as London-pride. Botanists who do not know the story of Bresal of the Songs have been puzzled to explain how a Spanish tree and a Spanish flower happened to grow in one little nook of Erin.

—*William Canton*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Yeats, Colum and Canton are Irishmen, and reveal in their work certain characteristics common to Irish writers in general. There is a prevailing note of homesickness. Laughter there is, but tears are not far away. What other characteristics do you notice?
2. Taking these three writers together, would you say thought or feeling was uppermost?
3. We commonly refer to such literature as Celtic. Warm, emotional, full of colour and melody, mysticism and sadness, it has influenced many writers not of Irish birth. Look for this Celtic note in Marjorie Pickthall, Carman, and Norah Holland.
4. If you have come from another country, write a letter to a friend in the old land. Tell what you like most about your adopted country, and also what you miss.
5. If you were born here, imagine you are away from home. Write a letter to a friend in a homesick mood.



PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

7. PRAYER FOR A LITTLE HOME

When we sent this poem to the artist for a drawing based on one of its stanzas, we asked her not to choose for her drawing the stanza she thought best, nor yet the second, but the third best. As you read, determine what you think would be her first and second choice.

God send us a little home
To come back to when we roam.

Low walls and fluted tiles,
Wide windows, a view for miles.

Red firelight and deep chairs,
Small white beds upstairs.

Great talk in little nooks,
Dim colours, rows of books.

One picture on each wall,
Not many things at all.

God send us a little ground,
Tall trees standing round.

Homely flowers in brown sod.
Overhead, thy stars, O God!

—*Anonymous*

CLASS WORK

1. Though small, each stanza of this poem expresses a distinct idea about homes. For example, the third one might be entitled, *Home Comforts*. Invent titles which you think express the thought of each stanza. Try to improve on the one that has been given for the third.
2. Think of some other titles this poem might have.
3. Try to make a drawing to illustrate the best word-picture, or make a little poem describing in more detail the idea of the best stanza; or write a description of one room in the house you are going to own.
4. In answering these questions on the five poems you have just studied, prove your points by referring, where possible, to definite examples from the poems themselves:
 - (a) Which poem gave the most real pictures of homes?
 - (b) Which was the most imaginative?
 - (c) Which one had the best chosen words?
 - (d) Which made you think most?
 - (e) Which was most musical?
 - (f) Which combines melody, beautiful pictures and a fine thought in the most memorable way?
5. Memorize the two poems you like best.

READ A BOOK

Lisbeth Longfrock. By Hans Aarud, translated by Emilie Poulssoon. Ginn. A little girl's life on a Norwegian farm, showing lovable peasant characters.

Hans Brinker. By Mary M. Dodge. Scribners. A story of boy and girl life in Holland.

The Adventures of Billy Topsail. By Norman Duncan. Revell. Every-day life among the fisher-folk on the Newfoundland coast. Sequels to the story are: *Billy Topsail and Company* and *Billy Topsail, M.D.*

Six to Sixteen. By Juliana H. Ewing. Bell. The daughter of an English officer in India keeps an amusing diary.

Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan. Boyhood days in pioneer times in the Middle West.

In the Days of Lion Heart. By Wallace Gandy. Crowell. Lives of English peasants in Plantagenet times; a book for every boy and girl.

Blackfoot Lodge Tales. By G. B. Grinnell. Scribners. Legends, customs and magic rites of a famous tribe on the Plains.

Katinka. By Helen E. Haskell. Dutton. A Russian peasant girl is trained for the ballet. Contains memorable pictures of Russian home life before the Revolution.

8. A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE

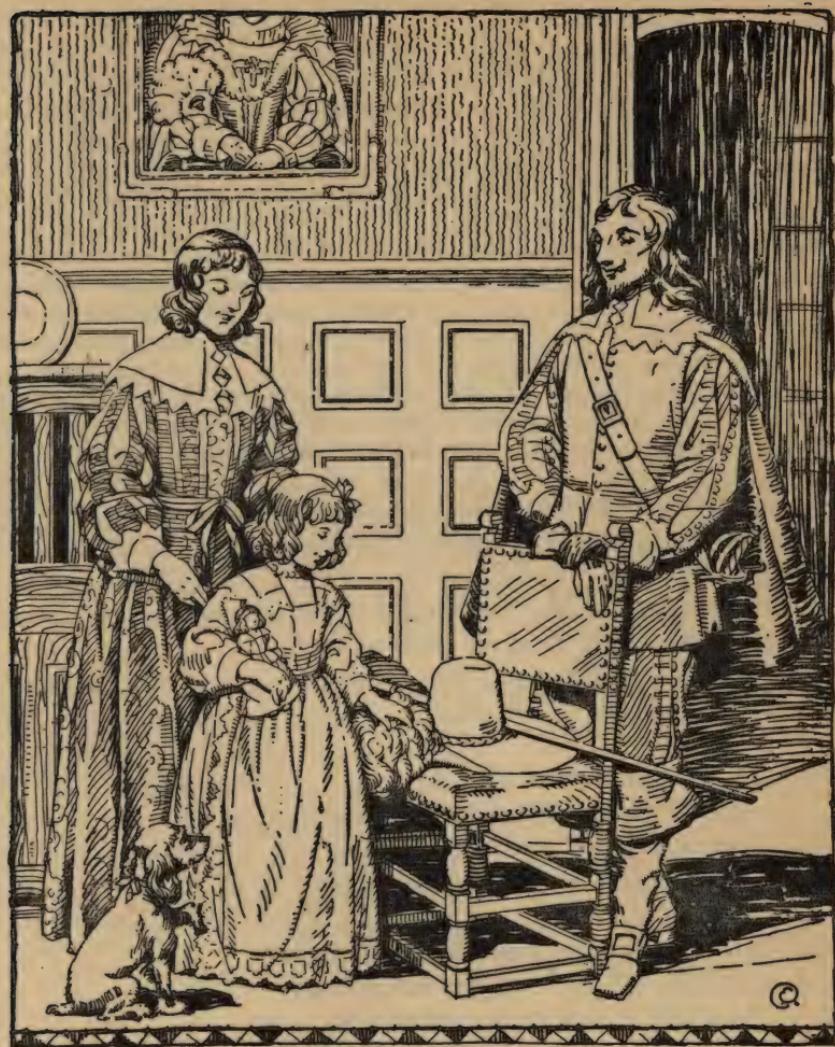
Robert Herrick (1594-1674) wrote many lyrics on love and nature. He had a rare zest for life, and is truest in his music when swept away in such poems as "Gather Ye Rosebuds While Ye May."

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
 Wherein to dwell;
 A little house, whose humble Roof
 Is weather-proof;
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward
 Hast set a Guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
 Both void of state;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who thither come and freely get
 Good words, or meat:
 Like as my Parlour, so my Hall
 And Kitchen's small:
 A little Buttery, and therein
 A little Bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of Bread
 Unchipped, unfled:
 Some brittle sticks of Thorn and Briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it. . .
 All these, and better Thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
 That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart.

—*Robert Herrick*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which of all the selections on Home do you like most? Why?
2. Have these writers omitted anything about home you value?



IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES I [1625-1649]

B. MOTHER

1. A WORTHY WOMAN

A great writer has the same power over words that a great musician has over his instrument. Both the writer and the musician can make their instruments interpret more emotion and feeling than we could attempt to do.

In literature the writer frequently uses his words to suggest ideas different from the meaning the words ordinarily bear. If words are used in their everyday sense, they are said to bear their literal meaning; if they do not mean exactly what they appear to say, they are said to possess a figurative meaning.

Thus, in the following selection you will read: "She stretcheth out her hands to the poor." What is the literal and figurative meaning of these words?

The writers of the Bible frequently employed figurative language to express vividly and forcefully their own feelings, and to stir the thoughts of their hearers. Some of the figurative expressions in this selection are italicized. When you come to them, pause to think out their meaning.

A worthy woman who can find?
For her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband trusteth in her
And he shall have no lack of gain.
She doeth him good and not evil
All the days of her life.

She seeketh wool and flax,
And worketh willingly with her hands.
She is like the merchant-ships;
She bringeth her bread from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night,
And giveth food to her household,
And their task to her maidens.
She considereth a field, and buyeth it;
With the fruit of her hands she planted a vineyard.
She girdeth her loins with strength,
And maketh strong her arms.
She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable;
Her lamp goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands to the spindle.
She stretcheth out her hands to the poor;
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

*She is not afraid of the snow for her household;
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.
She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;
Her clothing is fine linen and purple.
Her husband is known in the gates,
When he sitteth among the elders of the land.
She maketh linen garments and selleth them,
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.
Strength and dignity are her clothing;
And she laugheth at the time to come.
She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.
She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.*

*Her children rise up, and call her blessed;
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:
Many daughters have done worthily,
But thou excellest them all.
Grace is deceitful, and beauty is vain;
But a woman that feareth Jehovah, she shall be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates.*

—*Proverbs of Solomon*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What are some occupations mentioned here that are no longer done in the home?
2. What are some similar duties of women in ancient and modern times?
3. What does the selection tell you of Jewish home life? In what respects does the position of women nowadays differ from that of ancient times? Do you agree that a woman's place is in the home?

2. LOVE AMONG THE BIRDS

In 1907, the third year I had my clipped Canada geese, one pair nested, and every season since I have had from one to three pairs raise young. This is the very time these old ganders especially expose their incomparable, clean, noble ways, which even we human beings might well envy them.

One spring I had a painter from town out here brightening things up a little, so one day I told him to paint the cornice of the bird house, which is about seven feet high. I paid no more attention to him, but went on with my work at the tile factory, about three hundred feet away. All at once I heard a scream that was joined with language too loud to look well in print. I got out just in time to see this scared man come rolling over the brick wall, his legs and arms sticking up like odd sections in a Ferris-wheel! To see and hear him wrinkled my red face into a broad grin; he came towards me with both torn shirt-sleeves fluttering in the wind and white paint dabbled on one leg of his trousers, without hat, paint, pail or pipe. He began to reel it off. Then it all came to me in a flash. I had forgotten to tell him about the goose-nest that was concealed in the weeds near that spot. And now it was too late to give him any explanation, for really he did not know whether he was bitten or stung. While he was not hurt a particle, he was nearly frightened into fits, and he could not, or would not, believe there were only two geese there. I finally went and found his pipe, Christy hat and paint pail, but he never would go back in that enclosure; and worse still, I doubt if he has ever forgiven me, as he thought I had put up a job on him.

One picture would do for all the pairs of Canada geese I ever saw nesting. While the gander takes no part in building the nest or setting, turn about, on the eggs, as some birds do, yet he is always guarding her and is never

over two rods away, seeing all enemies before they do him. He will usually lie flat on the ground, his black neck and snake-like head straight out, and if any creature goes right on by, all is well; but should one note him and stop, then he will suddenly jump on it from an unexpected quarter. His looks and hissing honks will almost frighten any other creature into decline; and while frightening is his chief defence, yet I know from personal experience how he can bite, and hang on like a pup, while he deals unbelievably heavy blows with the first joint of his powerful wings. The worst blow I ever got in my life was from an old gander that I caught to tag; he struck me on the jaw with the first joint of his doubled-up wings and, believe me, I had the mumps for weeks!

While I have seen the goose run at a domestic fowl or so, yet she does not pretend to do much fighting. She usually leaves that strenuous exercise for him, and depends on his protection; and well she may, for he never fails her. He will even leave his family and fight for her.

A pair once nested near the tile kiln, and a collie dog attacked this gander. The goose won out, but the dog bit the end of his backbone right off. I saw the blood running down his legs and in a few days I noticed he was always in the one place, lying down by his sweetheart. I went over and found he was sick and so weak he let me pick him up. I saw what was wrong, so I went and got the turpentine bottle and poured some in this decaying cavity. I then brought the dear old fellow water and food, but it was fully a week before he could stand up. He finally got well, and I still have him, but he was dying at his post. His name is Tom Johnson.

I never saw the wild geese go near where one of these pairs was nesting. So one spring I took fully ten bushels of corn and scattered it around near a nest. And the thousands of geese that came here would not combine their forces and go near, after the corn, or interfere with

his preserve, but would prefer flying all over the country to feed, where some of them are continually getting shot. This will explain to you how they respect each others' rights.

—Jack Miner

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which incident showed the most intense love?
2. Find and read aloud some lines which show Jack Miner's sense of humour

3. THE FAMILY LARAMIE

William Henry Drummond (1854-1909) was born in Ireland and came to Canada when a mere lad. He was a physician in Quebec, where he learned to know and love the habitants. Fréchette, the leading French poet of Quebec, welcomed him as "the pathfinder of a new land of song." While the habitant did not speak just as Drummond writes, the poet does succeed in making known the simplicity, humour, sincerity and warm humanity of these delightful neighbours. Canada has changed in many ways, but Johnnie Courteau, Little Bateese, and the Family Laramie are still the same happy and contented habitants.

Hssh! look at bab-bee on de leetle blue chair,
 W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?
 Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
 A-shovin' along canoe.
 Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove,
 W'ere it's passin' de chimley-stone,
 But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset,
 So long he was lef' alone.

Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
 No sooner he's twelve mont' ole;
 He'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
 An' paddle an' push de pole,
 Den haul de log all about de place,
 Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room,
 An' say it's all right, for de storm las' night
 Was carry away de boom.

Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
 Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,

Tak' hees firse slide to de water side,
 An' off on de lake he's gone.
 Out of de cradle dey're goin' sam' way
 On reever an' lake an' sea;
 For born to de trade, dat's how dey're made,
 De familee Laramie.

An' de reever she's lyin' so handy dere
 On foot of de hill below,
 Dancin' along an' singin' de song
 As away to de sea she go,
 No wonder I never can lak dat song,
 For soon it is comin' w'en
 Dey'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
 An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,
 An' spik to de reever too:
 "O reever, you know how dey love you so,
 Since ever dey're seein' you.
 For sake of dat love bring de leetle boy home
 Once more to de moder's knee."
 An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere
 Will help bring dem back to me.

—William Henry Drummond

READ A BOOK

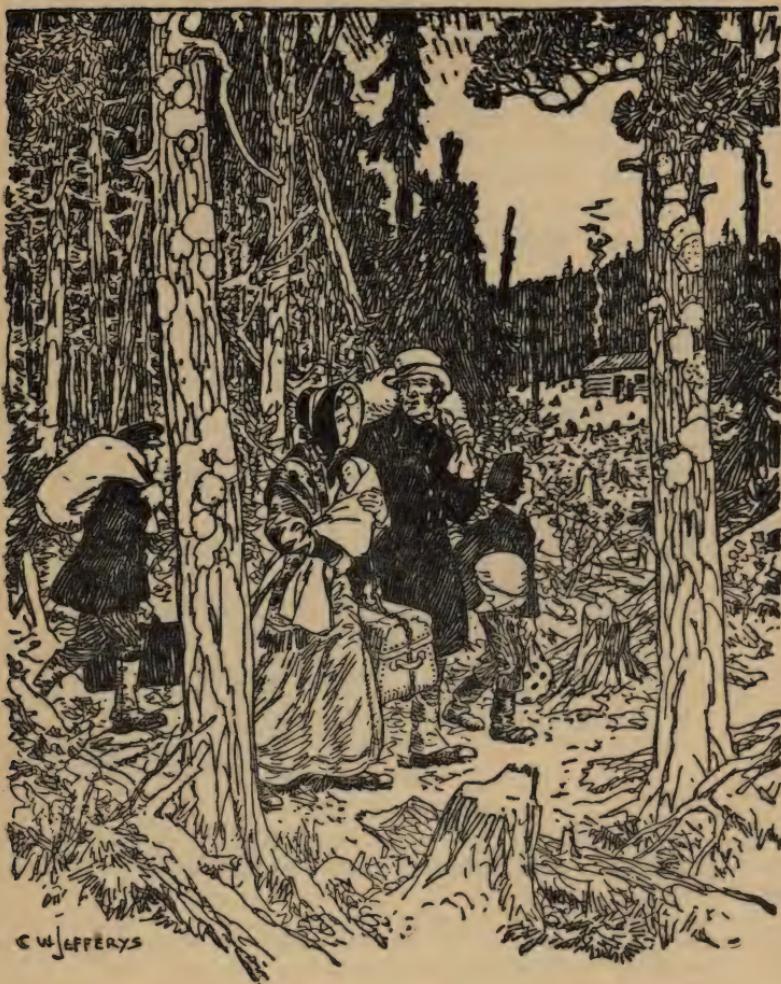
Anne of Green Gables. By L. M. Montgomery. McClelland. The author's girlhood on Prince Edward Island is told in this and in the sequel, *Anne of Avonlea*.

Marbacka. By Selma Lagerlof. Doubleday. Illustrated. A story of the author's childhood on an old Swedish homestead. Some may wish to read first the author's *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*.

When Granny was a Little Girl. By A. E. P. Searing. Doubleday, Page. Everyday life in an everyday family of boys and girls fifty years ago.

Heidi. By Johanna Spyri. Dent (or Houghton, illustrated). A lovable girl, Heidi, and her life in the Swiss Alps.

A Daughter of the Samurai. By Etsu J. Sugimoto. Doubleday, Page. The author tells the story of her childhood as a daughter of an old feudal family of Japan; her life in America, and the return home with her children. For grown-ups, but will interest older girls.



THE BACKWOODSMAN JOURNEYS TO HIS NEW HOME
IN THE CLEARINGS

C. THE ROUND OF THE CLOCK

1. A PIONEER HOME

But it is time that I should give you some account of our log-house, into which we moved a few days before Christmas. Many unlooked-for delays having hindered its completion before that time, I began to think it would never be habitable.

The first misfortune that happened was the loss of a fine yoke of oxen that were purchased to draw in the house-logs, that is, the logs for raising the walls of the house. Not regarding the bush as pleasant as their former master's cleared pastures, or perhaps foreseeing some hard work to come, early one morning they took into their heads to ford the lake at the head of the rapids, and march off, leaving no trace of their route excepting their footing at the water's edge. After many days spent in vain search for them, the work was at a stand, and for one month they were gone, and we began to give up all expectation of hearing any news of them. At last we learned they were some twenty miles off, in a distant township, having made their way through bush and swamp, creek and lake, back to their former owner, with an instinct that supplied to them the want of roads and compass.

It was the latter end of October before even the walls of our house were up. To effect this we called "a bee." Sixteen of our neighbours cheerfully obeyed our summons; and though the day was far from favourable, so faithfully did our hive perform their tasks, that by night the outer walls were raised.

The work went merrily on with the help of plenty of Canadian nectar (whiskey), the honey that our bees are solaced with. Some huge joints of salt pork, a peck of potatoes, with a rice-pudding, and a loaf as big as an enormous Cheshire cheese, formed the feast that **was to**

regale them during the raising. This was spread out in the shanty in a very rural style. In short, we laughed, and called it a picnic in the backwoods; and rude as was the fare, I can assure you, great was the satisfaction expressed by all the guests of every degree, our "bee" being considered as very well conducted. In spite of the difference of rank among those that assisted at the bee, the greatest possible harmony prevailed, and the party separated well pleased with the day's work and entertainment.

The following day I went to survey the newly-raised edifice, but was sorely puzzled, as it presented very little appearance of a house. It was merely an oblong square of logs raised one above the other, with open spaces between every row of logs. The spaces for the doors and windows were not then chopped out, and the rafters were not up. In short, it looked a very queer sort of a place, and I returned home a little disappointed, and wondering that my husband should be so well pleased with the progress that had been made. A day or two after this I again visited it. The sleepers were laid to support the floors, and the places for the doors and windows cut out of the solid timbers, so that it had not quite so much the look of a bird-cage as before.

After the roof was shingled, we were again at a stand, as no boards could be procured nearer than Peterborough, a long day's journey through horrible roads. At that time no sawmill was in progress; now there is a fine one building within a little distance of us. Our flooring-boards were all to be sawn by hand, and it was some time before any one could be found to perform this necessary work, and that at high wages—six-and-sixpence per day. Well, the boards were at length down, but of course of unseasoned timber; this was unavoidable; so, as they could not be planed, we were obliged to put up with their rough, unsightly appearance, for no better were to be had. We console ourselves with the prospect that by next summer

the boards will all be seasoned, and then the house is to be turned topsy-turvy, by having the floors all relaid, jointed, and smoothed.

—Catharine Parr Traill

2. TOM AND MAGGIE PLAY THE GAME

This story, "At Home with the Tullivers," is taken from a famous book, *The Mill on the Floss*. It was written by Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880), who took as her *nom-de-plume* a man's name, George Eliot, by which she is generally known. The reason that she took a male pen-name may sound peculiar. Though her novels were written not so long ago, those were days when woman's place was the home. Women were not expected to have views on life and religion, especially "advanced" views, as George Eliot did have. It was better, therefore, to write under a man's name.

Most of her novels are based on English country life, and her characters are drawn from people whom she knew. Tom and Maggie of this story may be taken to represent her brother and herself.

"What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's—a—new—guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I *can't* guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the taffy and ginger-bread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! I say, *won't* we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and *every*-thing—*won't* it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause—"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good.—I *do* love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the taffy."

"Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

"Hurt me? No," said Tom, putting up the hooks again.

"Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If a lion came roaring at me, I think you'd fight him—wouldn't you, Tom?"

"How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

"No; but if we were in the lion countries—I mean in Africa, where it's very hot—the lions eat people there. I can show it to you in the book where I read it."

"Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

"But if you hadn't got a gun—we might have gone out, you know, not thinking—just as we go fishing; then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?"

Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion *isn't* coming. What's the use of talking?"

"But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

"Oh, don't bother, Maggie! You're such a silly—I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear.

She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked

after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out-of-doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his colour heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly—but I never *do* forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a decisive tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the taffy, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

"Ye-ye-es—and I—lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill.

Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be—and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom—had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

"Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow echo that came through the long, empty space of the attic.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there.

If she went down again to Tom now—would he forgive her?—Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person.

But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell"

on Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honour.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," said Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drownded!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drownded!" said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a decisive man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and dishevelled hair to beg for pity.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round

his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom!"

Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibres in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved: he actually began to kiss her in return, and say—

"Don't cry, then, Magsie—here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, like two friendly ponies.

So ended the sorrows of the day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful—much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly—they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do

anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

They were on their way to the Round Pool—that wonderful pool which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds; so that the water was only to be seen when one got close to the brink. The sight of the old favourite spot always heightened Tom's good-humour, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large fish bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"Oh, Magsie! you little duck! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustlings, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much.

—George Eliot

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

The game of life is often a difficult one to play well. This may be due to circumstances over which we have no control, or it may be due to our own natures. Sometimes it is due to a combination of both. George Eliot's *The Mill on the Floss* deals with such a problem. The characters of Tom and Maggie are drawn largely after her brother and herself when they were children.

1. As a writer, George Eliot is outstanding for the skilful way in which she can picture people, and tell about their motives and thoughts and actions. Her skill lay in character-drawing.

There are three ways by which a writer reveals the characters of the persons of the story:

- (a) by what the person does (or fails to do);
- (b) by what the person says;
- (c) by what the writer says about the person.

Now read the story again in order to learn how skilfully George Eliot drew the characters of Tom and Maggie. Set your work on paper in this fashion:

MAGGIE

HER CHARACTER	THIS IS SHOWN BY		What G.E. says of her
	What she does	What she says	
1. Very fond of her brother.....			
2.			

Do not attempt to quote selections from the story; make each of your statements as brief as possible. Make a similar table for Tom.

2. Maggie is the more likable of the two, is she not? Give some reasons. Does Tom "act just like a boy" and Maggie "just like a girl"?
3. As a consequence of this close study you have made of the story, you ought now to be able to quote some particularly well-chosen expression George Eliot has used. Give as many as you can from memory.
4. As an example of the prejudice that existed against women entering professional life, try to find out something about Angelica Kaufman, the artist-painter, and make a report to your class.
5. Jane Austen wrote a novel which bears the title *Sense and Sensibility*, two words which signify good common sense and affection. All works of art contain emotion, honest feeling. But some artists and authors, incapable of deep emotion, succeed only in becoming sentimental and affected. Therefore their work is gushing and hollow. Sentimental art is insincere emotion. Is George Eliot's story sentimental? Show examples from your reading of strong and shallow feeling.

3. THE CRATCHITS' CHRISTMAS DINNER

Scrooge was an old miser, who loved himself and his money and hated grown-ups and children. He came under the influence of a Good Spirit who taught him where happiness might be found. (Reading time, 6 minutes.)

Perhaps it was the pleasure the Good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him; on the threshold of the door the *Spirit smiled and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling.* Think of that!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and made a goodly show for six-pence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and, getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honour of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan-lid to be let out and peeled.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and Master Peter, and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly, too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up; apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily, Bob proposed:

“A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!” Which all the family re-echoed.

“God bless us every one!” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him. Then he gave another toast.

“Mr. Scrooge!” said Bob; “I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!”

“The Founder of the Feast indeed!” cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. “I wish I had him here. I'd give

him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it!"

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such a stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A merry Christmas and a happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!"

Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collar, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favour when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collar so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did,

the inside of a pawnbroker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time.

—Charles Dickens

4. THE EVENING HOUR AT KINGSCROFT

In the following essay Lloyd Roberts gives a delightful picture of an evening hour in his old home, "Kingscroft." Papa is none other than Sir Charles Roberts, who was then a professor at King's College, Windsor, N.S. Windsor many years before was the home of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, or, as he is best known, "Sam Slick." The Sleepy-Man song was written by Sir Charles Roberts for his children. You ought to read the rest of it, also the Wake-up Song—"Up and Away in the Morning." Lloyd Roberts' *The Book of Roberts* tells another interesting story. Uncle Bliss pays "Kingscroft" a visit, and Papa and he talk in a low, rumbling, mysterious voice, behind the closed door, far into the night. You may have guessed that the uncle was Bliss Carman.

My father was the strongest man in the world, there was no doubt about it. He was also a professor, one having authority, without the house as well as within. His word, not repeated, was law, and even Lizzie obeyed it. I suppose a considerable amount of discipline was required at Kingscroft, seeing that there were four of us children, besides a Boston bull terrier and Lizzie, who was Irish. My mother wasn't much of a hand at this line of work. The mailed glove, however, incased a warm and very human hand. After implicit obedience had been demanded and rendered, we were given almost unlimited freedom for the purpose of happiness, out-of-doors. There we could romp and row at our own sweet will, provided our hands were clean, and our feet on time for meals. "No romping in the house," I can hear my father say, and straightway we'd subside, no matter how exploding we were inside. So we would seat ourselves demurely around the dining-table and put our heads in our plates, while Papa pronounced a rapid-fire grace in a dead language. We would accompany him, buzzing in unison like a swarm

of bees. We hadn't been taught this trick, any more than Hecate, our Maltese cat, had been taught to beg, but we had always performed it as an inevitable part of the table ritualism.

Eggs were a luxury then as now, it seems. Whenever Papa would indulge in one, he would most carefully decapitate the shell, giving the top to each of us in turn. We children ate porridge, if it were breakfast. During the dinner, if there were two courses and no Lizzie, who was rather intermittent, we would rise after the first course and scrape our plates out of the dining-room window to a large and expectant assembly of fowls. This brilliant scheme saved both waste and dish-washing, though my mother never quite approved, especially if there were guests. After each meal, unless college classes were on, the study door would be closed on Papa and the Major, and the rest of the house became silent as a church. One knew instinctively that mighty things were brewing in the book-lined room on the other side of the door, and it behooved us not to meddle therein. Now when I glance at my own study shelves, I can see the reason why.

During the summer evenings, we would play out of the house up to the last pre-bed second, but in winter time, being indoors, we were granted the freedom of the study from seven to eight. Three sides of this room supported books; a huge flat desk filled one corner; there was a black-and-green-veined marble fireplace. The mantel contained a clock, two terra-cotta busts of mid-Victorian poets, a miniature oil or two, and a Venus. These objects might seem a mere trifle to you, but they were as unique to seven-year me as they would have been to the Congo dwarfs. Immediately on entering you were required to possess yourself of a book and chair and become "still as a mouse." The book was usually "The Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax," profusely and appropriately illustrated. The dancing firelight glinted magically on the gilt-lined back and cover. It also did things, comfortable things, to your

limbs and imagination, fusing the slow tick-tock of the clock, the scratch of pen, the wavering shadows, the tropical pictures, and your wide-eyed dreams into one delicious whole. After a while it would do things to your eyes, too, if you weren't careful. Suddenly your father's voice would break the spell with "Time for bed, old chicks," and you'd stumble around, kissing any one who happened to be in the room, and climb heavily up the stairs. Papa would follow a little later, after Mama had got us well tucked in, for a farewell hug and kiss. Papa wore a Louis Quinze moustache in those days, not his skimpy tooth-brush affair of the Great War, and he would stroke it back with his thumb and finger before leaning over the bed.

We not only loved our Papa tremendously, but we also respected him, a rarer emotion. We were sure that he possessed no frailties; he never lost his temper, or grumped, or nagged, or talked loud, or swore, or did any other of the things that lesser mortals did. If a lion had attacked us he would have dispatched it with bare hands. We had seen him lift Professor Bauber on a chair, with one hand, and we heard one morning how he had descended to the yard in pyjamas in the wee small hours and propelled Lizzie's swain from beneath her window down to the Red Gate, using his bedroom-slippered feet in more ways than one. Then there was a moth-eaten, scarlet tunic in the attic that told you that your father had once been a soldier in the brave militia. But that was long, long ago and people didn't go to war any more, you were happily certain.

Most play days Papa would start off for town right after dinner, "before the banks closed," whatever that meant, with a majestic swing, a bump-covered cane and Major. We would see him returning through the woods, while yet a long way off, and a wild stampede for his open arms would ensue. He had great difficulty in keeping us from all talking at once.

On Sundays everything was changed. A suppressing gloom seemed to pervade the house, accentuated about

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On Sundays everything was changed. A suppressing gloom seemed to pervade the house, accentuated about

10 a.m. by preparations for church. "Best clothes" were an abomination, like iron bars to a prisoner. Your hair must surrender its snarls, your shoes be shined, your fingernails cut, your ribbons tied, all in a rush, the very last moment, and the prayer-books were always difficult to find. Papa kept aloof during these goings-on. He took his religion conscientiously, but not seriously. That is, he conformed to the conventions as all good professors must, but scarcely believed that man was made for the Sabbath or children were, either.

Of all cosy memories perhaps the cosiest was of snuggling up on the study sofa after tea, before the lamps were lit. Papa reclines on one elbow while we four stow ourselves in vacant nooks and corners about him like the chicks he calls us. The fire-flames fill the room with dancing goblins. Then Papa begins to sing the most glorious songs ever written: college songs with heaps of zest and jest, and we even join with Mama in the choruses, all on the same flat. "A Grasshopper Sat on the Railroad Track" is followed by "Bingo," "I Wish I Were a Buttercup," "Rolling Home," "Clementina," and a lot more, always including "A Capital Ship for an Ocean Trip," until the clock begins to strike something it shouldn't, and breaks up the party. I fear that we loved our Papa as children are supposed to love God. Is it any wonder?

—*Lloyd Roberts*

5. BOOKS AND GARDENS

The house I dwell in stands apart from the little town. It sees everything, but is itself unseen. My study window looks down upon Dreamthorp like a meditative eye. Without meaning it, I feel I am a spy on the ongoings of the quiet place. Around my house there is an old-fashioned rambling garden, with close-shaven grassy plots, and clipped yews, which have gathered their darkness from a

hundred summers and winters; and sundials, in which the sun is constantly telling his age.

The garden I love more than any place on earth; it is a better study than the room inside the house which is dignified by that name. I like to pace its gravelled walks, to sit in the moss-house, which is warm and cosy as a bird's nest, and wherein twilight dwells at noon-day; to enjoy the feast of colour spread for me in the curiously-shaped floral spaces. Care stops at the gates and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man. It is curious how deeply seated in the human heart is the liking for gardens and gardening. The sickly seamstress in the narrow city lane tends her box of sicklier mignonette. The retired merchant is as fond of tulips as ever was Dutchman. The author finds a garden the best place to think out his thought. In the statesman every restless throb of regret or ambition is stilled when he looks upon his blossomed apple trees. Is the fancy too far brought, that this love for gardens is a memory of that remote time in the world's dawn when but two persons existed—a gardener named Adam and a gardener's wife called Eve?

When I walk out of my house into my garden I walk out of my habitual self, my every-day thoughts. These I leave behind me for a time as the bather leaves his garments on the beach. This piece of garden ground, in extent barely a square acre, is a kingdom with its own interests, annals and incidents. Something is always happening in it. To-day is always different from yesterday.

I like flowering plants, but I like trees more, for the reason, I suppose, that they are slower in coming to maturity, are longer-lived, that you can become better acquainted with them, and that in the course of years memories and associations hang as thickly on their boughs as do leaves in summer or fruits in autumn. I do not wonder that great earls value their trees, and never, save in

direst extremity, lift upon them the axe. There are forests in England whose leafy noises may be shaped into Agincourt and the names of the battlefields of the Roses; oaks that dropped their acorns in the year that Henry VIII held his Field of the Cloth of Gold, and beeches that gave shelter to the deer when Shakespeare was a boy. There they stand, in sun and shower, the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries.

Trees are your best antiques. There are cedars on Lebanon which the axes of Solomon spared, they say, when he was busy with his temple; there are olives on Olivet that might have rustled in the ears of the Master and the Twelve; there are oaks in Sherwood which have tingled to the horn of Robin Hood and have listened to Maid Marian's laugh. Think of an existing Syrian cedar which is nearly as old as history, which was middle-aged before the wolf suckled Romulus; think of an existing English elm in whose branches the heron was reared which the hawks of Saxon Harold killed! If you wish to be remembered, better plant a tree than build a city or strike a medal—it will outlast both.

—*Alexander Smith*
From *Dreamthorpe*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Alexander Smith, the son of a lace-designer, was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, in 1830. He began his literary life with a volume of poems. After becoming secretary to the University of Edinburgh, he turned to prose. Like many of his contemporaries, he sought to rid himself of the austere literary standards of Matthew Arnold, and become more modern. In the best pages of his finest book, *Dreamthorpe*, there is indeed much freedom and a fuller use of the imagination.

This selection offers an excellent comparison between poetry and prose. You have already read Wordsworth's "Daffodils," and compared it with his sister's diary. As you read "Books and Gardens" you had in mind the two poems on "Trees." The lyrics left you in a happy mood; you became a tree, a daffodil, for one delightful moment. The prose makes you see the details, stops to reason and explain. Feeling is uppermost in poetry; thought takes the lead in prose.

Explain: "like a meditative eye"; "yews which have gathered their darkness from a hundred summers and winters"; "care stops at the gates"; "I walk out of my habitual self"; "the broad-armed witnesses of perished centuries."

6. *REQUIEM*

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) humorous and whimsical, brave and serious, fought an heroic battle with consumption and remained cheerful to the end. "The battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle, so as it goes." On Mount Vaea, high above his home "Vailima," on the island of Samoa, they buried him whom the natives called Tusitala, the Chieftain. Carved upon the tomb is his Requiem.

A requiem is a hymn for the dead. The poet wrote this as his own epitaph. It expresses his joy at the thought of release from all his suffering. Compare it with Bliss Carman's poem, "After School."

Under the wide and starry sky,
 Dig the grave and let me lie.
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.
 This be the verse you grave for me:

*Here he lies where he longed to be:
 Home is the sailor, home from sea,
 And the hunter home from the hill.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson

READ A BOOK

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin. A likeable girl is adopted by two prim New England aunts. You will also like *The Bird's Christmas Carol*; there are real boys and girls in it.

The Swiss Family Robinson. By Johann D. Wyss. Dent. Illustrated.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest. By Charlotte M. Yonge. Macmillan. Illustrated. Christina, a city girl, finds many thrilling experiences in a mountain fortress in the ruthless Middle Ages; a fine picture of life at that time.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. By Gulielma Zollinger. McClurg. An Irish widow has many laughable experiences along with her brave struggle to educate her seven sons.

Jan of the Windmill. By J. H. Ewing. Bell. An orphan boy is brought up by a village miller and becomes a famous painter.

The Cricket on the Hearth. By Charles Dickens. Oxford. Dickens calls this story "a fairy tale of home." The characters are not more interesting than the song of the kettle and the chirp of the cricket on the hearth.

Billy Topsail, and Doctor Luke of the Labrador. By Norman Duncan. Thrilling Newfoundland and Labrador stories, which will make you want to read *Captains Courageous*, by Rudyard Kipling.

7. THE TRAMP

Miss Martha Osteno was born in Manitoba, and now lives abroad. She became well known through her prize novel, *Wild Geese*. Miss Osteno has worked the American scene into her prose, and also into the verses which appear in *A Far Land*, from which this little picture-poem is taken.

Open wide the door—
What does it matter
That his dusty clothes
Are all a-tatter?
He carries moonlight
On his shoulder—
Open wide the door,
The night grows colder.
Heap the hearth fire,
Seat the stranger near.
Do not cringe, children,
There's naught to fear—
Though he comes and goes
With an alien tongue,
On his ragged sleeve
A thrush has sung.

—*Martha Osteno*

8. THE CARRIP

Barbara's interests are almost entirely agricultural these days. She spends every moment she can at the farm across the way, and venerates the lightest words of the old farmer and his wife. I am afraid Barbara is beginning to regard her father and mother as contemptible triflers. She is probably right. After all, our conversation is not about real and exciting things, such as turkeys and pigs and Tiny the cart-horse, all the time. Whereas everything the farmer says is part of a tremendous game. There are several toy farmers in the nursery cupboard, but there are

no toy authors and editors and publishers I hope there never will be.

We have our place, however, as I discovered the other day. Barbara announced to her mother that she was going to be a farmer as soon as ever she grew up. "But," she added, "I shall keep a man with a typewriter in a little house in the garden, and he'll go on writing books all the time on his typewriter and earn a lot of money for me." I suspect that this is the real feminine view of authorship, and I am not sure that it is not the soundest view. It has done me good to see myself as a man kept in a little house (my study) in the garden, a man presented with a typewriter and requested, very firmly, to make some money with it.

Such is Barbara in her eighth year. It is like having a mad farmer in the house. This afternoon she insisted upon talking to me about vegetables, just as if I were a constant reader of "The Smallholder." My own interest in vegetables only appears when they have reached the tureen stage, but I considered it high time I had my own share of the conversation.

"And then," I remarked, "there are carrips."

"Yes," said Barbara dubiously.

"Now don't confuse them with turnots. Carrips are quite different from turnots, though I have met people who never knew the difference. They aren't the same now, are they?"

"No." Still dubious, she was silent for a moment. Then—"What sort of leaves have carri-carrips?" she asked.

To this I returned the laugh of a triumphant pedant. "They haven't any leaves."

"No leaves at all?"

"Not a leaf."

This was puzzling. I could see her brooding, with enormous hollow eyes, over these leafless vegetables. "Well, what are they then?" she asked—"just roots?"

"Not a bit of it," I replied with great emphasis. "A carrip has no roots. A carrip has neither leaves nor roots, nor, truthfully speaking, can it be said to have stems or flowers. A carrip has none of these things."

"It must be funny."

"I don't know whether you can rightly call it funny. But there it is. That's why a carrip is so rare."

To this she made no reply whatever, she was biding her time.

"That's why you never see a carrip about nowadays. It's the rarest vegetable there is. That's another difference between the carrip and the turnot. People haven't actually found a turnot for years, but several times lately they've nearly found one. But they've never even nearly found a carrip. When they go to look for it, it simply isn't there. And most of them don't even know what to look for, which is stupid of them, I think."

"Where do they go?"

"Why, to the carrip fields, of course. And they are always next to the turnot fields, so it's not hard to find them."

Barbara turned wide, innocent eyes upon me. "Have you ever eaten one?"

"One what?"

"What you said. A carrip."

"No, I must confess," I said very heavily, "I have never eaten a carrip."

"Well, I have. And"—here she rattled away breathlessly and triumphantly—"it was a whole one—a whole carrip, and it was long and round and cooked in a pan, and very nice indeed to eat, not too sweet or sour, but just enough of everything. I loved it."

I pointed out that I was very busy. Apparently there is such a thing as being hoist with one's own canard.

—J. B. Priestley

9. A LETTER TO A CLOCKMAKER

My dear Sir: Since my hall clock was sent to your establishment to be cleaned it has gone (as indeed it always has) perfectly, but has struck with great reluctance, and after enduring internal agonies of a most distressing nature it has now ceased striking altogether. Though a happy release for the clock, this is not a convenience for the household. If you can send down any confidential person with whom the clock can confer, I think it may have something on its works that it would be glad to make a clean breast of.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Higham by Rochester, Kent,
Monday night, Sep. 14, 1863.

READ A BOOK

Canadian Crusoes. By Catherine Parr Traill. McClelland & Stewart.
Stories of hardship and adventure in a pioneer Loyalist settlement of Ontario.

The Only Girl. By Emily P. Weaver. Macmillan. Pioneer Canadian life told in a very interesting manner.

THINKING IT OVER: A REVIEW

I. If somehow or other you were given the chance to know very well one of the following, to become friends with him—or her—which one would you choose? Be ready to explain why.

Cummy, Louis, Bresal, Herrick, Tom Tulliver, Maggie, Bob Cratchit, Charles G. D. Roberts, Alexander Smith, J. B. Priestley, Charles Dickens.

II. Suppose you were an artist about to paint a picture illustrating one of the scenes in this section. First you might put down in your own words a list of the details you would wish included in your painting. Try to make such a list for any two of the scenes mentioned below. Use your books.

1. The house where Hood was born.
2. Yeats' Isle of Innisfree.
3. The kitchen of the little house of the old woman of the roads.
4. That nook among the rocks that Bresal saw, and the Prior sent to Ireland.
5. Mrs. Traill's Log House.
6. The Christmas dinner-table at the Cratchits'.
7. The garden at Dreamthorp.

If you are clever enough, perhaps you could go a step further, and draw or paint the picture.

III. From all these selections about home, make a list of the details that you like best. Compare your list with others in the class.

IV. To whom does each of the following quotations apply?

1. Och! but I am weary of mist and dark.
2. A great longing grew upon him to see once more that green isle in which he had been born.
3. Rolling over the brick wall, his legs and arms sticking up like odd sections in a Ferris-wheel.
4. Steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows.
5. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars.
6. Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
7. On his ragged sleeve a thrush has sung.
8. He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears—
The love of friends without a single foe.
9. Then Papa begins to sing the most glorious songs ever written.
10. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.
11. I shall have some peace there.
12. The threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor.
13. Her children rise up and call her blessed.
14. Bring de leetle boy home
Once more to de moder's knee.

V. For your Scrap Book:

SONG FOR A HOUSE

I'm glad our house is a little house,
Not too tall nor too wide:
I'm glad the hovering butterflies
Feel free to come inside.

—*Christopher Morley.*

PRAYER FOR A HOUSE

May nothing evil cross this door,
And may ill-fortune never pry
About these windows; may the roar
And rains go by.

—*Louis Untermeyer.*

TO CHARLES LAMB

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears—
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

VII

SCHOOL DAYS

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE BY THE ROAD

*Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.*

*Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official:
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial;*

*The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!*

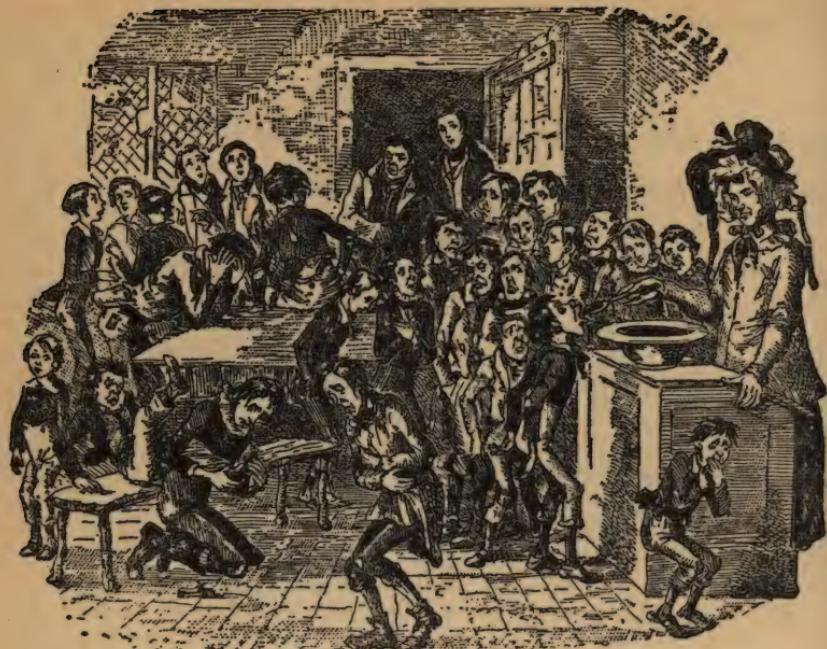
—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

1. DOTHEBOYS HALL

Dickens was, first of all, a good story teller. He knew life in a great variety of phases, and entered with zest into it. His appetite for all that concerned humanity, combined with a shrewd eye and overflowing humour, made all that he wrote lifelike and entertaining.

In his preface to *Oliver Twist*, Dickens remarks that, having secured a wide audience through the popularity of his *Pickwick Papers*, he felt it to be his first duty to drive out of existence the bad private schools of England. In many of his novels he enters the lists like a true knight, to couch his lance against cruelty and cramming. In the following selection, you will read of Old Squeers at Dotheboys Hall. Some day you will read of Sowerby and Bumble in *Oliver Twist*, and of Mr. Creakle at Salem House in *David Copperfield*. In all of Dickens' books, you will discover his great love for his fellowman, for all those who suffered from evils existing in the England of his day.

Like Dickens, you, too, will find, that, if you can win people to laugh with you at wrongs, and stupidities, those abuses will disappear. You have probably heard of Don Quixote tilting at windmills; Cervantes wrote his famous story to make people laugh a decayed and mistaken chivalry out of existence. Love is stronger than hate, and laughter, with kindness and tears in it, outweighs argument. This was the secret of Charles Dickens' success.



THE INTERNAL ECONOMY OF DOTHEBOYS HALL
Mrs. Squeers Serves Brimstone and Treacle

I

INTRODUCING NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

The story opens with the Nicklebys (Mrs. Nickleby, her son Nicholas and her daughter Kate) in London, seeking help from Ralph Nickleby, the rich but miserly uncle of Nicholas.

"Well, Ma'am," said Ralph impatiently, "the creditors have administered, you tell me, and there's nothing left for you?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"And you spent what little money you had in coming all the way to London, to see what I could do for you?" pursued Ralph.

"I hoped," faltered Mrs. Nickleby, "that you might have an opportunity of doing something for your brother's children. It was his dying wish that I should appeal to you in their behalf."

"Are you willing to work, sir?" he inquired, frowning on his nephew.

"Of course I am," replied Nicholas haughtily.

"Then see here, sir," said his uncle. "This caught my eye this morning, and you may thank your stars for it."

With this exordium, Mr. Ralph Nickleby took a newspaper from his pocket, and after unfolding it, and looking for a short time among the advertisements, read as follows:

"EDUCATION.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, writing, arithmetic, fortification and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B. An able assistant wanted. Annual salary £5. A Master of Arts would be preferred." . . . Nicholas starting gaily up, and wringing his uncle's hand, said, "I am ready to do anything you wish me. Let us try our fortune with Mr. Squeers at once; he can but refuse."

"He won't do that," said Ralph. "He will be glad to have you on my recommendation. Make yourself of use to him, and you'll rise to be a partner in the establishment in no time. Bless me! only think, if he were to die, why your fortune's made at once."

II

INTRODUCING MR. SQUEERS

Mr. Squeers' appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but

decidedly not ornamental: being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fan-light of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villainous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black; but his coatsleeves being a deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

Mr. Squeers was standing in a box by one of the coffee-room fireplaces, fitted with one such table as is usually seen in coffee-rooms, and two of extraordinary shapes and dimensions made to suit the angles of the partition. In a corner of the seat was a very small deal trunk, tied round with a scanty piece of cord; and on the trunk was perched —his lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air—a diminutive boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster, from time to time, with evident dread and apprehension.

“Half-past three,” muttered Mr. Squeers, turning from the window, and looking sulkily at the coffee-room clock. “There will be nobody here to-day.”

Here the little boy on the top of the trunk gave a violent sneeze.

“Halloo, sir!” growled the schoolmaster, turning round. “What’s that, sir?”

“Nothing, please, sir,” said the little boy.

“Nothing, sir!” exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

“Please, sir, I sneezed,” rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers. "Then what did you say 'nothing' for, sir?"

In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore, Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.

"Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, "and then I'll give you the rest. Will you hold that noise, sir?"

"Ye-ye-yes," sobbed the little boy.

"Then do so at once, sir," said Squeers. "Do you hear?"

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter, looking in at this juncture; "here's two gentlemen asking for you at the bar."

"Show the gentlemen in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. "Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I'll murder you when the gentlemen go."

The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when Nicholas and his uncle entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers, "all people have their trials. This early trial of yours that is fit to make your little heart burst, and your very eyes come out of your head with crying, what is it? Nothing; less than nothing. You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers."

III

AT BREAKFAST WITH MR. SQUEERS PRIOR TO LEAVING LONDON

Nicholas found that learned gentleman sitting at breakfast with the three little boys before noticed, and two others who had turned up by some lucky chance since

the interview of the previous day, ranged in a row on the opposite seat. Mr. Squeers had before him a small measure of coffee, a plate of hot toast, and a cold round of beef; but he was at that moment intent on preparing breakfast for the little boys.

"This is twopenn'orth of milk, is it, waiter?" said Mr. Squeers, looking down into a large blue mug and slanting it gently, so as to get an accurate view of the quantity of liquid contained in it.

"That's twopenn'orth," replied the waiter.

"What a rare article milk is to be sure, in London," said Mr. Squeers with a sigh. "Just fill up that mug with lukewarm water, William, will you?"

"To the very top, sir?" inquired the waiter. "Why, the milk will be drownded."

"Never you mind that," replied Mr. Squeers. "Serve it right for being so dear. You ordered that thick bread and butter for three, did you?"

"Coming directly, sir."

"You needn't hurry yourself," said Squeers; "there's plenty of time. Conquer your passions, boys, and don't be eager after vittles." As he uttered this moral precept, Mr. Squeers took a large bite out of the cold beef, and recognized Nicholas.

"Sit down, Mr. Nickleby," said Squeers. "Here we are a-breakfasting, you see!"

Nicholas did not see that anybody was breakfasting, except Mr. Squeers; but he bowed with all becoming deference, and looked as cheerful as he could.

"Oh! that's the milk and water, is it, William?" said Squeers. "Very good; don't forget the bread and butter presently."

At this fresh mention of the bread and butter, the five little boys looked very eager, and followed the waiter out, with their eyes; meanwhile Mr. Squeers tasted the milk and water.

"Ah!" said that gentleman, smacking his lips, "here's

richness! Think of the many beggars and orphans in the streets that would be glad of this, little boys. A shocking thing hunger is, isn't it, Mr. Nickleby?"

"Very shocking, sir," said Nicholas.

"When I say Number One," pursued Mr. Squeers, putting the mug before the children, "the boy on the left hand nearest the window may take a drink; and when I say Number Two, the boy next him will go in, and so till we come to Number Five, which is the last boy. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir," cried all the little boys with great eagerness.

"That's right," said Squeers, calmly getting on with his breakfast; "keep ready till I tell you to begin. Subdue your appetites, my dears, and you've conquered human nature. This is the way we inculcate strength of mind, Mr. Nickleby," said the schoolmaster, turning to Nicholas, and speaking with his mouth full of beef and toast.

Nicholas murmured something—he knew not what—in reply; and the little boys dividing their gaze between the mug, the bread and butter (which had by this time arrived), and every morsel which Mr. Squeers took into his mouth, remained with strained eyes in torments of expectation.

"Thank God for a good breakfast," said Squeers when he had finished.

"Number One may take a drink."

Number One seized the mug ravenously, and had just drunk enough to make him wish for more, when Mr. Squeers gave the signal for Number Two, who gave up at the same interesting moment to Number Three; and the process was repeated until the milk and water terminated with Number Five.

"And now," said the schoolmaster, dividing the bread and butter for three into as many portions as there were children, "You had better look sharp with your breakfast, for the horn will blow in a minute or two, and then every boy leaves off."

Permission being thus given to fall to, the boys began to eat voraciously, and in desperate haste: while the schoolmaster (who was in high good humour after his meal) picked his teeth with a fork, and looked smilingly on.

IV

NICHOLAS IS INTRODUCED TO THE "SHOP"

"There," said the schoolmaster, as they stepped in together; "this is our shop, Nickleby!"

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that, at first, Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long, old, rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way; two or three forms; a detached desk for Squeers; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross-beams and rafters; and the walls were so stained and discoloured that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash.

Pale and haggard faces, lank and bony figures, children with the countenances of old men, boys of stunted growth, and others whose long, meagre legs would hardly bear their stooping bodies, all crowded on the view together. There were little faces that should have been handsome, darkened with scowls of sullen, dogged suffering; there was childhood with the light of its eye quenched, its beauty gone, and its helplessness alone remaining; there were vicious-faced boys, with leaden eyes, like malefactors in a jail.

And yet, this scene, painful as it was, had its grotesque features, which, in a less interested observer than Nicholas, might have provoked a smile. Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brim-

stone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession; using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they being all obliged under heavy corporal penalties to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night, three of them in very large leather breeches, and two in old trousers, a something tighter fit than drawers are usually worn; at no great distance from these was seated the juvenile son and heir of Mr. Squeers—a striking likeness of his father—kicking, with great vigour, under the hands of Smike, who was fitting upon him a new pair of boots that bore a most suspicious resemblance to those which the least of the little boys had worn on the journey down. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled; and another file, who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction. The whole were attired in such motley, ill-sorted, extraordinary garments, as would have been irresistibly ridiculous, but for the foul appearance of dirt, disorder and disease with which they were associated.

"Now," said Squeers, giving the desk a great rap with his cane, which made half the little boys nearly jump out of their boots, "is that physicking over?"

"Just over," said Mrs. Squeers.

For breakfast Mrs. Squeers poured into some bowls a brown composition, which looked like diluted pincushions without the covers, and was called porridge. A minute wedge of brown bread was inserted in each bowl, and when they had eaten their porridge by means of the bread, the boys ate the bread itself, and had finished their breakfast; whereupon Mr. Squeers said in a solemn voice,

"For what we have received, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" and went away to his own.

After some half-hour's delay, Mr. Squeers reappeared, and the boys took their places and their books, of which latter commodity the average might be about one to eight learners. A few minutes having elapsed, during which Mr. Squeers looked very profound, as if he had a perfect apprehension of what was inside all the books, and could say every word of their contents by heart, if he only chose to take the trouble, that gentleman called up the first class.

Obedient to his summons there ranged themselves in front of the schoolmaster's desk, half-a-dozen scarecrows, out at knees and elbows, one of whom placed a torn and filthy book beneath his learned eye.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlour windows," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb, active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book, he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of globes. Where's the second boy!"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bot-tiney, means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nickleby.

"I believe you," said Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what's a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt of that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't," said Squeers. "A horse is a quadruped, and quadruped's Latin for beast, as everybody that's gone through the grammar knows, or else where's the use of having grammars at all?"

"Where, indeed!" said Nicholas abstractedly.

"As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after *my* horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down. The rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing-day to-morrow and they want the coppers filled." So saying, he dismissed the first class to their experiments in practical philosophy and eyed Nicholas with a look, half cunning and half doubtful, as if he were not altogether certain what he might think of him by this time.

"That's the way we do it, Nickleby," he said after a pause.

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders in a manner that was scarcely perceptible and said he saw how it was.

—Charles Dickens

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. You will be interested in learning how Nicholas finished his connection with Dotheboys Hall; secure a copy of Dickens' novel, and read about the fight between Nicholas and Mr. Squeers.
2. In his description of Dotheboys Hall, Dickens called attention to the evils existing in the worst of the private schools. Make a list of the cruelties and abuses.
3. Tell your parents the story of Nicholas Nickleby's school days, and ask them to tell you stories told them by their parents and grandparents about the schools of long ago.
4. Come prepared to give a report of this to your class.
5. Show the steps by which Dickens leads you to despise the character of Squeers.
6. How does the author make you sympathize with Nicholas?
7. Can you think of anything good to say about Squeers?
8. How can you account for the fact that parents would trust their children to such schools as Dotheboys Hall?
9. What is the significance of the name Dotheboys?

10. Several of Dickens' stories have been adapted for moving-picture purposes. In adapting a novel or play, a scenario is made. A scenario divides the story into scenes, with instructions for the actors and the motion-picture director.

Select one of the episodes you have read and make a synopsis or a scenario of it.

READ A BOOK

Judy of York Hill. By Ethel Hume Bennett. Thomas Allen. A story of Canadian schooldays.

Glengarry School Days. By Ralph Connor. Grosset. Stirring days in an old Ontario Scotch community.

Tom Brown's Schooldays. By Thomas Hughes. The favourite boys' story of Rugby School.

David Copperfield. By Charles Dickens.

The Golden Age. By Kenneth Grahame. Lane. Humorous experiences of five English children groaning under the guardianship of relatives. The sequel is *Dream Days*.

Stalky and Co. Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan. The deeds and misdeeds of three English boys at Public School.

To Be DISPOSED of,

A Likely Servant Mans Time for 4 Years
A who is very well Qualified for a Clerk or to teach a School, he Reads, Writes, understands Arithmetick and Accompts very well, Enquire of the Printer hereof.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A TEACHER TO LET

(From the *American Weekly Mercury* of Philadelphia, 1735)

2. THE SPELLING MATCH

The "Twentieth" school was built of logs hewn on two sides. The cracks were chinked and filled with plaster, which had a curious habit of falling out during the summer months, no one knew how; but somehow the holes always appeared on the boys' side and, being there, were found to be most useful. As looking out of the window was forbidden, through these holes the boys could catch glimpses of the outer world—glimpses worth catch-

ing, too, for all around stood the great forest, the playground of boys and girls during noon-hour recesses; an enchanted land, peopled, not by fairies, elves, and other shadowy beings of fancy, but with living things, squirrels, and chipmunks, and weasels, chattering ground-hogs, thumping rabbits, and stealthy foxes, not to speak of a host of flying things, from the little grey-bird that twittered its happy nonsense all day to the big-eyed owl that hooted solemnly when the moon came out. A wonderful place this forest for children to live in, to know, and to love, and in after days to long for.

One Friday afternoon, the long, hot July day was drawing to a weary close. Mischief was in the air, and the master, Archibald Munro, or "Archie Murro," as the boys called him, was holding himself in with a very firm hand, the lines about his mouth showing that he was fighting back the pain which had never quite left him from the day he had twisted his knee out of joint five years ago, in a wrestling match, and which, in his weary moments, gnawed into his vitals. He hated to lose his grip of himself, for then he knew he should have to grow stern and terrifying, and rule these imps at the desks in front of him by "sheer brute force," and that he always counted a defeat.

Munro was a born commander. His pale, intellectual face, with its square chin and firm mouth, its noble forehead and deep-set grey eyes, carried a look of such strength and indomitable courage that no boy, however big, ever thought of anything but obedience when the word of command came. He was the only master who had ever been able to control, without at least one appeal to the trustees, the stormy tempers of the young giants that used to come to school in the winter months.

The school never forgot the day when big Bob Fraser "answered back" in class. Before the words were well out of his lips, the master, with a single stride, was in front of him, and laying two swift, stinging cuts from the rawhide over big Bob's back, commanded. "Hold out your hand!"

in a voice so terrible, and with eyes of such blazing light, that before Bob was aware, he shot out his hand and stood waiting the blow. Never, in all its history, did the school receive such a thrill as the next few moments brought; for while Bob stood waiting, the master's words fell clear-cut upon the dead silence: "No, Robert, you are too big to thrash. You are a man. No man should strike you—and I apologize." And then big Bob forgot his wonted sheepishness and spoke out with a man's voice, "I am sorry I spoke back, sir." And then all the girls began to cry and wipe their eyes with their aprons, while the master and Bob shook hands silently. From that day and hour Bob Fraser would have slain any one offering to make trouble for the master. Archibald Munro's rule was firmly established.

He was just and impartial in all his decisions, and absolute in his control; besides, he had the rare faculty of awakening in his pupils an enthusiasm for work inside the school and for sports outside.

But now he was holding himself in, and with set teeth keeping back the pain. The week had been long and hot and trying, and this day had been the worst of all. Through the little dirty panes of the uncurtained windows the hot sun had poured itself in a flood of quivering light all the long day. Only an hour remained of the day, but that hour was to the master the hardest of all the week. The big boys were droning lazily over their books; the little boys, at the desks just below the master's desk, were bubbling over with spirits—spirits of which origin there was no reasonable ground for doubt.

Suddenly Hughie Murray, the minister's boy, a very special imp, held up his hand.

"Well, Hughie," said the master, for the tenth time within the hour replying to the signal.

"Spelling-match!"

The master hesitated. It would be a vast relief but it was a little like shirking. On all sides, however, hands went

up in support of Hughie's proposal, and, having hesitated, he felt he must surrender or become terrifying at once.

"Very well," he said. "Margaret Aird and Thomas Finch will act as captains." At once there was a gleeful hubbub. Slates and books were slung into desks.

"Order! or no spelling-match." The alternative was awful enough to quiet even the impish Hughie, who knew the tone carried no idle threat, and who loved a spelling-match with all the ardour of his little fighting soul.

The captains took their places on each side of the school, and, with careful deliberation, began the selection of their teams, scanning anxiously the rows of faces looking at the maps or out of the windows and bravely trying to seem unconcerned. Chivalry demanded that Margaret should have first choice. "Hughie Murray!" called out Margaret; for Hughie, though only eight years old, had preternatural gifts in spelling; his mother's training had done that for him. At four he knew every Bible story by heart, and would tolerate no liberties with the text; at six he could read the third reader; at eight he was the best reader in the fifth; and, to do him justice, he thought no better of himself for that. It was no trick to read. If he could only run, and climb, and swim, and dive, like the big boys, then he would indeed feel uplifted; but mere spelling and reading, "Huh! that was nothing."

"Ranald Macdonald!" called Thomas Finch, and a big, lanky boy of fifteen or sixteen rose and marched to his place. He was a boy one would look at twice. He was far from handsome. His face was long, and thin, and dark, with a straight nose, large mouth, and high cheek-bones; but he had fine black eyes, though they were fierce and had a look in them that suggested the woods and the wild things that live there. But Ranald, though his attendance at school was spasmodic and dependent upon the suitability or otherwise of the weather for hunting, was the best speller in the school.

For that reason Margaret would have chosen him,

and for another which she would not for worlds have confessed, even to herself. But do you think she would have called Ranald Macdonald to come and stand up beside her before all these boys? Not for the glory of winning the match and carrying the medal for a week. But how gladly would she have given up glory and medal for the joy of it—if she had dared.

At length the choosing was over, and the school ranged in two opposing lines, with Margaret and Thomas at the head of their respective forces, and little Jessie MacRae and Johnnie Aird, with a single big curl on the top of his head, at the foot. It was a point of honour that no blood should be drawn at the first round. To Thomas, who had second choice, fell the right of giving the first word. So to little Jessie, at the foot, he gave "Ox."

"O-x, ox," whispered Jessie, shyly dodging behind her neighbour.

"In!" said Margaret to Johnnie Aird.

"I-s, in," said Johnnie, stoutly.

"Right!" said the master, silencing the shout of laughter. "Next word."

With like gentle courtesies the battle began; but in the second round the little A, B, C's were ruthlessly swept off the field with second-book words, and retired to their seats in supreme exultation, amid the applause of their fellows still left in the fight. After that there was no mercy shown. It was a give-and-take battle, the successful speller having the right to give the word to the opposite side. The master was umpire, and after his "Next!" had fallen there was no appeal. But if a mistake were made, it was the opponent's part and privilege to correct with all speed, lest a second attempt should succeed.

Steadily, and amid growing excitement, the lines grew less, till there were left on one side Thomas, with Ranald supporting him, and on the other, Margaret, with Hughie beside her, his face pale, and his dark eyes blazing with the light of battle.

Without varying fortune the fight went on. Margaret, still serene, and with only a touch of colour in her face, gave out her words with even voice, and spelled her opponent's with calm deliberation. Opposite her Thomas stood, stolid, slow, and wary. He had no nerves to speak of, and the only chance of catching him lay in lulling him off to sleep.

They were now among the deadly words.

"Parallelopiped!" challenged Hughie to Ranald, who met it easily, giving Margaret "hyphen" in return.

"H-y-p-h-e-n," spelled Margaret, and then, with cunning carelessness, gave Thomas "heifer." ("Hyper," she called it.)

Thomas took it lightly.

"H-e-i-p-h-e-r."

Like lightning Hughie was upon him. "H-e-i-f-e-r."

"F-e-r," shouted Thomas. The two yells came almost together.

There was a deep silence. All eyes were turned upon the master.

"I think Hughie was first," he said slowly. A great sigh swept over the school; then a wave of applause.

The master held up his hand.

"But it was so very nearly a tie, that if Hughie is willing—"

"All right, sir?" cried Hughie, eager for more fight.

But Thomas, in sullen rage, strode to his seat muttering, "I was just as soon, anyway." Every one heard and waited, looking at the master.

"The match is over," said the master, quietly. Great disappointment showed in every face.

"There is just one thing better than winning, and that is, taking defeat like a man." His voice was grave, and with just a touch of sadness. The children, sensitive to moods, as is characteristic of children, felt the touch and sat subdued and silent.

There was no improving of the occasion, but with the

same sad gravity the school was dismissed; and the children learned that day one of life's golden lessons, that the man who remains master of himself never knows defeat.

—Ralph Connor

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. When Johnnie Aird spelled *in* "I-S," why did the schoolmaster say "Right"?
2. There are several instances of sportsmanship in this story; indicate what they are. Who "played the game" best? Give your reasons.
3. The scene of this story is laid in Eastern Ontario, about fifty or sixty years ago. Does this school differ very much from the schools of to-day? If so, in what respects?
4. Ralph Connor is a *nom-de-plume*; what does this mean? If you did not know who Ralph Connor was, how would you find out? Some of you may have heard him speak; if so, tell your classmates about him. What other books has he written? Make a short book-review of the book of his you like best; make it so interesting that your classmates will want to read the book.
5. We still have spelling-matches at school, and very good games they are. Arrange for one in your class.
6. Explain: "happy nonsense"; "mischief was in the air"; "wonted sheepishness"; "his attendance at school was spasmodic."
7. Write out the sentence which contains the point of this story.
8. A rapid reader would finish "Dotheboys Hall" in 11 minutes, and "The Spelling Match" in 7 minutes. How does your rate compare?

READ A BOOK

Children of Ancient Britain. By Louise Lamprey. Little. Life in huts, trees and caves before history begins on the British Isles. The author's other books on the life of boys and girls in ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome are also good.

Runaways and Castaways. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Wells, Gardner. Episodes from *The Mill on the Floss*, *David Copperfield* and *Tom Sawyer*, together with stories of "Boldheart," "Little Robinson of Paris," etc.

John. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd. An interesting picture of English schoolgirl life.

The B.O.W.C. (Brethren of the White Cross). By James DeMille. Harper. School life in a boys' boarding academy in the Maritimes is humorously related in this and *The Boys of Grand Pré School*.

Otto of the Silver Hand. By Howard Pyle. Scribners. How the little son of a robber baron is brought up in a monastery, and later becomes a man of peace and good will in a time of war and lawlessness.

3. THE EDUCATION OF HELEN KELLER

Miss Keller, though blind, deaf and dumb, has been able to overcome all these handicaps and win an education, with the aid of her devoted friend and teacher, Miss Sullivan. As you read the following selections, keep in mind the obstacles Miss Keller had to encounter. Remember, also, that these are the results of Miss Keller's own thinking and writing.

HELEN KELLER WRITES TO THE EDITOR OF
St. Nicholas

Dear *St. Nicholas*:

It gives me very great pleasure to send you my autograph because I want the boys and girls who read *St. Nicholas* to know how blind children write. I suppose some of them wonder how we keep the lines so straight, so I will try to tell them how it is done. We have a grooved board which we put between the pages when we wish to write. The parallel grooves correspond to lines, and when we have pressed the paper into them by means of the blunt end of the pencil, it is very easy to keep the words even. The small letters are all made in the grooves, while the long ones extend above and below them. We guide the pencil with the right hand, and feel carefully with the forefinger of the left hand to see that we shape and space the letters correctly. It is very difficult at first to form them plainly, but if we keep on trying, it gradually becomes easier, and after a great deal of practice we can write legible letters to our friends. Then we are very, very happy. Some time they may visit a school for the blind.

Very sincerely, your little friend,
HELEN KELLER

THE SEEING HAND

I have just touched my dog. He was rolling on the grass, with pleasure in every muscle and limb. I wanted to catch a picture of him in my fingers, and I touched him as lightly as I would cobwebs; but lo, his fat body revolved,

stiffened and solidified into an upright position, and his tongue gave my hand a lick! He pressed close to me, as if he were fain to crowd himself into my hand. He loved it with his tail, with his hair, with his tongue. If he could speak, I believe he would say with me that paradise is attained by touch; for in touch is all love and intelligence.

This small incident started me on a chat about hands, and if my chat is fortunate I have to thank my dog-star. . . . My hand is to me what your hearing and sight together are to you. In large measure we travel the same highways, read the same books, speak the same language, yet our experiences are different. All my comings and goings turn on the hand as on a pivot. It is the hand that binds me to the world of men and women. . . . The delicate tremble of a butterfly's wings in my hand, the soft petals of violets curling in the cool folds of their leaves or lifting sweetly out of the meadow grass, the clear, firm outline of face and limb, the smooth arch of a horse's neck and the velvety touch of his nose—all these, and a thousand resultant combinations, which take shape in my mind, constitute my world.

My world is built of touch-sensations, devoid of physical colour and sound; but without colour and sound it breathes and throbs with life. . . . All palpable things are mobile or rigid, solid or liquid, big or small, warm or cold, and these qualities are variously modified. The coolness of a water lily rounding into bloom is different from the coolness of an evening wind in summer, and different again from the coolness of the rain that soaks into the hearts of growing things and gives them life and body. The velvet of a rose is not that of a ripe peach or of a baby's dimpled cheek. The hardness of the rock is to the hardness of the wood what a man's deep bass is to a woman's voice when it is low. What I call beauty I find in certain combinations of all these qualities, and is largely derived from the flow of curved and straight lines which is over all things. . . .

When I think of hills, I think of the upward strength I

tread upon. When water is the object of my thought, I feel the cool shock of the plunge and the quick yielding of the waves that crisp and curl and ripple about my body. The pleasing changes of rough and smooth, pliant and rigid, curved and straight, in the bark and branches of a tree give the truth to my hand. The immovable rock, with all its juts and warped surface, bends beneath my fingers into a manner of grooves and hollows. The bulge of a water-melon and the puffed-up rotundities of squashes that sprout, bud, and ripen in that strange garden planted somewhere behind my fingertips are the ludicrous in my tactful (touch) memory and imagination. My fingers are tickled to delight by the soft ripple of a baby's laugh, and find amusement in the lusty crow of the barnyard autocrat.

My fingers cannot, of course, get the impression of a large whole at a glance; but I feel the parts and my mind puts them together. I move around my house, touching object after object in order, before I can form an idea of the entire house. The process reminds me of the building of Solomon's Temple, where was neither saw, nor hammer, nor any tool heard while the stones were being laid one upon another. The silent worker is imagination which decrees reality out of chaos.

—Helen Keller

CLASS WORK

1. Many of our soldiers, who were blinded during the war, have done remarkably well, in spite of the handicap. If you know of any such case, or if you know of the work of Sir Arthur Pearson at St. Dunstan's, make an oral report to your class.
2. Give some examples of Miss Keller's sense of humour. Do you think she is happy? Why?
3. In revealing the delicacy of her touch, Miss Keller makes certain comparisons or contrasts relating to:

(a) coolness	(c) hardness
(b) softness	(d) sound.

Make these comparisons in your own words.

4. Which of the examples of her sense of touch impressed you most?
5. If you were writing on the topic, "Getting an Education," what thoughts would Miss Keller's example suggest?
6. Read Helen Keller's *The Story of My Life*, First Part, and write a letter to a friend on Miss Keller.

4. CUFF'S FIGHT WITH DOBBIN

Cuff's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city, and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town, espied the cart of Dobbin & Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugars is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin

said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage"; and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote out-house in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy?

High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread: others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

It happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who

was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and, looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's art; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roars Cuff to his little schoolfellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes. Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up. Whatever may have been his incentive, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll—"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked, in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him; while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobbin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for, you see, his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say "Go it, Figs"; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat; at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and, accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once upon his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth

round there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his underlip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think that will do for him," Figs said.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would make you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs'—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray*

From *Vanity Fair*

5. THE SONG OF THE UNGIRT RUNNERS

Charles Hamilton Sorley (1895-1915) was born in Aberdeen and educated at King's College Choir School, Marlborough, and Oxford. He fell at Halluch, in the Great War.

What a song of youth this is! Free as the air, thrilled with the joy of living, "we run because we must." Be the weather what it may, we speed along, not for prizes, but for the glory of going on.

We swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm.
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm.
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the tree-tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies.
The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
Through the broad bright land.

—Charles Hamilton Sorley

6. NOW A LONG GOOD-BYE TO YOU, MY DEAR

In Britain, in olden times, not every boy and girl went to school, but they grew up in a world of song. There was "a tune for every rhyme, a rhyme for every occupation, every festival, every holiday." While mothers spun, weaved, milked or churned, while fathers reaped, fished, herded or hunted, they sang quaint songs about their work. "Singing at Work" was the only school many a child ever knew. Here is a sea-shanty, sung while the men hauled at the halliards or the capstan.

Now a long good-bye to you, my dear,
With a heave-oh haul, [Chorus]
 And a last farewell and a long farewell,
And good-morning, ladies all. [Chorus]

For we're outward bound to New York town;
With a heave-oh haul,
 And you'll wave to us till the sun goes down,
And good-morning, ladies all.

And when we get to New York town,
With a heave-oh haul,
 Oh, it's there we'll drink, and sorrows drown,
And good-morning, ladies all.

When we're back once more in London Docks,
With a heave-oh haul,
 All the pretty girls will come in flocks,
And good-morning, ladies all.

And Poll, and Bet, and Sue will say:
With a heave-oh haul,
 "Oh it's here comes Jack with his three years' pay,"
And good-morning, ladies all.

So a long good-bye to you, my dear,
With a heave-oh haul,
 And a last farewell and a long farewell,
And good-morning, ladies all.

—Traditional

6. AFTER SCHOOL

When Bliss Carman, in 1904, gathered all his poems into two large volumes, he wanted this lyric placed last—a place of honour in a book.

When all my lessons have been learned,
And the last year at school is done,
I shall put up my books and games;
“Good-bye, my fellows, every one!”

The dusty road will not seem long,
Nor twilight lonely, nor forlorn
The everlasting whippoorwills
That lead me back where I was born.

And there beside the open door,
In a large country dim and cool,
Her waiting smile shall hear at last,
“Mother, I am come home from school.”

—*Bliss Carman*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Bliss Carman attended the Fredericton Grammar School, where the Headmaster was Mr. George Parkin. Between teacher and pupil there grew up a life-long friendship. Carman never wearied in telling what his teacher had meant to him, and one day he dedicated one of his books to his old master, who had then become Sir George Parkin.

The other great influence upon Carman was his mother. She was a sister of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts' mother, and a descendant of Ralph Waldo Emerson. When she passed away Carman's grief and loneliness were pathetic. He missed her to the end of his life, so wise and good and loving was she.

It was natural, therefore, that Bliss Carman should think of life as a “school,” and of his passing from this life to the great beyond as going “home.” From wandering lonely about the world, learning his lessons and doing his tasks, some day he will return, old but wiser. And the presence of his mother will welcome him as when he was a lad.

1. What lines refer to the serious business of living,—work and experience?
To pleasures?
2. Read aloud the lines which tell of approaching old age. How does the poet look forward to it?
3. Do you think Carman's idea of life as a school is appropriate?

HOW MUCH OF IT STICKS? A REVIEW

I. Complete these word-pictures by filling in the blanks. Write out the complete paragraph in your notebook. *Do not mark up the pages of this book.* All the words needed are in the list below.

1. Mr. appearance was not He had but eye, unquestionably , but decidedly not : being of a , and in shape resembling the of a The side of his face was much and which gave him a very appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the His hair was very and It was brushed stiffly up from a , forehead, which assorted well with his voice and manner.

2. and faces, and figures, children with the countenances of men, boys of growth, and others whose , legs would hardly bear their bodies.

3. was a born His , face, with its chin and mouth, its forehead and eyes, carried a look of such and courage that no boy ever thought of anything but

pale, commander, Squeers, Dobbin, Nicholas, Munro, obedience, prepossessing, useful, one, sinister, haggard, bony, intellectual, firm, old, meagre, crisp, stooping, fat, square, deep-set, useful, noble, ornamental, indomitable, lank, stunted, short, long, greenish, pinkish, grey, black, white, strength, fanlight, blank, protruding, low, villainous, sinister, street door, puckered up, shiny, wrinkled, flat, coarse, harsh.

II. What did Squeers mean by, "The practical mode of teaching"?

III. What was the secret of Archie Munro's success as a teacher?

IV. What were the reasons for Dobbin's unpopularity? How was it overcome?

V. In what way is it true that Helen Keller's hands are hearing and sight to her?

VI. Here is a list of substances, and a list of adjectives describing how certain surfaces feel to the touch. Fit the right adjectives to each material.

Velvet, glass, ice, tree bark, planed wood, human skin, fish, peach skin, thimble.

Smooth, cold, warm, hard, soft, rough, velvety, slimy, firm, moist, hairy, wet, crumbly, uneven, slippery, furry, yielding.

VIII

WORKERS AND THEIR WORK

THE HIGH WAY

*To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and a Way.*

*And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.*

*But to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go.*

—JOHN OXENHAM

A. JOY IN WORK

1. THE ROADMENDER AND THE BIRDS

The birds have no fear of me; am I not also of the brown brethren in my sober fustian livery? They share my meals —at least the little dun-coated Franciscans do; the black-birds and thrushes care not a whit for such simple food as crumbs, but with legs well apart and claws tense with purchase they disinter poor brother worm, having first mocked him with sound of rain. The robin that lives by the gate regards my heap of stones as subject to his special inspection. He sits atop and practises the trill of his summer song until it shrills above and through the metallic clang

of my strokes; and when I pause he cocks his tail, with a humorous twinkle of his round eye which means—"What! shirking, big brother?"—and I fall, ashamed, to my mending of roads.

—*Margaret Fairless Barber*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Fustian is a coarse cotton cloth, originally made in Fustat, near Cairo in Egypt. The Roadmender's clothes might have been either corduroy or duck. Fustian has another meaning; look it up in your dictionary.
2. Franciscans are an order of monks, sometimes called Grey Friars because of their grey robes. They take vows of extreme poverty. Saint Francis, the founder of the order (in 1210), is said to have called the birds his brothers, and to have shared his food with them and preached to them. One of our Canadian poets once called the grey linnet "a little grey friar." To what bird do you think the Roadmender referred?
3. "Claws tense with purchase" suggests a close-fisted, hard bargainer, does it not? Can you find another humorous phrase?
4. Does a workman shirk when he looks up from his task to admire a beautiful landscape?

READ A BOOK

Great Inventors and Their Inventions. By F. P. Bachman, A.B.C. Twelve stories of great inventions that have revolutionized society.

The Story of Great Inventions. By Elmer F. Burns. Harper, 1910. Some inventions, and the great sacrifices of those who made them.

Children of Necessity. By Grace Humphrey. Bobbs, Merrill. Accounts of ten great American inventors and their inventions.

2. TOM SAWYER: WORK AND PLAY

Saturday morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence,

and all gladness went out of Nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board-fence nine feet high! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing "Buffalo Gals." Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that, although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour; and even then somebody generally had to go after him.

Tom offers Jim certain things if Jim will do some whitewashing while Tom goes to the pump for water. While they are coming to terms Aunt Polly appears.

In another moment Jim was flying down the street with his pail, Tom was whitewashing with vigour, and Aunt Polly was retiring from the field with a slipper in her hand and triumph in her eye.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles and trash; enough to buy an exchange of work, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half-an-hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and

hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration. He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy of all boys whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard, and rounded-to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat, and captain, and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck, giving the orders and executing them—

“Stop her, sir! Ling-a-ling-ling.” The head-way ran almost out, and he drew up slowly toward the sidewalk.

“Ship up to back! Ling-a-ling-ling!” His arms straightened and stiffened down his sides.

“Set her back on the starboard! Ling-a-ling-ling!” His right hand meantime describing stately circles, for it was representing a forty-foot wheel.

“Let her go back on the labboard! Ling-a-ling-ling!” The left hand began to describe circles.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment, and then said—“Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you?”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist; then he gave his brush another gentle sweep, and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work.

Ben said—

“Hello, old chap; you got to work, hey?”

Tom wheeled suddenly and said—

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say—I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said—

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly—

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh, come now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticized the effect again—Ben watching every move, and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said—

"Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little."

Tom considered—was about to consent; but he altered his mind—

"No, no; I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind, and she wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh, come now; lemme just try, only just a little. I'd let you, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to; honest Injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him. Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now, don't

you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence, and anything was to happen to it—”

“Oh! Shucks; I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple.”

“Well, here—No, Ben; now don't; I'm afeard—”

“I'll give you all of it!”

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face but alacrity in his heart. And, while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with; and so on, and so on, hour after hour. When the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had, beside the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through; a spool-cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window-sash. He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash, he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it—namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and

wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a treadmill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but, if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work, and then they would resign.

—Mark Twain

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

This story is from *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. One of Tom's friends, of whom Aunt Polly did not approve, was Huck Finn, and in *Huckleberry Finn* Mark Twain gives us further adventures of Tom and Huck. Their story has also been told in movies and comic strips, but if you want their full history, you must go to Mark Twain's delightful books.

1. Can you think of any other case in your own experience in which work became play because it was difficult to get permission to do it? If you can't, see if you can make up one.
2. Tom is a boy living on the banks of the Mississippi fifty years or more ago. Is he very different from the boys of to-day you know?
3. What would be your idea of "rolling in wealth"? What was Tom's?

READ A BOOK

Toby Tyler. By James Otis. Harper. A story of circus life and work by one who was on the inside.

Modern Aladdins. By Rush and Winslow. Little, Brown. Illustrated. A very readable book on every-day things and how they are made.

Makers of Things. By Eva M. Tappan. Houghton, Mifflin. There are three books of *Makers* in the Industrial Readers Series.

The Story of Mankind. By Hendrik Van Loon. Macmillan. A vivid, picturesque account of man's progress through the ages.

The Wonder Smith and His Son. By Ella Young. Longmans. Illustrated. A wonderful tale of a master-builder, "The Smith of Wisdom," and his son, who travel about the market places of the world in search of a bride. The style is as delightful as the story is bewitching.

3. THE TRAVELLING TINKER

Even in that drowsy, semi-conscious state, that most delightful borderland which lies midway between sleeping and waking, I knew it could not be a woodpecker who, as I judged from sundry manifest signs, lodged in the tree above me. No woodpecker that ever pecked could originate such sounds as these—two quick, light strokes, followed by another and heavier, thus: Tap, tap, TAP; a pause, and then, tap, tap, TAP again, and so on.

Whatever doubts I may have yet harboured on the subject, however, were presently dispelled by a fragrance sweeter to the nostrils of a hungry man than the breath of flowers, the spices of the East, or all the vaunted perfumes of Arabia—in a word, the odour of frying bacon.

Hereupon I suddenly realized how exceedingly keen was my appetite, and sighed, bethinking me that I must find a tavern before I could satisfy my craving, when a voice reached me from no great distance, a full, rich, sonorous voice, singing a song. And the words of the song were these:—

A tinker I am, O a tinker am I,
A tinker I'll live, and a tinker I'll die;
If the King in his crown would change places wi' me
I'd laugh, so I would, and I'd say unto he:—
“A tinker I am, O a tinker am I,
A tinker I'll live, and a tinker I'll die.”

It was a quaint air, with a shake at the end of the two first and two last lines, which, altogether, I thought very pleasing. I advanced, guided by the voice, until I came into a grassy lane. Seated upon an artfully contrived folding stool was a man. He was a very small man despite his great voice, who held a kettle between his knees, and a light hammer in his hand, while a little to one side of him there blazed a crackling fire of twigs upon which a hissing frying-pan was balanced. But what chiefly drew and held my attention was the man's face; narrow and peaked, with

little, round, twinkling eyes set deep in his head, close black hair, grizzled at temples, and a long, blue chin.

And presently, as I stood staring at him, he finished his song, and chancing to raise his eyes, stared back at me.

"Good morning!" he said at last, with a bright nod.

—Jeffery Farnol

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This selection is from an adventure story called *The Broad Highway*. It is well worth reading; all about tramps and prize-fighters and highwaymen.
2. Look up "tinker" in your dictionary. Are there any tinkers near you?
3. Would you like to be a tinker? Why, or why not?

4. CHAPDELAINE MAKES LAND

Louis Hémon (1880-1913) was born in France, and came from Breton stock, as did Jacques Cartier. He had written two or three books, when he came to Canada and hired out on a French Canadian frontier farm near Peribonka, Quebec. No one there suspected this quiet young man of being a writer. After he left, his novel, *Maria Chapdelaine*, appeared, and the old habitant cottage in the woods, the farmer, his wife and daughter all became famous. In this story the life and spirit of Quebec have been made known round the world. Hémon died suddenly in Northern Ontario.

After a few chilly days, June suddenly brought veritable spring weather. A blazing sun warmed field and forest, the lingering patches of snow vanished even in the deep shade of the woods; the Peribonka rose and rose between its rocky banks until the alders and the roots of the near spruces were drowned; in the roads the mud was incredibly deep. The Canadian soil rid itself of the last traces of winter with a semblance of mad haste, as though in dread of another winter already on the way.

Chapdelaine, his three sons and man, proceeded then to "make land." The forest still pressed hard upon the buildings they had put up a few years earlier: the little square house, the barn of planks that gaped apart, the stable built of blackened logs and chinked with rags and

earth. Between the scanty fields of their clearing and the darkly encircling woods lay a broad stretch which the axe had but half-heartedly attacked. A few living trees had been cut for timber, and the dead ones, sawn and split, fed the great stove for a whole winter; but the place was a rough tangle of stumps and interlacing roots, of fallen trees too far rotted to burn, of others dead but still erect amid the alder scrub.

Thither the five men made their way one morning and set to work at once, without a word, for every man's task had been settled beforehand.

The father and Da'Bé took their stand face to face on either side of a tree, and their axes, helved with birch, began to swing in rhythm. At first each hewed a deep notch, chopping steadily at the same spot for some seconds, then the axe rose swiftly and fell obliquely in the trunk a foot higher up; at every stroke a great chip flew, thick as the hand, splitting away with the grain. When the cuts were nearly meeting, one stopped and the other slowed down, leaving his axe in the wood for a moment at every blow; the mere strip, by some miracle, still holding the tree erect, yielded at last; it began to lean and the two axemen stepped back a pace and watched it fall, shouting at the same instant a warning of the danger.

It was then the turn of Edwige Légaré and Esdras; when the tree was not too heavy, each took an end, clasping their strong hands beneath the trunk, and then raised themselves—backs straining, arms cracking under the stress—and carried it to the nearest heap with short unsteady steps, getting over the fallen trees with stumbling effort. When the burden seemed too heavy, Tit'Bé came forward leading Charles Eugene dragging a tug-bar with a strong chain; this was passed round the trunk and fastened, the horse bent his back, and with the muscles of his hind-quarters standing out, hauled away the tree, which scraped along the stumps and crushed the young alders to the ground.

At noon Maria came out to the doorstep and gave a long call to tell them that dinner was ready. Slowly they straightened up among the stumps, wiping away with the backs of their hands the drops of sweat that ran into their eyes, and made their way to the house.

Already the pea-soup smoked in the plates. The five men set themselves at table without haste, as if sensation were somewhat dulled by the heavy work; but as they caught their breath a great hunger awoke, and soon they began to eat with keen appetite. The two women waited upon them, filling the empty plates, carrying about the great dish of pork and boiled potatoes, pouring out the hot tea. When the meat had vanished, the diners filled their saucers with molasses in which they soaked large pieces of bread; hunger was quickly appeased, because they had eaten fast and without a word, and then plates were pushed back and chairs tilted with sighs of satisfaction, while hands were thrust into pockets for their pipes, and the pigs' bladders bulging with tobacco.

Edwige Légaré, seating himself upon the doorstep, proclaimed two or three times:—"I have dined well. . . . I have dined well. . . ." with the air of a judge who renders an impartial decision. The elder Chapdelaine sank deeper and deeper into his chair, and ended by falling asleep; the others smoked and chatted about their work.

"If there is anything," said the mother, "which could reconcile me to living so far away in the woods, it is seeing my men-folk make a nice bit of land—a nice bit of land that was full of trees and stumps and roots, which one beholds in a fortnight as bare as the back of your hand, ready for the plough; surely nothing in the world can be more pleasing or better worth doing." The rest gave assent with nods, and were silent for awhile, admiring the picture. Soon, however, Chapdelaine awoke, refreshed by his sleep and ready for work; then all arose and went out together.

The sun dipped toward the horizon, disappeared; the

sky took on softer hues above the forest's dark edge, and the hour of supper brought to the house five men of the colour of the soil.

While waiting upon them Madame Chapdelaine asked a hundred questions about the day's work, and when the vision arose before her of this patch of land they had cleared, superbly bare, lying ready for the plough, her spirit was possessed with something of a mystic's rapture.

With hands upon her hips, refusing to seat herself at table, she extolled the beauty of the world as it existed for her: not the beauty wherein human beings have no hand, which the townsman makes such an ado about with his unreal ecstasies, but the quiet, unaffected loveliness of the level fields, finding its charm in the regularity of the long furrow, and the sweetly flowing stream—the naked fields courting with willing abandon the fervent embraces of the sun.

She sang the great deeds of the four Chapdelaines and Edwige Legare, their struggle against the savagery of nature, their triumph of the day. She awarded praises and displayed her own proper pride, albeit the five men smoked their wooden or clay pipes in silence, motionless as images after their long task; images of earthly hue, hollow-eyed with fatigue.

"The stumps are hard to get out," at length said the elder Chapdelaine, "the roots have not rotted in the earth so much as I should have imagined. I calculate that we shall not be through for three weeks." He glanced questioningly at Legare who gravely confirmed him.

"Three weeks. . . . Yes, confound it! That is what I think, too."

They fell silent again, patient and determined, like men who face a long war.

The five men worked on unceasingly, while from day to day the clearing extended its borders by a little; deep wounds in the uncovered soil showed the richness of it.

Maria went forth one morning to carry them water.

The father and Tit'Bé were cutting alders, Da'Bé and Esdras piling the cut trees. Edwige Légaré was attacking a stump by himself; a hand against the trunk, he had grasped a root with the other, as one seizes the leg of some gigantic adversary in a struggle, and he was fighting the combined forces of wood and earth like a man furious at the resistance of an enemy. Suddenly the stump yielded and lay upon the ground; he passed a hand over his forehead and sat down upon the root, running with sweat, overcome by the exertion. When Maria came near him with her pail half full of water, the others having drunk, he was still seated, breathing deeply and saying in a bewildered way:—"I am done for. . . . Ah, I am done for." But he pulled himself together on seeing her, and roared out:—"Cold water! Perdition! Give me cold water."

Seizing the bucket he drank half its contents and poured the rest over his head and neck; still dripping, he threw himself afresh upon the vanquished stump and began to roll it towards a pile as one carries off a prize.

Maria stayed for a few moments looking at the work of the men and the progress they had made, each day more evident, then hied her back to the house swinging the empty bucket, happy to feel herself alive and well under the bright sun, dreaming of all the joys that were to be hers, nor could be long delayed if only she were earnest and patient enough in her prayers.

Even at a distance the voices of the men came to her across the ground baked by the heat; Esdras, his hands beneath a young jack pine, was saying in his quiet tones:—"Gently . . . together now!"

Légaré was wrestling with some new inert foe. "Perdition! I'll make you stir, so I will." His gasps were nearly as audible as the words. Taking breath for a second, he rushed once more into the fray, arms straining, wrenching with his great back. And yet again his voice was raised: "I tell you that I'll have you. . . . Oh,

you rascal! Isn't it hot? . . . I'm pretty nearly finished. . . ." His complaints ripened into one mighty cry:—"Boss! We are going to kill ourselves making land."

Old Chapdelaine's voice was husky but still cheerful as he answered: "Tough! Edwige, tough! The pea soup will soon be ready."

And in truth it was not long before Maria, once more on the doorstep, shaping her hands to carry the sound, sent forth the ringing call to dinner.

Toward evening a breeze arose and a delicious coolness fell upon the earth like a pardon. But the sky remained cloudless.

"If the fine weather lasts," said Mother Chapdelaine, "the blueberries will be ripe for the feast of Ste. Anne."

—*Louis Hémon*

From *Maria Chapdelaine*
Translated by W. H. Blake

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. From this selection what do you learn of the appearance of a frontier farm, its buildings and land? Could you draw a picture of it?
2. Describe how they cut down large trees.
3. Read aloud the lines in which Légaré speaks to the trees.
4. Explain:
 - (i) "The Canadian soil . . . on the way."
 - (ii) "The forest still pressed hard upon the buildings."
 - (iii) "If there is anything . . . better worth doing."
 - (iv) "She extolled the beauty . . . embraces of the sun."
 - (v) "Images of earthly hue . . . fatigue."
 - (vi) "Toward evening a breeze . . . like a pardon."

5. SMELLS

Christopher Morley was born in Pennsylvania, in 1890, studied at Oxford, and later became a poet and essayist. His work contains both fantasy and excellent nonsense. In this poem he tells of the gramarye, or magic, in the odours of things.

Why is it that the poets tell
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odours I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fumy pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet; and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye.
A ship smells best of all to me!

—Christopher Morley

6. JOHNNIE COURTEAU

Because Dr. Drummond loved the *habitants* he has made us love them, too. This rollicking poem should be read aloud with gusto.

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
 Up on de Mekinac,
 Who was de man can walk de log,
 W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
 An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?

Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
 If de raf' she's swingin' roun'
 An' he's yellin' "Hooraw, Bateese! good man!"
 W'y de oar come double on hees han'
 W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tete de Boule chief can tole you
 De feller w'at save hees life
 W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree,
 Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
 An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife,
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
 On Lac à la Tortue
 W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill,
 But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
 An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
 Johnnie Courteau!

Oh, he never was scarce for not'ing
 Lak' de ole coureurs de bois,
 But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay
 De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
 For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
 Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
 He dance on hees botte sauvage
 An' shout "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
 Wall! you never can see de finer sight
 W'en he go lak' dat on de w'ole village!
 Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
 On Philomene Beaurepaire,
 She's nice leetle girl was run de school
 On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule
 An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere,
 Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
 W'en he marry on Philomene
 For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
 He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'
 An' he's quieter feller was never seen,
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
 From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
 W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun',
 Along on de reever up an' down,
 How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
 Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
 No matter de hard we try
 'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,
 "A la claire fontaine,
 M'en allant promener,
 J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
 Que je m'y suis baigner!

Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
 Jamais je ne t'oublierai."
 Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
 Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby,
 Johnnie Courteau!

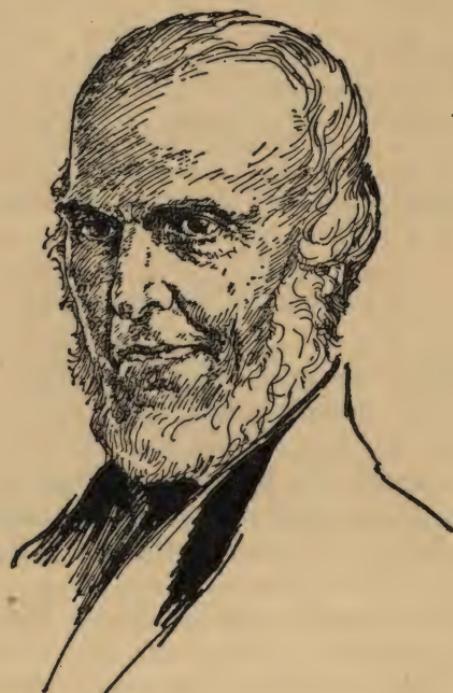
An' de house, wall! I wish you see it,
 De place she's so nice an' clean,
 Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
 You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
 An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
 An' put it all safe away
 On very good place; I dunno w'ere,
 But anyhow nobody see it dere
 So she's buyin' new farm de 'noder day,
 Madame Courteau!

—*William Henry Drummond*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Drummond again gives you a picture of the happy, industrious and contented habitant. Point out the lines which illustrate these qualities in Johnnie Courteau.
2. Find out all you can about the life of a lumberman on the Ottawa River, and write a story using your information.
3. Retell the story of Johnnie Courteau in your own words, stressing his many exploits.
4. What were the coureurs de bois?
5. What is the most humorous stanza in the poem?
6. You will find a translation of "A la claire fontaine" in Book III. Find another French folk-song. Why do you think the habitant loved them?
7. Johnnie Courteau, Chapdelaine, Da'Bé, and Légaré were all habitants. What characteristics do Drummond and Hémon both reveal that all the habitants share. Which author presents the truest picture? The most likable?



W. H. Whittier

WHITTIER

*B. STORIES OF ACHIEVEMENT**THE ART OF LIFE*

Life, young friends, is like a game at cards. Our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems, at first glance, to depend on mere chance. But it is not so, for in the long run the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Therefore, do not be discouraged with the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourselves to receive fortune when she comes your way.—SIR WALTER SCOTT

1. THE STONECUTTER

Once upon a time there was in Japan a poor stonecutter—a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude; he worked much, gained little, and was not at all contented with his fate.

“Oh, if I could only be rich enough to rest, to sleep on a thick matting, wrapped in a robe of soft silk!” Such was the sigh that he breathed to heaven. An angel heard his wish.

“It shall be according to thy desire,” said the angel.

The stonecutter at once became rich; and he rested, slept upon thick matting, and wrapped himself in a robe of soft silk.

It happened that the Emperor passed by. He was preceded by heralds on foot and on horseback, followed by a brilliant escort of cavaliers, and surrounded by persons, who held overhead an immense parasol, shining with gold.

“What good does it do me to be rich,” murmured the rich man, “as long as I have not the right to go out with an escort and have my head protected by a golden parasol? Why am I not the Emperor?”

“Thou shalt be,” said the angel.

And, indeed, he became the Emperor. He had an

escort before him and behind him, and servants who held above his head an immense parasol, glittering with gold.

But now the sun, with its ardent beams, dried up the country, and the dusty road, quivering with his brightness, wearied the eyes.

"It is a great advantage to be Emperor," cried the man, "when the heat of the day exhausts you, and the sun never ceases to make you feel his power! But if one could be the sun!"

"Behold! art thou satisfied?" the angel asked; for the Emperor had become the sun, and he darted his beams up and down, right and left, and all around him. He scorched the herbage of the fields and the faces of the princes upon the earth.

But now a cloud thrust itself between the earth and him; it held back the rays of the sun, and prevented them from falling upon the earth's surface.

"There is strength," cried the sun; "a cloud capable of resisting my power. It would be better if I were a cloud."

"Very well," said the angel.

The change was at once accomplished. The new cloud placed itself haughtily between the sun and the earth, and so thoroughly intercepted the rays of the sun that it saw the earth was soon covered with its shadow. Then it caused big drops of rain, and pouring showers, and water-spouts to fall upon the land, so that the torrents burst their bonds, and the rivers spread over the fields and destroyed the crops.

Nothing resisted the force of the flood; only a rock defied it, perfectly motionless. In vain the bellowing waters beat upon it in their fury; the rock yielded not, but the foaming waves died at its foot.

"A rock, then, is my superior," said the cloud; "I would rather be in its place."

"Thou shalt be," said the angel.

And he was transformed into a steep, unshaken rock,

insensible to the rays of the sun, heedless of the torrents of rain, and the shock of the tumultuous waves.

Nevertheless, he saw at his feet a man of poor appearance, hardly clothed, armed with a chisel and a hammer; the man, with the help of these implements, struck off pieces of the rock, which he dressed into stones proper for cutting.

"What is that?" cried the rock; "has a man the power of rending pieces of stone from my breast? Shall I be weaker than he? Then it is absolutely necessary that I should be that man."

"Have thy will," said the angel.

And he became again what he had been—a poor stonemason, a simple workman in the quarries. His life was rude, he worked much, and gained little; but he was contented with his lot.

—*Bayard Taylor*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Read again "The Art of Life." Do you agree with Scott? Why?
2. Have you read about any man or woman in this book, or elsewhere, who was prepared to receive fortune when she came their way?
3. Now read "The Stonemason." Write your own definition, very briefly, of the art of life.
4. Is it ever right to be discontented with our lot?
5. "In the long run the skill of the player predominates." Explain this, and illustrate the truth from your reading or observation.

OPPORTUNITY

*With doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run,
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet;
Cheer up, for the world is young!*

—*BERTON BRALEY*

2. A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Mr. Elbert Hubbard, well known for his *Little Journeys* to the homes of famous people, wrote this story one night after dinner. His son Elbert had said, during a discussion of the Spanish-American War, that Colonel Rowan was the hero of the war. Millions of copies of the "Message" have been sold.

When the war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. President William McKinley must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do?

Some one said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are events I have no special desire to describe in detail.

The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the backbone that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopædia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopædia?

Where is the encyclopædia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What is the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man.

Now if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's,

not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of "getting the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness cheerfully to catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far in the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their efforts is for all?

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and "the homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues;

only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and for ever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry *a message to Garcia*.

—Adapted from *Elbert Hubbard*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

The hero of this story, Colonel Andrew Rowan, was born in Virginia. After graduating from a military college he established himself as a military engineer. He fought in the Spanish-American War and was decorated on two occasions for bravery. The President of the United States wished to send a message to General Garcia, leader of the Cubans. Rowan, in a frail sailboat, crossed from Florida to Cuba, delivered the message, and returned. His brave exploit made him a national hero.

1. A railway company distributed 100,000 copies of this "Message." What good would it do an employee?
2. What counted most in Rowan's success: using his head? patriotism? love of fame? money? the will to win? curiosity? character? skill in sailing a boat? Why?

3. FOR THOSE WHO FAIL

"All honour to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years;
But to him who tries and who fails and dies,
I give great honour and glory and tears.

O great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time,
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame,
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and yet fights on,
Lo! he is the twin-born brother of mine!

—*Joaquin Miller*

4. KILMENY

During the blockade of Great Britain, in the Great War, a British ship puts out to sea on a secret mission. Her work done, the submarine sunk, she sails proudly home.

Dark, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen,
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly wed bride;
And a wireless that whispered above, like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boast of Berlin.
O it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their
queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home.
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

—Alfred Noyes

OUR ENGLAND IS A GARDEN

*Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing "Oh, how beautifull" and sitting in the shade,
While better men than we go out and start their working
lives*

*At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner
knives.*

—RUDYARD KIPLING

*C. WORK AND SERVICE**1. THE BUILDERS*

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rime.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterday's
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

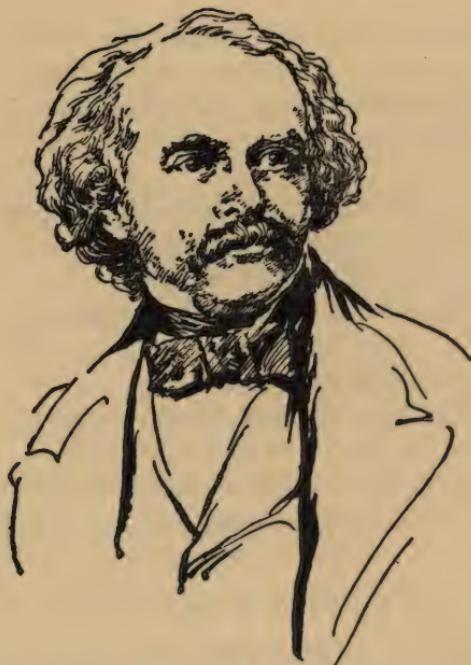
Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

This poem is built on what is known as a "sustained metaphor." You will remember that a metaphor is a way of describing a thing by calling it something else. Here the daily life of each of us is compared to the work of a builder. This comparison runs all through the poem.

1. From the poem discover: what we are building; what material we use; how we may be tempted to build badly; how we should try to build.
2. Who is going to use the building after we are finished? The answer to that question is in the words "stairways," "ascending," and "to-morrow." See if you can work it out for yourself.
3. Which is more important, how big our "blocks" are, or how well they are constructed and placed?
4. On one of the spires of Milan Cathedral there is a beautiful statue of Rebecca by Canova of Venice. Few ever climb up the great height to see it, yet it is perfect. What lines in this poem might the sculptor have chanted as he carved?
5. Architects plan buildings—temples, homes, schools and factories—to be in keeping with the uses to which they will be put. They have a *personality*. Can you prove this, and illustrate with pictures?



W.H. Pogany



2. THE GREAT STONE FACE

There is a high cliff in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, which bears so striking a resemblance to a man's face that it has been called the Great Stone Face, and the Old Man of the Mountain. About this strange profile the writer has woven a famous story. Read first "just for the story," and allow yourself about fifteen minutes. This is one of the great stories of the world.

I

THE STORY TOLD TO ERNEST

One afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain, by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan,¹ had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest. "Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on

¹Titan (ti'tan), a fabled giant.

him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. He had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. For the secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone.

II

THE COMING OF GATHERGOLD

About this time, there went a rumour throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had

appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shop-keeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

It had already been rumoured in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young play-days, had been accustomed to build of snow. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bed-chamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers¹ of Mr.

¹ Har'bin-gers, forerunners.

Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence.¹ While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper.

¹ Be-nef'i-cence, active kindness.

Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

“He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!”

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign¹ lips seem to say?

“He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!”

III

THE COMING OF BLOOD-AND-THUNDER

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labour of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind and neighbourly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be moulded on the example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvellous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart² was so long in making his appearance.

¹Kind.

²Exact likeness.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountainside. So the people ceased to honour him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battle-field under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life and of the roll of the drum and the clangour of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbours and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, travelling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years

before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, and all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest.

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle

wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountainside, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapours that had swept between him and the object that he had gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvellous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest."

IV

THE COMING OF STONY PHIZ

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he laboured for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbour. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his

hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that moulded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbour and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearer had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success, it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the

people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountainside was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighbourhood were there on horseback, and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvellous.

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbours to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountainside. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbour was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbour. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouche swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

V

THE COMING OF THE POET

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the

gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest, in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from

the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen, too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherfore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities."

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

VI

FULFILMENT OF THE PROPHECY

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighbouring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a grey precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness

around upon his audience. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet’s arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the GREAT STONE FACE.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*
From *Twice Told Tales*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

A story should answer the questions: Who? What? How? Where? When? Why? That is: 1. *Who* are the persons in the story? 2. *What* takes place? 3. *How* does it happen? 4. *Where* and *when* does it happen? 5. *Why*

did it happen, or why was the story written? What purpose had the writer in his mind when he began?

If you can answer all these questions after you have read the story once, then you have really read it. If not, do it again!

1. What was there in Ernest's life that made him come to resemble the Great Stone Face?
2. What was there in each of the other four characters that prevented their being the counterpart of the Face? Was it merely their appearance that was different?
3. The Great Stone Face is a symbol: it stands for certain qualities or ideals in a man's character. What are those qualities?
4. Below is a list of adjectives. Make five columns on your page, and head them: GATHERGOLD, BLOOD-AND-THUNDER, STONY PHIZ, POET, ERNEST. Pick from this list the adjectives that fit each, and put them in the proper column: wealthy, selfish, strong, weak, unselfish, content, ambitious, loving one's neighbour, kind, dissatisfied, successful, vain, modest, peaceful, warlike, happy, quiet, important, self-assertive, majestic, cunning, clever, industrious, neighbourly, successful, energetic, fond of power, sympathetic, hopeful, bold, sincere, wise, noble, loving, gentle, hard.
5. How did Ernest fulfil the actual words of the prophecy?
6. Why did people like him? Would he be a favourite to-day?

3. AN EVENING SONG

If from my painting one hue,
 If from my singing one line,
 If from my building one true
 Hint of design;

If from my carving one curve,
 If from my wisdom one phrase
 The Master sees fit to preserve,
 Joyous my days.

May this be said of me:
 "He gave to sound one cry,
 To life one memory
 That would not die.

"He took from strife her sword;
 He gave to peace his breath."
 May this be said, O Lord,
 Of me at death.

Happy is he who at last
Hears the immortal choir
Gather one note of his blast
From the destroying fire.

I have done well if, at night,
When the dusk curtains fall,
I have set one guiding light
In the King's Hall.

—Wilson MacDonald

READ A BOOK

In the Days of the Guild. By Louise Lamprey. Harrap. Short stories of the crafts of mediæval England that are full of interest and romance.

Four and Twenty Toilers. By E. V. Lucas. McDevitt-Wilson. Illustrated. Rhymes about the cobbler, clockwinder and others for younger folk.

At the Back of the North Wind. By George Macdonald. Macmillan. Illustrated. Fairy tales which relate the spiritual ideals in the everyday things and duties of life.

Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett. Century. The dangerous callings—steeple-jacks, deep-sea divers, bridge-builders, etc.

The Canadian History Readers (The Ryerson Press), provide 100 illustrated booklets of thirty-two pages each. Entertaining narratives of those who laid the foundations of the Dominion.

4. THE WILL

A "will" is a written legal form by which a person disposes of his property after death. Could you make one as fine as this?

I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound mind and disposing memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order as justly as may be to distribute my interest in the world among succeeding men.

That part of my interest which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as "my property," being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my last will.

My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal; but these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

(Item) I give to the good Fathers and Mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement and all quaint pet names and endearments; and I charge said parents to use them justly and generously as the needs of their children may require.

(Item) I leave to children exclusively, but only for the terms of their childhood, all and every flower of the fields, and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odour of the willows that dip therein; and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children, long, long days in which to be merry in a thousand ways; and the night; and the Moon; and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at; but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

(Item) I devise to boys jointly the use of the idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast; and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winters come, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blossoms and the butterflies thereof; the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, the echoes of strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without incumbrance or care.

(Item) To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need as to the stars of the sky, the red

roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

(Item) To young men, jointly, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength though they are rude. I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

(Item) And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory; and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets—if there be others—to the end that they may live over the old days again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

(Item) To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep!

Williston Fish

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Wills are written in legal language, all very particular, and solemn and high-sounding. The author has included just enough of this in his "will" to emphasize the difference between it and the usual sort of will.

1. What is this difference?
2. Before a man can give something away, his estate, he must make sure that it really belongs to him. Did the things mentioned here really belong to the writer of the will? How?
3. If you were drawing up a "will" of this sort, what would be the chief items of your wealth?
4. If Ernest, in *The Great Stone Face*, had drawn up such a will, what would he have put down?
5. What would Gathergold have had to leave?
6. "Only that truly belongs to us of which we can make use." Is this true? Explain.
7. Write a will, either your own, or that of an imaginary person.

5. MY TRIUMPH

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was past fifty when he did his best work. He was a Quaker farmer, largely self-educated, and ripened late. He was at first more inclined toward politics than poetry, and joined those who strove to abolish slavery. However, he turned to verse with a passionate devotion. He loved beauty and goodness. His finest epitaph is: "Whittier, during his whole life, rarely lost a friend."

Others shall sing the song,
 Others shall right the wrong,—
 Finish what I begin
 And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they?
 Mine or another's day,
 So the right word be said
 And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
 Hail to the brave light-bringers!
 Forward I reach and share
 All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
 A glory shines before me
 Of what mankind shall be,—
 Pure, generous, brave and free.

A dream of man and woman
 Diviner but still human,
 Solving the riddle old,
 Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbour;
 An equal-handed labour;
 The richer life, where beauty
 Walks hand in hand with duty.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

6. CROSSING THE BAR

Written in the author's eighty-first year.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. The great names of the Victorian Period include Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Dickens, Thackeray and many more. It was a golden age indeed. This poem marks its passing, as the great Laureate laid down his pen. Write a short essay on the poets, or the novelists, of Queen Victoria's reign.
2. As a lyric poet Tennyson has few equals. What lyrics of Tennyson do you know? Which do you like best? Why?
3. Tennyson's poetry is full of allusions to the sea. Point them out here.
4. What do you think of his ideas on "the journey's end" and death? Compare this lyric with Carman's "After School."
5. Would you like to memorize this poem?

WHAT OF IT? A REVIEW

I. Complete each statement with the most appropriate of the four completions supplied. You may make use of more than one.

1. The roadmender was (shirking, observant, discontented, exhausted).
2. Tom Sawyer dreaded the boys' (criticism, interference, ridicule, assistance).
3. Tom gave up the brush with apparent (willingness, delight, cunning, reluctance).
4. He had discovered that to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make it (attractive, cheap enough, difficult to attain, high in price).
5. The tinker sang because he was (contented, working, fond of singing, a tinker).
6. "Making land" requires (enthusiasm, endurance, strength, encouragement).
7. It consists of (ploughing, draining, pulling stumps and dead trees, burning scrub).
8. Madame Chapdelaine liked best (woods and wild nature, city life, ploughed and level fields, a nicely kept lawn).
9. Johnnie Courteau was a (coureur de bois, lumberjack, farmer, trapper).
10. He was (a great fighter, very lazy, anxious to marry and settle down, quiet and retiring).
11. He became changed by (an accident, his fondness for money, Philomene, old age).
12. According to Sir Walter Scott, the great art of life consists of (sticking to it, trying a great many things, being prepared to take advantage of all opportunities, waiting for something to turn up).
13. The stonemason was discontented until he became (rich, an emperor, the sun, a stonemason again).
14. Rowan took the letter to Garcia and (asked who Garcia was, worried about train connections, decided to go next week, delivered it).
15. An employer is likely to promote the man who (asks the most questions, tries to do two things at once, is careful to do no more than he is paid to do, gets things done).
16. Honour should be given most of all to (the winner, the successful man, the quitter, the man who fails and yet goes on fighting).
17. The best builder is the one who (builds highest, concentrates on the outside, does the unseen as thoroughly as the seen, finishes what he starts).
18. The greatest and noblest man is the (poet, statesman, man of wealth, man who does what he can for others).
19. The rich man failed to resemble the Great Stone Face because he (lost all his money, was mean, was ambitious, was too rich).
20. The great general failed because he was (lacking in sympathy, a soldier, too ambitious, cruel).
21. The politician failed because he lacked (eloquence, sincerity, strength, imagination).

22. The poet failed because he (was not a good poet, was lacking in high aspirations, did not live according to the highest that he knew, was insincere).
23. Ernest fulfilled the prophecy because he (tried so hard, was famous, loved his fellow-men, did not leave home).
24. Williston Fish left to others (his money, his lands, his love of the beauty of life, his good health).
25. *Kilmeny* was a (woman, submarine, Q-boat, destroyer).

II. Make a list of all the kinds of work mentioned in this section. Which do you like best? Why?

III. Who said:

1. I have done well, if, at night,
When the dusk curtains fall,
I have set one guiding light
In the King's Hall.
2. May there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.
3. Gardens are not made
By singing "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade.
4. To every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his Soul shall go.
5. A ship smells best of all to me!
6. She moved like a bride with a rose at her breast.

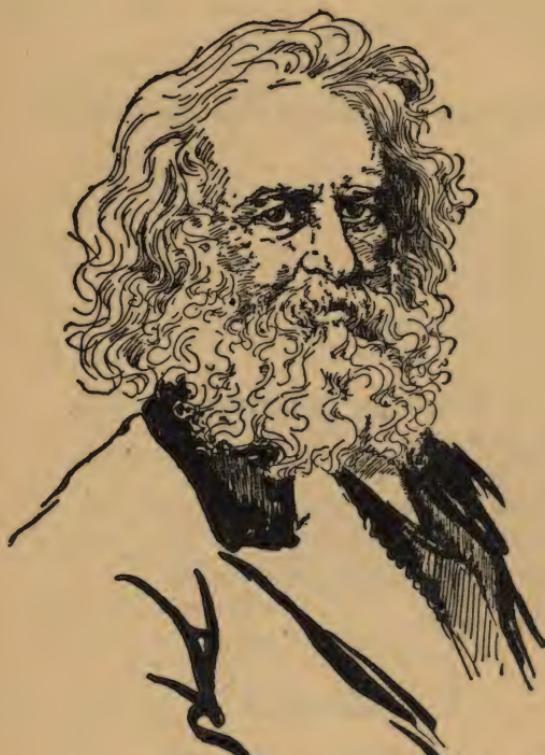
IV. For your Scrap Book:

EROSION

It took the sea a thousand years,
A thousand years to trace
The granite features of this cliff,
In crag and scarp and base.

It took the sea an hour one night,
An hour of storm to place
The sculpture of these granite seams
Upon a woman's face.

—E. J. Pratt



Willy Pogany

LONGFELLOW

Ebb Tide.

Out of the winds and the waves' riot,
Out of the foond foam.
He has put in to a great quiet
And a still home.

Here he may lie at ease and wonder
Why the old ship waits,
And hark for the surge and the strong
Of the ^{Thunder} full Straits,

And look for the fishing fleet at morn,
Shadows of lost souls,
Slide through the fog where the seal's
warning
Betrays the shoals,

And watch for the deep-sea liner climbing
Out of the bright west,
With the salmon-sky and her wake
shining
Like a tern's breast, —

And never know he is done for ever
With the great sea's pride,
Borne from the fight and the full
endeavour
On an ebb-tide.

M. L. C. P.

1921.

When Marjorie Pickthall was living at Victoria, she took a ship to Clo-oose, Vancouver Island. On the shore, in a quiet cove, she saw the simple grave of a sailor who had died doing his duty. This was one of the last poems she wrote.

IX

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

1. HE GAVE WINGS TO WORDS

One day, in 1870, a young man twenty-three years of age and in delicate health stood in the consulting room of a physician in Edinburgh, Scotland. "You are far from well," said the doctor, "there is only one hope for you. If you seek a climate less severe than this one, and live out-doors, you may regain your health."

The young man was Alexander Graham Bell. Not long before this two of his brothers had died of tuberculosis and it seemed as if he also were to become a victim of the disease. His father was determined to give his boy every possible chance. "I will take him to Canada," he said. "He can live in the clear air there and help around the farm. Perhaps he may become healthy."

The Bells moved to a farm near Brantford, Ontario, and soon Alexander's health was greatly improved. Many hours each day he spent out in the fields, ploughing and planting, and his father was especially delighted at the improvement in his health. Alexander himself was contented and whistled as he worked.

Before he left Scotland, Alexander Bell had become greatly interested in efforts being made to help deaf people understand what others were saying by watching their lip movements. His mother was deaf and his father, who was a fine elocutionist, had begun a method of teaching the deaf and dumb to read what was called "visible speech."

Before he could read a note of music Alexander Bell would often sit at the piano and play well by ear, so well, indeed, that many thought him an accomplished musician. This quick ear for sound was destined to be of great value to him later on. Several years before he left his home in Scotland he was experimenting with the laws of sound.

One day, when listening to the sound made by the vibration of a tuning fork, he asked himself why sound could not be made to travel along a copper wire and be heard at a considerable distance away. At first he thought only of making musical notes travel; the idea of having the human voice carried along the wires came to him later.

While Alexander worked on the farm in Ontario his father had been asked to give some lessons at a school for deaf and dumb children in Boston. The authorities were delighted with his work and pressed him to remain. "I cannot accept your offer," he said, "but I have a son in Ontario who understands my methods and can teach these children as well as I can."

An offer was made to Alexander which he promptly accepted, and he began to teach in the Boston school at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. His success with the deaf mutes greatly astonished the school authorities and news of what he was doing spread through the whole countryside.

One day a great man visited Boston. This was Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who was visiting the United States in order to learn all he could about whatever he thought would help his people. He was greatly interested in what Alexander Bell was doing for the deaf mutes and spent a considerable time with him, asking a great many questions and freely expressing his admiration. Meanwhile Alexander Bell kept working away at his invention every spare moment he had. He firmly believed that it was possible to make sound travel along wires and he was determined to find out how to do it.

A man named Sanders, who lived at Salem, near Boston, brought a five-year-old boy, who was deaf and dumb, to Bell with the pathetic request that something be done to help him. Mr. Sanders suggested that Alexander Bell should live in their home in exchange for giving the boy lessons and Bell accepted the offer. This man was greatly interested in the efforts of the young inventor and let him

have the use of his cellar for experimenting. So hour after hour he laboured, trying to make sound travel. Sometimes he seemed on the verge of discovery, then a difficulty would arise which might have discouraged him had he not been so patient and determined. He stretched wire from the house to the barn and tried to send messages. Whenever he noticed any improvement he would become greatly excited and, as Mr. Sanders said, "He leaped like an Indian in a war dance."

One day a Boston lawyer named Hubbard brought his fifteen-year-old girl, Mabel, who was quite deaf, to Bell and asked him to teach her. Like Mr. Sanders, this man became greatly interested in Bell's attempts to make sound travel and the two men supplied him with money in order that he might work at his invention. These two were very kind and generous to Bell, but sometimes they thought he was only a dreamer and that his ideas were not very practical. However, they did give him considerable encouragement and this meant a great deal to Bell, as most people who knew what he was trying to do said frankly that he was wasting both time and money; that his hopes were doomed to utter failure. But day after day he went on experimenting, evidently believing in himself and not discouraged by ridicule or opposition.

A friend of his who was an ear specialist secured for him the ear of a dead person, and after many careful experiments he succeeded in making the sound of his voice travel from the drum of this ear along a delicate straw. He said to himself: "Why could not a very fine, sensitive iron plate take the place of this eardrum, and why could not copper wire take the place of this straw?"

At this time Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard became persuaded that the invention was impossible and refused to give him any further help. This was a severe blow to Bell, as he was almost penniless. The outlook seemed dark indeed. He had applied to Washington for a patent for his invention and he received a letter summoning him there.

Mr. Sanders loaned him enough to pay his fare, and off Bell went. While in Washington he called upon a distinguished scientist and electrician, Professor Joseph Henry, and showed him the instrument he had so far developed. Very carefully the old scientist examined the instrument while the young inventor awaited the verdict with his heart in his mouth. At last the professor spoke: "You have made a beginning on a marvellous invention," he said. "Do not stop until it is finished." These words gave Bell, who was just twenty-eight years old, a tremendous thrill. "I will never give up," he said. When Mr. Sanders and Mr. Hubbard heard what the scientist had said, they were greatly pleased and agreed to supply him with the money to continue his experiments.

In order to get certain delicate instruments made, Bell went to an electrical shop where he formed an acquaintance with a young man named Thomas Watson. This man was keenly interested in Bell's invention, and the two spent a great many hours together, as Watson's electrical knowledge was useful to the inventor. Bell did succeed in making sound travel over wire, but for many months there was nothing distinct; there were simply noises. Over and over he tried, each time using instruments more delicate and sensitive. He perfected the diaphragm, using gold-beater's skin, which is very much like the human ear. Opposite to it he set up an electromagnet through which the electric current passed over the wire. Then, one day in June, 1875, he managed to pass the twang of a watch spring over the wire, and he was wild with excitement. Still there was much yet to be done, and more months of tremendous concentration and hard work were necessary. Then came a never-to-be-forgotten day.

It was March 10, 1876. Bell was in one room with his instrument and Watson was at the end of the wire in another room. Suddenly Watson heard Bell's voice over the wire say distinctly: "*Mr. Watson, please come here, I want you.*" The telephone had been discovered. True,

it was by no means perfect, and even simple sentences had often to be repeated five or six times before the meaning could be understood. But the beginning was made, and one of the most useful and marvellous inventions of all time was born.

Alexander Bell was granted the patent for his wonderful invention on his twenty-ninth birthday, but it was some considerable time before its value was recognized. In 1876 there was a great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia; substantial prizes were being given for new inventions, and many remarkable things, such as the first electric light, the first reaper and binder, and other things were on view and competition was keen. Bell was anxious that his "Baby Telephone" should be considered by the judges. He was, however, unfortunate in not being able to secure a good position. While other inventions were displayed to advantage, the best Bell could do was to have a small table in a corner, and it looked as if the judges would never even see his telephone. All day these men passed from one place to another, carefully considering each invention in turn. It was seven o'clock in the evening before they passed near Bell, and they were impatient to be through. He was given a chance to explain his device, but they were bored. Some of them openly laughed at his idea of making the human voice travel. But Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was with the judges, and he spoke up and told of Bell's great success with deaf mutes. This secured from him a better hearing. Bell spoke to the Emperor: "Put your ear to this receiver," he said. Dom Pedro did so and Bell went to the far end of the room and began to talk over the wire. Astonishment, then amazement, spread over Dom Pedro's face. "My God! It talks!" he fairly shouted. Then Professor Henry, who had encouraged Bell some time before, took up the receiver and he was equally astonished. The judges now changed their attitude and stayed for hours examining the new discovery. The next day they gave their decision that

the telephone was the most wonderful of all the exhibits. Many people were hard to convince and insisted that there was a trick somewhere and that the invention was a fraud, but at last even this criticism disappeared.

Soon afterward the Bell Telephone Company was organized, and in the first eight years paid dividends amounting to over four million dollars. The telephone spread to other lands and in less than twenty-five years it was being used in nearly every civilized country in the world.

Alexander Bell became a wealthy man. He married Mabel Hubbard, the deaf mute of whose education he had charge for many years when she was a girl.

For many years he continued to perfect his invention, and he lived to see his discovery made a means of blessing to millions. He used to spend his summers in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and there he died in 1922, having given to the world a priceless means of communication.

—Archer Wallace
From *Heroes of Peace*

2. THE FIRST KNIGHTS OF THE AIR

When Sir Francis Drake, the first Englishman to circumnavigate the world, then a very big and mysterious place, reached Deptford, Queen Elizabeth went down in state and knighted him on the deck of the *Golden Hind*. It was her habit to distinguish prowess and virtue without over-much regard to the wealth or position of the persons who received her favours. The Queen also gave Drake an elaborate crest, depicting on a globe a ship trained about with hawsers by a hand issuing out of the clouds, the motto being *Auxilio Divino*, but the pioneer navigator preferred a simpler device, an eagle displayed, emblematic of power and speed. We stand face to face with an achievement which may fittingly be set side by side in the pages of history with that of the great seaman of the

sixteenth century, and the King, so Mr. Winston Churchill announced yesterday, has decided to confer knighthoods on the two men who have flown the Atlantic—the two eagles of this new century. They will become, and very fittingly, Knights Commander of the Order of the British Empire. To-day they will travel down to Windsor to be received by His Majesty. Throughout this country and the Empire satisfaction will be expressed that the King should, in this Elizabethan manner, have set the seal of pride of the British people on an exploit which, apart from its romantic appeal to the imagination, marks the conquest of the air by man and the opening of a new era in the means of communication between the Old World and the New, separated by the broad expanse of the Atlantic. The very success of these two knights of the air—the very absence of misfortune—has somewhat tended to conceal the magnitude of their triumph. We can only obtain an adequate conception of what their landing in Ireland signifies in human endurance and skill and engineering perfection if we look back, seeking for a vantage-point of observation. As they rose from St. John's to explore the upper world of cloud and fog and sleet, they might have contrasted their experience with that of the discoverer of this, the oldest Dominion of the British Empire. The first journey to Newfoundland was undertaken by Sir Humphrey Gilbert. He set out from Plymouth in the *Delight*, with four other little ships, on 11th June, 1583, and considered himself the happiest of mortals when on 30th July, after buffeting the winds and seas for seven weeks, he sighted the northern shores of the land of his adventurous quest. Now the leagues of ocean separating Ireland from Newfoundland have been covered—not by sea, but by air—in less than sixteen hours. The two airmen put out on their journey a week ago, after tea-time, and they landed in Ireland for breakfast the next morning.

At yesterday's lunch, when these two modest and yet proud young men were presented with the prize offered

by the *Daily Mail* for the first non-stop Atlantic flight, Mr. Churchill described this air voyage as "one of the greatest events in the history of human progress." While we have become powerfully equipped with all the resources garnered and applied by the scientist and the engineer, our race has also preserved the audacity, the courage, the physical qualities, and the vision of "the old heroic bygone times." The triumph is an individual one in the sense that the State had little or nothing to do with it. The attempt was undertaken in as full knowledge of peril as Sir Humphrey Gilbert possessed when he set forth in his frail little vessel in the sixteenth century. For the upper atmosphere in which these men travelled had never been explored before from shore to shore; little was known of the forces to be encountered. When Columbus discovered the American continent after ninety days, his contemporaries no doubt regarded his voyage as a freak performance, likely to be only infrequently repeated. The time was to come, nevertheless, when the crossing of the Atlantic in ships not very dissimilar from his was regarded as a commonplace, even before the steam-engine began to annihilate distance. And now the timid and sceptical may declare that these two knights of the air have merely proved that what was thought impossible is possible, and that there, for all practical purposes, the matter rests. We are convinced that these men of little faith are wrong. We are at the opening of a new era of travel. No one can set a limit to the application of the new power of the air which has been conferred on this generation. It may be that there will be many set-backs, but by a process of evolutionary discovery, long or short, cheap or costly in human life, the air trail, now traced from the American continent to Europe, will assuredly be followed by millions of men, as well as women. The age of miracles has not ended, for the internal combustion engine, in association with audacity and skill such as these two gallant airmen have exhibited, has placed within the reach of man avenues

of communication which may yet become as familiar as the sea lanes along which the great liners now pass from shore to shore.

—*The Daily Telegraph*
(London, England, June 21, 1919)

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. The two young men referred to here were Alcock and Brown. Notice the date, 1919. When did Lindbergh make his flight? What other ocean flights have you heard of since?
2. Is the comparison of this flight to the voyages of Drake and Gilbert a good one? Why? *Auxilio Divino* is Latin, and means "By God's help."
3. If you had been King George would you have conferred knighthood on these two heroes? What does knighthood mean?
4. Do you know of any recently made Canadian knights? You have already read stories of and by one of them in this book.
5. "We are at the opening of a new era of travel." What strides have been made since 1919?
6. "The age of miracles has not ended." Comment upon this.
7. What is the difference between an "editorial" such as this, and a news story? Study your own newspaper, and try to discover this.

3. THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

William Osler was the youngest son in a family of nine. He was born in the little village of Bond Head, Ontario, about fifty miles north of Toronto, on July 12, 1849. His father, who was an Englishman, after having served fourteen years in the British Navy, decided to abandon that calling and enter the ministry of the Church of England. He was sent to Bond Head which, at that time, was on the edge of a wilderness. The surrounding country was settled largely by immigrants from Britain whose courage, love of adventure and willingness to face pioneer hardships had led them to seek new homes overseas.

Here is a description of the district shortly before William Osler was born: "The nearest post-office was twelve miles away; the nearest doctor fifteen miles away; the nearest blacksmith six miles away and the roads in every direction were well-nigh impassable, much of the time." There were still more Indians than white settlers

in the countryside, and a dozen nationalities were represented.

When William Osler was born, Bond Head had become a village of about two hundred. There was a girl born after William but she died, so he was the youngest of the eight living children in that backwoods rectory. In order to secure better education for his large family, Rev. F. L. Osler moved to the town of Dundas. To William, who was nine years of age and who had always lived in the backwoods, this town seemed very large indeed. There was in the town what was termed a common school, with a grammar school above it.

The first morning that William Osler and his brothers went to the Dundas school they were dubbed "Tecumseh Cabbages," as they had been born in Tecumseh township. It did not take the Osler boys long to settle down, and it must be confessed that young William was the biggest imp of them all. As a result of some prank—which seems to have been one of many—William left Dundas school and was sent to the grammar school in Barrie. That he was a very likeable boy, with high spirits and a rollicking sense of humour, seems certain. A relative from England, who visited the family about this time, wrote, "William is a light-hearted boy, full of fun, and with many of the tastes and much of the dependableness of a man."

When he was eighteen years of age he was sent to Trinity College in Toronto. His parents wished him to become a clergyman, but William announced his decision to study medicine. After three years in Trinity College he went to McGill Medical College in Montreal. Here he worked with wonderful devotion to his studies. In his second year he was awarded a medal by the faculty for a thesis, because it showed "so much originality and pains-taking research." After leaving McGill he took post-graduate work in London, Berlin and Vienna and, in 1874, returned to Montreal to take a position as Professor of the Institute of Medicine.

The "Tecumseh Cabbage" was now a professor at the age of twenty-five. Furthermore, he had started on a career which was destined to become one of the most distinguished of his generation. But the years of study were packed with many hours of hard toil and conscientious effort: Here is what he himself said, thirty years afterwards:

"I started in life—I may as well own up and admit—with just an ordinary, everyday stock of brains. In my schooldays I was much more bent on mischief than upon books—I say it with regret now—but as soon as I got interested in medicine I had only a single idea, and I do believe that if I have had any measure of success at all, it has been solely because of doing the day's work that was before me just as faithfully and honestly and energetically as was in my power."

When he went to McGill, in 1874, the young professor had empty pockets, but he had an eagerness to investigate that soon made him one of the leading lecturers in the college. For ten years he remained there, exercising a profound influence over the lives of young medical students, and always having such a thirst for knowledge himself that he was the keenest student of them all. These ten years of his life were important ones for Dr. Osler. He was popular with the students, with his fellow physicians and with the general public, and when, in 1884, he decided to accept an important position as a professor in the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, he took with him the good wishes and the affection of a vast number of people.

Doctor Osler was quite different from most of the professors in the University of Pennsylvania, and at first the students, who had heard of the distinguished new professor, were somewhat disappointed. Many really great men had served the university, but they had generally been conscious of their importance. Doctor Osler lived very simply. Instead of arriving each day in a carriage, he generally jumped off a street-car with a small black bag which contained his lunch. Frequently he slipped in

by a back door instead of the main entrance, and when he lectured, instead of orating eloquently from the desk, he generally sat on the edge of a table, swinging his foot and talking in a quiet, simple but intense way.

What happened at McGill was repeated at Philadelphia. Osler's amazing thoroughness, his whole-hearted devotion to his work and the utter absence of personal vanity, soon caused him to be both honoured and loved. While at Philadelphia he was elected President of the Canadian Medical Association, and, although he never returned to live in Canada, every visit he paid to his native land was an occasion for demonstrations of his popularity. Canadians were justly proud of their boy from the backwoods who was now regarded as one of the world's greatest physicians.

In 1888 the great Johns Hopkins University was built at Baltimore and the hospital authorities looked round for a man, big enough in brain and personality, to become head of the Department of Medicine in the university. Their choice fell upon the young Canadian, Doctor William Osler, and so at the age of thirty-nine he left Philadelphia and took up his duties at Baltimore.

His appointment created a great stir, for it was one of the most important positions in the entire medical world. He was comparatively a newcomer in the United States and a young man for such a position, but there was no criticism; his appointment was extremely popular. His mother, now far advanced in years, wrote from Canada: "How proud I ought to be of you. I do know that my heart is full of love and thankfulness to God who has showered so many blessings on my life in the matter of dear precious sons and daughters."

Doctor Osler now entered upon the most important work of his lifetime. He tackled the difficult problem of organization, and in a short time he had created in the Medical Department of Johns Hopkins University an institution for the care of patients and for the instruction of students which undoubtedly ranked among the best in

the English-speaking world. Here he remained for sixteen eventful years. It is not too much to say about Doctor Osler, that for more than thirty years he remained the foremost physician in the world.

Literally thousands of young medical men listened to Doctor Osler's lectures, and what lectures they were! Although he talked in a quiet, conversational manner, he had amazing ability to arouse enthusiasm in his hearers. He believed, with all his heart and soul, that the work of doctors and nurses afforded great opportunities for serving humanity; he devoutly thanked God for the privileges of his profession, and as students listened they caught his spirit and began to feel as he did. Osler pleaded with students to think of their profession in the highest way. It must never become, he insisted, simply a means of livelihood but a call from God to serve others, to relieve suffering and to bring health and healing to men and women everywhere.

Here are some of the delightful things that he said to medical students:

"After ten years of hard work in Montreal I left the city a rich man—rich, not in this world's goods, for these things I lightly esteem—but rich in the goods which neither moth nor rust doth corrupt—rich in treasures of friendship and good fellowship, and in those treasures of widened experience and fuller knowledge of men and manners which comes from contact with the brightest minds."

When pressing home to students the truth that they must deny themselves many things in order diligently to serve their fellows, he said: "Chief among the hard sayings of Jesus is the declaration, He that loveth father or mother or son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. Yet this spirit is the same which, in all ages, has compelled men to follow ideals, even at the sacrifice of the near and dear ones at home. In varied tones to all, at one time or another, the call comes to serve . . . it is

a call to scorn delights and live the laborious days of a student. You must live for your calling. This is the essence of what Jesus said: He that findeth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it. Remember the practice of medicine is not a trade or an art or a business. It is a *calling* into which you must carry both heart and head."

These quotations from his lectures will suffice to show that Osler, in addition to being one of the greatest physicians in the world, was also a man of noble character; devoutly religious and a true Christian gentleman. In 1905, at the request of King Edward VII, he accepted the position of Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University in England. He entered upon his work there with the same zeal that had marked his whole career. Honours came to him from many quarters. In 1911 he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and thus became Sir William Osler.

When the Great War of 1914-1918 broke out he was sixty-five years of age, but he did all that failing strength would permit to alleviate suffering. His only son was killed in France and while he bore up bravely, the blow saddened his closing years. In 1919 he was stricken by pneumonia and after a short illness he died. Thus came to an end the earthly life of one of earth's noblest gentlemen. Several years before his death, in speaking to a group of distinguished physicians, he had used these words which so fittingly express his aim in life:

"I have made mistakes, but they have been mistakes of the head, not of the heart. I can truly say, and I take upon myself to witness that—

*I have loved no darkness,
Evaded no truth,
Nursed no delusion,
Allowed no fear."*

—Archer Wallace
From *Men Who Played the Game*.

4. SANTA FILOMENA

Santa Filomena (Sän-tä Fē-lō-mä-nä), a young Roman Christian, was martyred for her faith early in the fourth century. At Pisa, in the Church of San Francisco (St. Francis), there is a chapel dedicated to her. "Over the altar is a picture representing the saint . . . floating down from heaven . . . and beneath in the foreground the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession." (Longfellow.) Not only is Florence Nightingale thus associated with Santa Filomena in healing, but the very word *filomena*, in Italian, means nightingale.

During the Crimean War (1854-1856) more soldiers died in the wretched hospitals than on the battlefield. Florence Nightingale went to the Crimea and saved the lives of many men. The soldiers used to kiss her shadow on the wall. Before reading this poem, it will be helpful to know the story of this English nurse—"The Lady of the Lamp."

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts in glad surprise
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
 And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead
 —The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! In that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then close suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols¹ that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

¹SYMBOLS—In the altar painting of Santa Filomena, at Pisa, angels attend her, bearing palm, lily and spear. The palm symbolizes victory over death; the lily, purity; and the spear, martyrdom.

OTHERS

When the British cable round the world was at last completed, General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, was requested to send a message of one word over the wire. The operator took the key, and the word that leaped over the land and under the sea around our earth was—OTHERS.

5. BUSHEL FOR BUSHEL

This is the story of Neil McAlpine of Fingal, the pioneer patriot, who saved the Talbot settlement when it was threatened by famine. It was my privilege to hear it told by Neil McAlpine's grandson, my friend, Dr. Hugh A. McCallum. It was told in a pioneer house such as Neil McAlpine knew, and I only wish that I could tell it to-day so that it would thrill you as it thrilled me. My version is only an echo of that splendid telling, but I am giving it because the hope of Canada and the Empire, and, possibly, of humanity, lies in such men as Neil McAlpine.

Neil McAlpine was one of the early settlers in the neighbourhood of Fingal. Being a man of means, he farmed somewhat extensively for those days, and when market prices did not suit him he was in a position to hold his products until another season. One year the frost killed all the wheat in the Talbot settlement. Neil McAlpine had three thousand bushels in his granaries. At first he exulted in the prospect of selling the wheat profitably, but one day when he was in St. Thomas he suddenly saw matters in a new light. Word was brought to him that the local miller wished to see him. When McAlpine went to the mill, the miller said:

“You have some wheat, haven’t you?”

“I have three thousand bushels.”

The miller made him an offer which startled McAlpine.

“Why!” he exclaimed, “that is more than you can get

for it after it has been ground into flour. What are you going to do with the wheat?"

"I am going to sell it for seed grain to the settlers."

It dawned on Neil McAlpine what that would mean, and as he told about it afterwards he said that the cold sweat broke out on him. His grain might be used to extort blood-money from the struggling settlers who were threatened by the menace of famine. His mind was made up at once. He hurried home and developed his plan. The next day being the Sabbath, and he being an elder of the Kirk, he dressed and went to church early. Standing beside the gate he whispered to each pioneer as he passed through:

"You can get seed grain at my place—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take at seedtime you will bring me back a bushel after harvest."

He made this offer to every member of the Presbyterian Church. When he went home after the service he remembered that he had made his offer only to the Presbyterians. In the settlement there were many people belonging to other Churches, so he put his sons on horseback and sent them to the others, the Baptists, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Methodists. A young man stood by the gate of each church and whispered to the worshippers as they entered:

"You can get seed grain from my father—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take now you will bring back a bushel after harvest."

On Monday morning the settlers thronged to Neil McAlpine's. The boys were in the granary measuring out the wheat and filling the bags, and as each settler with his precious store of seed grain came past the house, Neil McAlpine (he was called Captain Storms) would hold up his cane and ask:

"How many bushels?"

When they told him the amount he would add:

"Remember, now, bushel for bushel! For every bushel

you are taking you are to bring me back a bushel after harvest."

For three days the procession passed Neil McAlpine's door to the granary and back until all the grain was distributed and every family in the settlement had seed wheat. This great-souled act accomplished the good man's purpose, and to this day there are old people in the neighbourhood who are saying:

"It happened so many years before or after Neil McAlpine saved the settlement."

—Peter McArthur

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Peter McArthur (1866-1924) was known far and wide as the Sage of Ekfrid. He was born in the little Ontario log farmhouse his grandfather had built; there he died, and there his grandchildren live. He followed his literary career in New York and London, but the farm drew him back. "I am a real farmer; I have a farm with a mortgage, a hired man, and a sick cow." No one has written more humorously or faithfully of rural life, the simple annals of the countryside, than the author of "*Bushel for Bushel*" the comedies of calf-feeding, the family affairs of Bertha the sow, the homely duties of the changing seasons, sugar-making, seed-time and harvest. He was a good writer and a good neighbour.

1. Would "Others" be a good title for this story?
2. The Talbot Settlement was founded on Lake Erie by Colonel Thomas Talbot. What do you know about this peppery soldier?
3. What is "blood-money"?
4. Read again "An Evening Song." What lines might apply to Neil McAlpine?
5. Were Bell, Osler and McAlpine alike in any way?
6. From the stories you have read in this section, what would you place first as a desirable quality in a good citizen? Name three other qualities.

READ A BOOK

Why the Chimes Rang. By Raymond M. Alden. Bobbs, Merrill. Allegorical stories, with a moral, charmingly told.

Around Home, and Friendly Acres. By Peter McArthur. Intimate sketches of daily life on the Ekfrid farm.

Og, Son of Fire. By Irving Crump. Dodd, Mead. A boy is the first to discover how to make fire in the long ago; this story tells how Og makes fire the servant of men.

6. ABOU BEN ADHEM

Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) was born in London, England, and was educated at Christ's Hospital, a school also attended years earlier by Lamb and Coleridge. He became editor of the *Examiner*, and was fined and imprisoned for reflections on the Prince Regent. Byron and Lamb visited him in gaol. Later he brought about the meeting of Keats and Shelley. All the world knows his lyric, "Jenny Kissed Me," and the following poem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold!
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

—Leigh Hunt

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This poem teaches a lesson; what is it?
2. In what way do Neil McAlpine and Abou Ben Adhem resemble each other?
3. What is Leigh Hunt's answer to these questions:
Can one love the Lord without loving one's fellow men?
Can one love one's fellow men without loving the Lord?
4. Does "love of God" in the second last line mean God's love to us, or our love to God, or both?

7. THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

—*The Bible*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

St. Luke, from whose Gospel this parable is taken, has been called the most literary writer of the New Testament. He was probably a Greek and most certainly a physician. He met St. Paul and accompanied him as doctor and companion on his missionary journeys. St. Paul called him "the beloved physician."

1. The parables were the means Christ took to convey his teaching to simple uneducated folk. He drew his material from the everyday life with which they were familiar, and told his stories in language they would understand. Point out some instances of things, places and people likely to be familiar to those who first heard this story.
2. Only those who themselves have tried to write can fully realize the perfect art of this story. Wilson Macdonald calls the parables "The Miracle Songs of Jesus," meaning that they are as truly miraculous in their perfection as any deed that is called a "miracle." As an experiment, try to tell the story in your own words. Can you tell it as simply, or in so few words?
3. A parable tells a lesson by a story. What is the lesson of this parable?
4. What are the advantages of using a story to point out a truth?
5. How many other parables are you familiar with?

DID YOU NOTICE? A REVIEW.

I. In the left-hand column is a list of names. In the right-hand column is a list of descriptive phrases. Put the proper phrase or phrases opposite each name. The same description may fit more than one, and some names may make use of more than one description.

Graham Bell	First military nurse
Francis Drake	Elizabethan explorer
Winston Churchill	Inventor of telephone
Humphrey Gilbert	First circumnavigator of globe
Alcock	First flier to cross Atlantic
Brown	Second flier to cross Atlantic
Lindbergh	English statesman
Florence Nightingale	Settlement in Western Ontario
Talbot	Good
Neil McAlpine	Loved his fellow-men
Peter McArthur	Worked on behalf of the deaf and dumb
Abou Ben Adhem	Head of Johns Hopkins
Samaritan	Saved the settlement
Osler	Knighted by Edward VII
	Farmer and writer
	Canadian
	Doctor
	Lady with the lamp

II. Which, in your opinion, contributes most to the happiness of his fellow-men: doctor, statesman, explorer, writer, soldier, inventor, business man, farmer?

Give one outstanding example of each.

III. Some suggestions for debates:

Resolved that the victories of peace are more worthy of remembrance than the victories of war.

Resolved that the scientist has contributed more to the welfare of the world than has the statesman.

IV. See if you can get pictures of any of the heroes of peace mentioned in this chapter.

V. By the way.

1. Where in this section did you learn about a Canadian inventor?
2. Which selection might be regarded as an argument in favour of the awarding of titles by the king?
3. In which selection did you learn an Italian word?
4. Which selection stresses the importance of the farmer to the community?
5. Which three selections deal with one's duty to one's neighbour? Which expresses this most clearly?
6. Which selection carries us farthest from home? Which comes closest to us geographically?
7. Which comes closest in any other way?
8. From which selection have you learned something of the ethics (rules of conduct) of the medical profession?
9. How many heroines of peace are there in this section? How many others can you name?
10. In which selection is Newfoundland mentioned?



Charles G. D. Roberts.

X

THE SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

TILLERS OF THE SOIL

"It is from the tillers of the soil that spring the best citizens, the staunchest soldiers: and theirs are the enduring rewards which are most grateful and least envied. Such as devote themselves to that pursuit are least of all men given to evil counsels."—CATO.

A. PIONEERS

1. IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

—*John McCrae*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Dr. John McCrae was a physician in Montreal. He loved old people, and children, and animals, and they loved him. He had a horse, Bonfire, and a dog, Bonneau. Sometimes he would send letters to his little nieces and nephews, and many of them were written as if Bonfire were speaking. These letters were signed, of course, with a horseshoe!

When the Great War came, John McCrae enlisted and went to France. "In Flanders Fields" is the greatest poem to come out of that war. All the world knows it. It was written in twenty minutes, as he sat on the back of an ambulance mourning for a friend whose grave lay near at hand. Between the crosses the poppies were breaking into bloom, and the larks, undismayed by the roar of the artillery, were singing overhead.

1. Why does *unknown* mean in the expression, *The Unknown Soldier*? Does it mean those soldiers who died but whose graves could not be found? Or is it a monument, simply to all citizens and soldiers who fought and died?
2. Mention some types of people (such as nurses, doctors) who may be compared to the unknown soldier.

READ A BOOK

The Young Fur Traders. By Robert M. Ballantyne. Nelson. Pioneer days in the Red River country with the Hudson's Bay Company.

2. MARIE HÉBERT: A MOTHER OF NEW FRANCE

In the royal household of France, when Catherine de Médicis was queen, an interested audience always gathered to listen to the great explorers who came to the Court to tell of their strange adventures in the country they called "New France." Among the great ladies and courtiers in their silks and laces and ribbons there was nearly always to be found a small boy, who crept near and listened with absorbed interest to these tales of danger amid strange people and queer customs. The boy's name was Louis Hébert; and he was the son of the queen's apothecary, or physician. The stories he heard about the "new world" gripped his imagination; and he determined that when he was old enough, he would go with the explorers to see these strange things for himself.

When he grew up he became an apothecary like his

father, and practised his profession in Paris. But he had not forgotten his boyhood dream; and when an opportunity came for him to accompany a fur-trading expedition to New France as ship's doctor, he accepted with great joy. It was on March 7, 1604, that he met on the docks at Hâvre-de-Grace the little band of adventurers who were off to seek their fortunes in New France. The leader of the expedition was the Sieur de Monts, an experienced fur-trader; associated with him were the Sieur de Poutrincourt and the Sieur de Pont-Gravé, and in the company was the famous Samuel de Champlain, the royal geographer.

After two months at sea, De Monts and Pont-Gravé both brought their ships safely to shore at Cap de la Hève, on the shores of what is now Nova Scotia. De Monts decided to make his settlement on the island of Ste. Croix, and the workmen immediately began to clear the land and build log huts, as well as a small mill. Champlain went off cruising along the coasts, drawing maps, making friends with the Indians, and finding out from them about their country. Sometimes Louis Hébert went with Champlain, and collected roots and herbs and vines for his garden, for he had been appointed chief gardener, and was to make experiments to see how things would grow in this new land. If it seems strange that the doctor of the expedition should be put in charge of the gardening, it must be remembered that a doctor's learning in those days was largely a matter of how to grow herbs and make them into medicines.

That first winter was a time of appalling hardships. Everything the colonists possessed froze in the frightful winds which swept over the little island. It was impossible to keep warm or to sleep soundly, and they had no fresh meat or good drinking water, so that nearly all of them were ill, and half of their number died. The miserable little handful who were left had determined to sail back to France, when Pont-Gravé, who had gone back to France before the winter, appeared with a ship full of supplies and more colonists; so with fresh courage they decided to stay

on. The summer was spent in moving the settlement from Ste. Croix across to Port Royal (now Annapolis Royal), which was a much more healthy and sheltered spot. All summer and autumn the settlers worked hard and cheerfully, making their huts warm, and cultivating their gardens.

The third winter, the leaders, remembering the experiences of previous years, determined to fight illness by providing better food, and encouraging exercise and cheerfulness among the men. On Champlain's suggestion they formed a little society called "The Order of Good Cheer," the rules of which were solemnly observed. This is how Lescarbot described it at the time.

"To this Order each man of the said table was appointed Chief Steward in his turn, which came round once a fortnight. Now, this person had the duty of taking care that we were all well and honourably provided for. For there was no one who, two days before his turn came, failed to go hunting or fishing, and to bring back some delicacy in addition to our ordinary fare. So well was this carried out that never at breakfast did we lack some savoury meat of flesh or fish, and still less at our midday or evening meals; for that was our chief banquet, at which the ruler of the feast or chief butler, whom the savages called Atoctegic, having had everything prepared by the cook, marched in, napkin on shoulder, wand of office in hand, and around his neck the collar of the Order, which was worth more than four crowns; after him all the members of the Order, carrying each a dish. The same was repeated at dessert, though not always with so much pomp. And at night, before giving thanks to God, he handed over to his successor in the charge the collar of the Order, with a cup of wine, and they drank to each other."

After such a successful winter, it was very disappointing when a ship arrived in the early summer with the news that De Monts had lost his permission to trade for furs, and that the settlement was therefore to be abandoned. Louis Hébert was one of the most sorrowful. He loved his

garden in the “new world,” and had made up his mind to make his home there. When he returned to France, it is probable that Hébert went with Poutrincourt to the Court, to tell their tale of adventure, and to describe the country and show the strange things they had brought back with them. The next year, in 1608, Poutrincourt received permission to equip two ships to sail again to Acadia, and his son was sent in command. He himself set sail with his wife and two other sons on February 25, 1610, and with him went also Louis Hébert and his wife. Madame de Poutrincourt and Marie Rollet, Hébert’s young wife, were the first two women to settle in New France.

They lived happily and comfortably in Port Royal until the year 1613, when an English buccaneer sailed up from Virginia and captured and burnt the settlement. In a few hours the courageous French people saw all they had laboured so long to accomplish destroyed by fire. Louis Hébert and his wife went sadly back to France, opened up the little chemist shop in Paris, and lived there quietly for four years. But in the narrow little street of Paris they thought longingly of the beautiful country across the sea; and the swish of paddles on the water and the crackling of camp-fires under the skies were sounds they could not forget.

One day in 1617, into the dark little house in Paris strode a man who stirred up all their memories of their adventures, an old fellow-traveller—Samuel de Champlain. Louis Hébert ran forward.

“Ah, Sieur,” he cried, “do you bring news from across the seas?”

“I have come to take you back with me again,” replied the great explorer. “You and your good wife and your children. And if you will come with me, I will give you lands to farm, and tools and cattle, and the Company will pay you two hundred crowns a year for three years.”

Louis Hébert called to his wife in great excitement, and together they listened to Champlain's tales of the country they had learned to love. He told them how he had, in 1608, founded a new fur-trading post at a place called Quebec, on the great River St. Lawrence, and had built a fort there, and winter quarters, and that the Indians had been friendly to him. And now, he said, he wanted to take back with him some good, honest people, whom he could trust to live there contentedly, and grow food, and be kind to the Indians when he was away.

It did not take the Héberts long to decide to go. This time the apothecary sold all his belongings, and bought supplies to take with him; and on April 11, 1617, he and his wife and their three children set sail once again from Honfleur to New France.

The voyage to Quebec took thirteen long weeks, and even the bravest gave up hope of ever seeing land again. As well as the terrors of the sea, they had to face death from starvation, since they had not brought with them enough food and water to last for so long a voyage. During the worst storm the priest gave his blessing to all on board, thinking that they could not hope to escape being wrecked; and he wrote afterwards, "we were all touched with compassion when Dame Hébert held up in her arms her youngest child to receive, with the others, God's blessing."

The land that Champlain gave to Louis Hébert was about ten acres on the top of the cliff, which is now one of the busiest parts of the upper town of Quebec. But when Louis Hébert first gazed upon it, how his heart must have sunk! For before him stretched mile upon mile of huge trees and burnt stumps, and all these had to be cleared away before a single grain of corn could be planted. That first night he and his family simply curled themselves up on the ground under a great oak tree; and even now they will show you in Quebec the place where this tree stood.

Immediately the brave doctor and his wife and family set to work to make a home for themselves, and they

worked so hard that before long they had a little space cleared, and then they began to build a house. This was the first house in the country to be built of stone, instead of logs, and to have fitted doors and windows, and a chimney for the smoke to escape. It was only thirty-eight feet long and nineteen feet wide, but it must have seemed like a mansion, when Madame Hébert set out the furnishings she had brought from Paris, and placed her pretty dishes on the rough shelves, and hung her great brass kettle over the log fire.

When Champlain returned to Quebec in 1620 he brought with him his wife, Hélène Boulé, who was only twenty-two years old. Since his own wooden house had tumbled down in his absence, it is probable that he took his wife to enjoy the cheery hospitality of Madame Hébert's house. There were at this time only four women in Quebec, and so one can imagine how happy they were to welcome another of their countrywomen.

A few years later, on February 4, 1623, Hébert was granted free holding of the land he had farmed, and it was called the seigneurie of Sault au Matelot. The following year he was given another grant of land on the River St. Charles, and also the title of Sieur d'Espinay. In fact, Hébert became, except for Champlain himself, the leading citizen of the settlement; and when, in the year 1621, Champlain established the first Court of Justice in New France, Louis Hébert was made King's Procurator.

Early in 1627, misfortune befell both the Hébert family and the whole community. In the very beginning of the year Louis Hébert had a serious fall, and was so badly injured that he died on January 25th. His death was mourned by everyone in the settlement, both Indians and Frenchmen. The priests, who used to write letters, or *Relations*, to their superiors in France, all spoke of him in the highest terms. "The death of the Sieur Hébert," wrote Father Sagard, "was a calamity to all of us, not only the French, but also the savages, for they lost in him a true

father, a good friend, and a man always zealous for their conversion."

In 1627 also, the supply boats from France, on which the colony still had to depend largely for its food, and entirely for its clothing and supplies, were all wrecked on their way to Quebec. When this happened, Champlain decided to send back to France as many of his people as his ships could carry. The women and children and some of the missionaries were sent away, and many of the men threw themselves on the mercy of the Indians and went off with them for the winter. Madame Hébert and her children who had married, decided to stay in the homes they had built, and to trust to the food they had saved, and to their hunting and fishing. After a winter of suffering and hunger, their enemies, the English, under command of the Kirke brothers, sailed up to Quebec, and demanded its surrender. Starved and ill, the few remaining French people could offer no resistance. The English formally raised the British flag, but they did not turn the settlers out of their homes. In fact, they did their best to induce them to remain and go on with their farming. Champlain and some of his men went back to France, but Madame Hébert and her children remained in the country which had been their home for twelve years. The English trusted them, and treated them well; but it was with great joy that, three years later, the French people saw ships sail into Quebec, with the white flag of the King of France floating from their masts, and learned that Quebec once more belonged to their mother country.

In the end Quebec finally passed into the hands of the British, in 1763. But the population of Quebec to-day is largely composed of the descendants of these first settlers. In 1621 Marie Hébert's second daughter, Marie-Guillemette, was married to Guillaume Couillard, a fine young carpenter who had been in Quebec a year or so longer than Hébert; and through them the blood of Marie Hébert flows in the veins of many of the most famous families of French



MARIE WATCHES THE PARTING SHIPS OF HER COUNTRYMEN.

ON THE HEIGHTS WHERE MARIE HÉBERT STANDS, LOOKING SO WISTFULLY AT HER COUNTRYMEN SAILING AWAY, NOW STANDS THE ANCIENT CITY OF QUEBEC. TO HER LEFT YOU WILL TO-DAY SEE LAVAL UNIVERSITY, THE OLDEST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION ON THE CONTINENT. JUST ABOUT WHERE THE STUMPS ARE YOU WILL SEE THE POST-OFFICE, WITH THE CELEBRATED TABLET OF THE GOLDEN DOG OVER THE DOORWAY. TO HER RIGHT IS THE HEROIC STATUE OF CHAMPLAIN, FATHER OF NEW FRANCE. AND A LITTLE FARTHER AWAY, ON THE SITE OF CHATEAU LOUIS, IS THE GREAT HOTEL THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC, WHILE UP THE HILL BROODS THE STORIED CITADEL. THE FARM OF MARIE HÉBERT NOW SUPPORTS CATHEDRALS AND SKYSCRAPERS, AND THE WATERS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE ARE PLOUGHED BY THE SHIPS OF ALL THE WORLD.

Canada. Her descendants have been explorers, statesmen, archbishops, authors and artists; and, just as old New England families point with pride to their descent from the Pilgrim Fathers who came out to America in the *Mayflower*, so many a French-Canadian to-day takes pride in tracing his descent to the first Canadian farmer, Louis Hébert, and his brave wife Marie.

—Julia Jarvis

READ A BOOK

By Star and Compass. By W. S. Wallace. Oxford. Explorers of Canada, East and West, from Leif the Lucky to Sir John Franklin.

The Boy's Parkman. By Francis Parkman, compiled by L. S. Hasbrouck. Little. Selections on the North American Indians and the part they played.

Pathfinders of the West. By Agnes C. Laut. Macmillan. Heroic adventures of Radisson, La Verendrye, etc.

Heralds of Empire. By Agnes C. Laut. Ryerson. The founding of the Hudson's Bay Company.

When Canada was New France. By George H. Locke. Dent. The founding of Canada by the French.

Knights Errant of the Wilderness. By M. H. Long. Macmillan. Heroic deeds that underlie the building of the North-West.

3. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

The conflict between the French and English, for supremacy on the North American continent, at last came to an end. By the treaty made in Paris, in 1763, England received that territory which has since become the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario. The "gentlemen adventurers of England trading into the Hudson's Bay" held a charter for what is now the Canadian North-West. Strange to relate, no one had ever crossed the future Dominion of Canada, although it was a dream at the heart of many a voyageur.

Two years after the treaty of Paris, a boy was born at Stornoway, in the Hebrides, whose name was destined to live for ever in the annals of romance and discovery. Every boy dreams that sometime he may come first, and win the approval of men. And no doubt young Alexander Mackenzie, as he watched the ships sailing out to the broad seas beyond, longed for the time when he too might go sailing down the main.

Sixteen short years passed and Mackenzie found himself in the New World, attached to a trading company at Montreal. If one desired adventure, there was no quicker way to find it than in such a calling. And so it happened! After learning the rudiments of the game of bartering with the Indians, he was sent west to Lake Athabaska, there to establish a trading post in opposition to the rival Hudson's Bay and North-West fur companies. As the Indians brought in their rich loads of peltries, Mac-



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE VIEWS THE ARCTIC OCEAN

kenzie drew from them what information he could regarding the unexplored regions beyond. One persistent rumour told of a great river which flowed northward. But where? Could it, by any chance, be the long-sought North-West Passage, connecting the Atlantic Ocean with the Pacific, thereby opening up a highway for the ships of Europe to reach Asia? He wondered.

Alexander Mackenzie must have felt very much as Ulysses did after his return from the Trojan wars. What

idle and unprofitable business to be handling furs, and bickering about, when just beyond the horizon there was adventure, and perhaps fame! There, at any rate, gleamed the untravelled world—"How dull it is to pause and make an end!"

It rarely fails! The man with a dream in the heart makes that dream come true. It usually happens that, when we make a great decision, the gods take their places at our sides in pledge of victory, for events seem to shape themselves to our purpose. So it was with Mackenzie. No sooner had he determined to follow the course of that mysterious river, than a way was opened for him to fit out an expedition.

Day after day the little party paddled farther and farther Northward from Fort Chipewyan—Lake Athabaska, Great Slave Lake, then past the mouth of the river leading to Great Bear Lake. The Indian guides were almost useless; dangers lurked everywhere; the discomforts were enough to discourage the bravest, but the little company pushed on. At last they reached the land of the midnight sun, and then one morning they saw whales frolicking in the waters below them. Here they stood, at last, upon the shores of the Arctic Sea!

Upon his return to Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie decided that, before he set out to discover the great river flowing westward into the great ocean, many tales of which he had heard from the Indians in the North, he would return to England and perfect himself in astronomy. After a year's absence, he once more made the Fort the point of departure for his new romance.

Early in the year of 1793, Alexander Mackenzie set out with his party of ten in a great canoe, and headed up the Peace River. Their course led into the mountains; the river rushed headlong between the sky-sweeping, snow-capped hills, and every hour teemed with danger. Lodges of unfriendly Indians lay along the river banks; these they must somehow make their friends. Fortu-

nately, Mackenzie had an ample stock of trinkets, and other things dear to the heart of the Indian, for by this means he not only relieved their fear or melted their anger, but also secured from them details of the country through which he wished to pass. It was one of these new acquaintances who, after a great deal of coaxing and many gifts, at last guided the party to the head-waters of the Peace River, and showed them the river that led down the western slope to the Stinking Lake, that is, the Ocean.

Dangerous as had been the course up the waterway to the Arctic, and the ascent of the Peace River, this downward course exceeded both in thrilling escapes from instant death. When the canoe went to pieces in a rapid, even the Indians "sat down and gave vent to their tears." It was only the splendid leadership of Mackenzie, his power to cheer, his infinite patience and good judgment, that guided the little party over the Rocky Mountains, and down to the great ocean beyond. Their sufferings were almost beyond belief.

At last, their goal was reached. Westward stretched the Pacific, the crowning glory of Mackenzie's dreams. Upon a flat rock he painted with vermillion mixed in grease these words:

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FROM CANADA BY LAND,
THE TWENTY-SECOND OF JULY,
ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND
NINETY-THREE.

Then he retraced his way back to Fort Chipewyan.

Little did Mackenzie think that the tales brought to him by the coast Indians, of a white man, by them called Macubah, were true. While he was making his observations at the mouth of the Bella Coola, Captain George Vancouver, known to the Indians as *Macubah*, lay anchored just out of sight farther up the coast! One gave his name to the great river that flows into the Arctic, and inscribed his name on the roll of honour as the first white man to

cross the North American continent. The other gave his name to the well-known island, and the metropolis of the coast.

Mackenzie finally returned to England, and received a knighthood. When the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was sent to Canada, Alexander Mackenzie also accompanied him as a companion. His journal, entitled, *Voyages from Montreal Through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*, was published in England in 1801. Napoleon Bonaparte, and his general, Bernadotte, later King of Sweden, once pored over this remarkable volume, planning a way of taking Canada. The Earl of Selkirk was kindled by it to establish a settlement upon the banks of the Red River—historic Kildonan. Out of this venture grew Winnipeg, and thereby hangs another thrilling tale.

—Selected

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Perhaps you feel that the age of the pioneers has passed, just because there are no spaces in the maps left to fill in. But there are other sorts of discoveries to be made: no one has as yet discovered a cure for cancer; no one has as yet succeeded in producing light without heat; no one has as yet succeeded in controlling the wealth of a country so that all have enough to live on and enough work to do. Can you think of any other discoveries awaiting the pioneer?
2. In Longfellow's poem, "The Builders" (p. 340), he compares us all to builders of the house of life. These pioneers were master-builders. From your knowledge of Canadian history, what three men and three women would you choose as best entitled to the name master-builder? Why?
3. How do you account for the fact that the heroes and heroines of war-times are more highly honoured than those of times of peace? Is this as it should be? Why?

4. A ROYAL RACE

Among the fine old kings that reign
Upon a simple wooden throne,
There's one with but a small domain,
Yet, mark you, it is all his own.

And though upon his rustic towers
No ancient standard waves its wing,
Thick leafy banners, flushed with flowers,
From all the fragrant casements swing.

And here, in royal homespun, bow
His nut-brown court, at night and morn,—
The bronzed Field-Marshal of the Plough,
The Chancellor of the Wheat and Corn,

The Keeper of the Golden Stacks,
The Mistress of the Milking-Pail,
The bold Knights of the Ringing-Axe,
The Heralds of the Sounding Flail,

The Ladies of the New-Mown Hay,
The Master of the Spade and Hoe,
The Minstrels of the Glorious Lay
That all the Sons of Freedom know.

And thus, while on the seasons roll,
He wins from the inspiring sod
The brawny arm and noble soul
That serve his country and his God.

—*James McCarroll*

5. BLUE HOMESPUN

This sonnet pictures an aged habitant weaver in her little cottage.

Beyond the doorway of the tiny room
The yellow autumn sunshine died away
Into the shadows of the waning day;
Wrapped in the twilight stood old Marie's loom,
A shapeless mass of timbers in the gloom;
But one small window cast a golden ray
Upon a bench where sky-blue homespun lay,
Lighting the dusk like sheaves of chicory bloom.

Above the loom the Holy Virgin hung,
Blue-robed and smiling down; and old Marie,
After the evening angelus had rung,
Arose and touched the picture lovingly
With rough brown hand, then turned and looked once more
Upon her sky-blue cloth, and closed the door.

—Frank Oliver Call

B. SONGS OF THE SEASONS

1. THE SWEET O' THE YEAR

Sir Charles G. D. Roberts borrowed his title from *The Winter's Tale*, by Shakespeare (Act IV, Sc. 3): "Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year."

The upland hills are green again;
The river runs serene again;
All down the miles
Of orchard aisles
The pink-lip blooms are seen again;
To garden close
And dooryard plot
Come back the rose
And bergamot.

The ardent blue leans near again;
The far-flown swallow is here again;
To his thorn-bush
Returns the thrush,
And the painted-wings appear again.
In young surprise
The meadows run
All starry eyes
To meet the sun.

Warm runs young blood in the veins again,
 And warm loves flood in the rains again.
 Earth, all aflush
 With the fecund rush,
 To her Heart's Desire attains again;
 While stars outbeat
 The exultant word—
 "Death's in defeat,
 And Love is Lord."

—*Sir Charles G. D. Roberts*

2. NOW THE LILAC TREE'S IN BUD

Now the lilac tree's in bud,
 And the morning birds are loud.
 Now a stirring in the blood
 Moves the heart of every crowd.

Word has gone abroad somewhere
 Of a great impending change.
 There's a message in the air
 Of an import glad and strange.

Not an idler in the street,
 But is better off to-day.
 Not a traveller you meet,
 But has something wise to say.

Now there's not a road too long,
 Not a day that is not good,
 Not a mile but hears a song
 Lifted from the misty wood.

Down along the Silvermine¹
 That's the blackbird's cheerful note!
 You can see him flash and shine
 With the scarlet on his coat.

¹ A lovely eastern brook near which the poet lived.

Now the winds are soft with rain,
 And the twilight has a spell,
 Who from gladness could refrain
 Or with olden sorrows dwell?

—*Bliss Carman*

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. This poem gives us a number of beautiful pictures of spring. Which do you like best? Which is most vivid to you?
2. How does this poem compare with other poems on spring that you have read? Name some of them. Which do you like best?
3. What other poems about lilac time do you know?

3. IN APPLE TIME

The apple harvest days are here,
 The boding apple harvest days,
 And down the flaming valley ways
 The foresters of time draw near.

Through leagues of bloom I went with Spring,
 To call you on the slopes of morn,
 Where in imperious song is borne
 The wild heart of the golden-wing.

I roamed through alien summer lands,
 I sought your beauty near and far;
 To-day, where russet shadows are,
 I hold your face between my hands.

On runnels dark by slopes of fern,
 The hazy Autumn sleeps in sun,
 Remembrance and desire undone,
 From old regret to dreams return.

The apple harvest time is here,
 The tender apple harvest time;
 A sheltering calm, unknown at prime,
 Settles upon the brooding year.

—*Bliss Carman*

4. INDIAN SUMMER

The old grey year is near his term in sooth,
 And now with backward eye and soft-laid palm
 Awakens to a golden dream of youth,
 A second childhood lovely and most calm,
 And the smooth hour about his misty head
 An awning of enchanted splendour weaves,
 Of maples, amber, purple, and rose-red
 And droop-limbed elms down-dropping golden leaves.
 With still, half-fallen lids he sits and dreams
 Far in a hollow of the sunlit wood,
 Lulled by the murmur of thin-threading streams,
 Nor sees the polar armies overflow
 The darkening barriers of the hills, nor hears
 The north-wind ringing with a thousand spears.

—*Archibald Lampman*

5. CANADA WIND

You may praise the glamour and glory of spring if you will,
 And the beauty of earth, set free from the frost's embrace;
 Give me the north wind sweeping over the hill,
 And the scurry of driving snow that stings my face.
 Give me the sky with its glimmer of stars steel-blue,
 And a scimitar-blade of moon, swung low and bright,—
 You may keep the languorous darkness, drenched with dew,
 And the slumbrous scents and sounds of the summer night.
 Ah me! for the snow that creaks beneath my tread,
 For the triumphing wind, that calls and laughs and sings,
 That shouts to the stars and bends the pine-tree's head,
 And over the wide white world its challenge flings.
 Then praise the dews and the showers of spring if you will,
 Or the long, hot summer days with their languid grace;
 Give me the north wind, piping over the hill,
 And the scurry of driving snow, that stings my face.

—*Norah Holland*

STAR OF THE NORTH

A Hymn

Out of the dust God called new nations forth,
The land and sea made ready at His voice;
He broke the barriers of the North
And bade our plains rejoice;
He saw the untrodden prairie hold
Empire of early gold.
Star of the North,
He bade thee shine
And prove once more the dreams of men divine.

Ask of the seas what our white frontiers dare,
Ask of the skies where our young banners fly
Like stars unloosened from the hair
Of wild-winged victory.
God's thunder only wakening thrills
The ramparts of our hills.
Star of the North,
No foe shall stain
What France has loved, where Britain's dead have lain!

Dark is the watch-fire, sheathed the ancient sword,
But sons must follow where their sires have led,
To the anointed end, O Lord,
Where marched the mighty dead.
Firm stands the red flag battle-blown,
And we will guard our own,
Our Canada,
From snow to sea.
One hope, one home, one shining destiny!

—Marjorie Pickthall

